

LIVING HORRORS.

Man Made to Look Like Beasts by Chinese Methods.

To transfer a man into a beast would at first seem to be impossible. It is accomplished, however, by the Chinese, to whom nothing seems to be unknown. The skin is removed in small particles from the entire surface of the body, and to the bleeding parts bits of the hide of living animals, bears and dogs, are usually applied. The operation requires years for its full accomplishment. After the person has had his skin completely changed and becomes a man-bear or a man-dog he is made mute to complete the illusion and also deprive him of the means of informing the public he is intended to amuse of his long torture. A Chinese journal, the Hupao, prints a description of one of these human animals exhibited in the Klangs. His entire body was covered with dog skin. He stood erect (although sometimes the feet are so mutilated that the beast is forced to walk on all fours), could not utter articulate sounds, rise and sit down—in short, make the gestures of a human being. A mandarin who heard of this monstrosity had him brought to his palace, where his hairy skin and bestial appearance caused quite as much terror as surprise. Upon being asked if he was a man the creature replied with an affirmative nod. He also signified in the same manner that he would write. A pencil was given him, but he could not use it, his hands were so deformed. Ashes were then placed on the ground in front of him, when the man-dog, leaning over, traced in them five characters indicating his name and district. Investigation showed that he had been stolen, imprisoned for years and subjected to long tortures. His master was apprehended and condemned to death.—London Spare Moments.

A CHEERFUL OUTLOOK.

Making It Pleasant For the Studious Traveler.

An English tourist traveling on foot through one of our mountainous regions, studying the people, asked a man whom he met to direct him to a certain cabin at which he had been advised to stay overnight. "Going that?" said the man. "Well, Tom's a first rater, take him just right, but he's mighty queer."

"What do you mean?" asked the traveler.

"Well, it's like this," and the man looked at the stranger in a calm, impersonal way. "He'll be setting outside, most probably, and he'll see you coming. He'll take a good look at you, and if you don't suit him he may set the dog on you."

"If he don't and you get to talking with him and say anything he don't just like he may throw you down and tromp on you. But if you're too careful in your talk, on the other hand, he's liable to take you for a spy and use his gun fust and listen to explanations afterward."

"But it's no use trying to get by without stopping," concluded the man, with evident relish of the prospect he was opening up to the stranger. "Ef you was to undertake that 't would be all up with you, for he'd think you was proud and biggetty."

"Ef you want to come out of the mountain whole, don't go past Tom's cabin without stopping, whatever you do!"—Yost's Companion.

The Unemployed.

Lack of employment is not a new question. Says the Liverpool Mercury of Feb. 14, 1812: "It is of the highest importance that a committee of the legislature should immediately inquire into the causes of the present want of employment among the laboring classes and whether means might not be found in a nation of which the revenue is immense by which a succession of public works," etc. There were at that time 16,000 unemployed in Liverpool. The same writer after asking "Is war the only employment that the state has to give the poor?" goes on to show that the pyramids of Egypt and the "elegant edifices of Greece" were built with the object of "giving continual employment to the laborer."

Women's Work and Infant Mortality.

In eight industrial towns, where the proportion of married women of child bearing age at work in the factories was 45 per cent, the infant mortality rate for ten years averaged 182 per 1,000. In eight industrial towns of a different type, where the proportion of married women at work was only 3 per cent, the infant mortality was only 120 per 1,000. The excessive rate in the first group is not due to bad wages nor to bad conditions, but to the absence of the mother.—London Post.

A Financial Genius.

"Pa, will you please tell me what a financial genius is?"

"A financial genius, my child, is a man who can spend money that he has never had and which the people who think they are getting it will never miss."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Music.

Mrs. Nagger—The noise you make at night is very unpleasant music. Mr. Nagger—Do you call snoring music? Mrs. Nagger—I should say so—sheet music arranged for the bugle.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Talleyrand's Reply.

Blanchet once said to Talleyrand, "I wish I had the keys to hell, for I could then put you in there." The reply was, "It would be better, sire, that I should have them, for then I could let you out."

He who knows little soon tells it.—German Proverb.

Every Price Should Have a Reason.

It must be remembered always that it is not the price of an article which is important, but the reason for the price.

The bankrupt stock, the fire sale, the manufacturer's remnants, the annual clearance, the removal sale, the dissolution of partnership sale—what are these and many more but arguments for the price? And note this one point—that without the argument the price is powerless. Reduce fur lined overcoats from \$100 to \$60 and your liberal discount attracts little attention. Why? Because there is no reasonable explanation for the reduction. Why should you present overcoats to the public? But announce that owing to an expiration of your lease and the imperative command that you vacate your present store within two weeks you will reduce the price of your fur lined overcoats from \$100 to \$60 and you may sell easily all you have to offer. Instinctively the public sees the whole picture—the proprietor's anxiety, the inevitable removal, the lessening days, the final sacrifice and the store full of eager buyers, quick to seize such an opportunity. This is only half the reduction previously considered. But one is business without imagination, and the other is business with it.—Lorin F. Deland in Atlantic.

The Characteristic National Meal.

It is not only in Scotland that breakfast is the characteristic national meal. Travel where you may, the first meal of the day is the one that strikes the foreign note, luncheon and dinner having gradually absorbed cosmopolitan qualities that are not even confined to hotels. But you never feel so much of an Englishman as when Switzerland gives you rolls and butter and honey and nothing more with your coffee or when France makes this into one exquisite crumbling "croissant" with an lach or two from a yard long loaf, or when Denmark adds cream instead of milk to the coffee and a dangerous piece of pastry to the black bread and round white roll. Yet our English breakfast became an institution only in the eighteenth century. Before that only royalty breakfasted off meat, bread and cheese and ale. The commoner, such as Pepys, took merely a morning draft of buttered ale.—London Chronicle.

A Compromise.

A struggling art student, a native of Pont Aven, went to Paris to study and occasionally visited an uncle there, an elderly shoemaker on the Rue Valenciennes. The shoemaker was to be counted on for a square meal and sometimes even for a small loan. One morning the uncle welcomed the student far more warmly than was his habit.

"Just in time," he said, rubbing his hands. "The kitchen door wants painting, and I was about to give the job to the commissionaire for 3 francs. But you can have it now. I'll pay you \$5."

The student flushed and bit his lip. Hard up as he was, he could not so degrade his art as to paint a kitchen door. Yet he needed money badly.

"Uncle," he said, smiling as a happy thought came to him. "I'll tell you what to do. Let the commissionaire paint the door for 3 francs, as you had intended, and give me the 2 francs difference."

Why Men Cooks Seldom Smoke.

"Men cooks make a mistake to smoke. Men cooks that smoke have a hard time to get work."

"Why so?" inquired a woman cook.

"Because you don't like your cook to bend over the cooking with a cigar in his mouth. It doesn't look neat when you go down into the kitchen to see him finger the wet stub of a cigarette and then plunge his hands into the puff paste. Sometimes, in fact, if you have a man cook that smokes you will find ashes on the steak. I know a corporation lawyer who once found a cigar end in the soup. Do you think he'd ever employ after that a smoking cook?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hurt Worse Than the Razor.

The Barber—You got a nasty, deep lot of crow's feet, sir, and them lines runnin' down from the corners of the mouth is something fierce. A massage—The Patient (fiercely)—You've got a hump like a camel and a chest like a doughnut, and I don't believe, with legs like those, you could stop an elephant up an alley, let alone a cow. But, hang it, man, do you want to be reminded of it every time you get a shave?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Man Eating Lions.

Of African lions Miss Kirkland in her book on Africa writes: "As a rule, it is only old lions which attack human beings. They grow too decrepit to be able to catch the more agile antelopes, which are their lawful prey; so, goaded by a hunger which age cannot wither or lessen, they pounce on unwary mortals."

Respectability.

Max O'Reil was once staying with a friend at Edinburgh. Starting for a walk on Sunday, he took up his walking stick. "Do you mind taking an umbrella?" asked his conscientious host. "It looks more respectable."

Parental Prejudice.

"But why didn't you consult your father and me before you were married?"

"Because, mamma, I was afraid you might prejudice me against him."—Life.

At the Bal Masque.

Gertie—You danced that trottet divinely. Who taught you? Nell—My two stepsisters.—Illustrated Bits.

A handsome woman places the eye, but a good woman the heart.—Danish Proverb.

Death of Estella.

The greatest Jersey cow in the world has died, and she lived in Missouri. Unlike many other native Missourians, she did not go to New York, declaring that there was no career for her there, and that if she could go to New York she would become famous and have her portrait in the papers.

She lived and died in Missouri and remained in obscurity.

The name of this cow whose memory we must all revere was Estella. During one year she produced 712 pounds of butter, which is 100 pounds more than any other cow has given the world in all history.

The lesson that Estella's life so effectively teaches us is the value and importance of singleness of purpose.

At an early age Estella determined to go into the butter industry and by the strictest application to business and to her feed trough she distanced all competitors. Everything she touched turned to butter. Her discernment was characteristic of the cow that it would not turn into butter—good, wholesome, marketable butter—she didn't touch it.

Some cows are deficient in the business sense that Estella had. They have no eye for the details of their calling; they muddle without discrimination the wild onions, the skunk cabbage, the mullen stalks and the barbed wire they find in their pastures, and their butter has to be thrown away. They alone are to blame that they do not rank in the same class with the peerless Estella.

But she is gone. Ruminating on the possibility of some new process by which she might increase her yield of butter by introducing more modern methods, possibly in the disposal of the cud, she wandered in her brown study too close to a ditch and fell in, and though all the human skill could do was done for her, she succumbed, surrounded by the heart-broken community of Columbia.

After the first grief over her loss has subsided we hope to see an imposing shaft raised to her, commemorating her noble qualities and her butter.

A 'Murphy' Story.

Kansas newspapers are "passing out" this story which is going the rounds, and the unanimous verdict is that it is good. It is to the effect that a freckled faced girl stopped at the post office and yelled out:

"Anything for the Murphys?"

"No, there is not."

"Anything for Jane Murphy?"

"Nothing."

"Anything for Ann Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Tom Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Bob Murphy?"

"No, not a bit."

"Anything for Terry Murphy?"

"No, nor for Pat Murphy, nor for James Murphy, nor for Dennis Murphy, nor for Pete Murphy, nor for Paul Murphy, nor for any Murphy—dead, living, born or unborn, native or foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, black or white, franchised or unfranchised or otherwise. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Murphys, either individually, jointly, severally, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The girl looked at the postmaster in astonishment, and said: "Please to look if there is anything for Clarence Murphy."

Conscience.

[TO THE EDITOR TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.]

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?"

Through the preacher we become familiar with God and Christ, but when we subscribe to the dictates of conscience we leave the preacher for another world. The preacher, like the sickle and scythe, have outlived their usefulness.

The conscience must lie dormant so long as we respect the preacher.

It is either the light without or the light within.

There are bad men who claim to follow the preacher and there are bad men who argue the liberty of conscience. The question is what God is able to reveal his will direct to men or is it necessary to have an intermediate.

The preacher classifies ignorance with conscience, he says, "Didn't Paul persecute exercising conscience," but Paul laid it to his ignorance.

No man was ever a subject of conscience until he became a believer in the gift of the Holy Ghost. The world was over 4000 years old before the conscience was in question, so long as men were subject to the reading of the law or the preaching of repentance there was no need of conscience.

Our asylums and prisons are full of men who are devoid of conscience.

J. C. GOVE.

Whooping Cough.

This is a more dangerous disease than is generally presumed. It will be a surprise to many to learn that more deaths result from it than from scarlet fever. Pneumonia often results from it. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been used in many epidemics of whooping cough, and always with the best results. Dr. J. C. McKing, of Harlan, Iowa, says of it: "My boy took whooping cough when nine months old. He had it in the winter. I got a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy which proved good. I cannot recommend it too highly."—For sale by Lamar's drug store.

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