

NOT RELIGION.

Was Something Very Different That Animated Eliza.

Mrs. S. of New Orleans has for many years been faithfully served by two negro women who, although bound by the tie of common devotion to their mistress, yet detest each other cordially, so that the kitchen is the scene of continuous battle.

Martha, the cook, is a leading light in the church. At revival meetings she was always the first to occupy the mourners' bench, the first to shout "Halleluiah!" and to fall into those contortions of body and outflinging of limbs that to the African mean "getting religion." Eliza, the maid of all work, on the other hand, had always been an unregenerate heathen, scoffing at religion, jeering at Martha and declaring no power on earth could induce her to go inside a church. Great, therefore, was Mrs. S.'s surprise on the occasion of the last revival to find that it was Eliza and not Martha who was attending the meetings.

"Why, Martha," she exclaimed, "aren't you going to church?"

"No'm," answered Martha sullenly. "Why?"

"Cause dat Liza she goes now."

"But isn't there room for both of you?"

"No'm, dey ain't."

All Martha's pent-up indignation emphasized the answer.

"Cause Miss Mary, dat Liza she jes' goes ter spite me. No sooner I gits up to go to de mo'ners' bench dan Liza she follers me and sets down clost beside me, and befo' I has a chanst ter git 'ligion Liza she begins ter grate around and shout 'Glory halleluiah!' and she out wid her fists and hits me bim in de jaw, and she out wid her footsies and kicks me spang in de shin. But, I tell you, 'tain't 'ligion Liza's got, Miss Mary; hit's debility."—New York Times.

MONTAGNAIS INDIANS.

They Are Hunters in the Strictest Sense of the Word.

During nine months of the year—fall, winter and spring—the Montagnais Indians of Canada spend their lives in the "bush," hunting and trapping for pelts and meats. Then in June they rendezvous at the particular Hudson Bay company post where they belong, trade off their hunt and settle down for rest and recreation until the middle of August, when they are off again for the winter. They have absolutely nothing to do with the cultivation of the soil, being hunters in the strictest sense of the word. The Indians who hunt about Lake Mistassini form a subtribe by themselves, having the same name as the lake, and their summer rendezvous is at the Hudson Bay company post on the lake. Those who hunt south of Mistassini on the shores and tributaries of the Ashuapmouchouan river bear the name of that stream. Those on the Nahonba river bear its name, and those who hunt nearer Lake St. John are known by the Indian name of that lake, Pikonagami. All of these bands rendezvous on the west shore of Lake St. John, at Pointe Bleue, where the government has set aside a reserve and attempted to colonize the hunters and teach them to become farmers. East of Lake St. John is the Chicoutimi band, now much reduced, and west of them the Tadoussac band, both of which are to be found distributed over the French Canadian districts of the same names. There are several other bands farther down toward the gulf of St. Lawrence.—Southwestern Workman.

Bridled Brides.

Western brides have an easier time than their Abyssinian sisters. On the occasion of her marriage an Abyssinian bride has to change her skin. From ebony she has to become cafe au lait. To accomplish this the expectant bride is shut up in a room for three months. She is covered with waxes, with the exception of her head; then they burn certain green and fragrant branches. The fumes which they produce destroy the original skin, and in its place comes the new skin, soft and clear as a baby's. The elders of the family feed the young woman with nutritive force-meat balls.—Cape Colony Argus.

Dangerous Eggs.

A certain well known actor is always ready to assert that there are many untoward possibilities in his profession. "Really the public doesn't appreciate the vicissitudes of an actor's life," he said recently. "Now, there was Wissham Brown, who went missing in South Africa. I met Wissham's cousin recently. 'Well, how is Wissham?' said I. 'Wissham's dead!' 'Dead?' I cried. 'How did he die?' 'Thrust to death with eggs at Cape Town,' the cousin answered. 'But eggs don't kill,' said I. He smiled sadly and murmured, 'Ostrich eggs do.'"

Financial.

"Mother, how big must I grow to be in a bank, like uncle?" asked the small boy. "Very much," said his father. "I have often seen in the papers that cashiers are short."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Useless.

"Dad," murmured a fashionable young man, sinking on one knee, "for my birthday gift I offer—myself." "Thank you," was the cold reply, "I only accept useful presents!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

What is contagious, and whatever makes us think or feel strongly adds to our power and enlarges our field of vision.—Emerson.

YANKEE WIT.

Lincoln Said He Always Admired and Coveted It.

Alban Jasper Conant, the artist, in telling of his experience in painting a portrait of Lincoln said:

"Yankee wit was mentioned at one of the sittings, and Lincoln said, 'That is something I always admired and coveted.' Some one said, 'Why, you certainly have the credit of possessing it in large measure.' 'No,' said Lincoln, 'not the genuine. I don't remember that I ever got credit for it but once.' Then he told how, hurrying once through a courtroom, he was ordered by the judge to defend a prisoner accused of assault and battery. A witness was just testifying that the complainant had been fought all over a field. 'On cross examination,' said Lincoln, 'I asked him, 'How large was that field—twenty acres?' 'No,' he replied. 'Ten acres?' 'No.' 'Were there two acres?' I persisted. 'Yes, just about two,' he agreed. 'And you saw him fight this man all over the field?' pointing to the prisoner. 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, sir,' I said, 'did you ever see a fight before that turned out so little to the acre?' The witness admitted, with a grin, that he had not, the judge smiled, and the jury snickered. So, saying that as this crop was so poor it did not seem worth further cultivation, I submitted the case. Some of my friends said it was Yankee wit, but that was the only time I ever got credit for it. I wish I had it."—McClure's Magazine.

HIS VOCABULARY.

It Was Real Literary, According to the Wily Stenographer.

The beautiful typewriter girl puffed out her golden pompadour nervously, says the Philadelphia Bulletin. "My speed 'll increase, Mr. Meer—excuse me, Wellington—my speed 'll increase 30 to 40 per cent every day."

Broker Wellington frowned. The girl had taken his dictation slowly. And in a stern, skeptical voice he said, "How so?"

"It's your new vocabulary that puts me out," she explained. "I had Mr. Meer's vocabulary very pat—as per, 'contents noted,' 'the same'—he only used about 300 words." Her flatterer smile warmed the man like a sunbeam. "But you, sir, have a real literary style. 'Beg to submit,' 'our best attention,' 'slump,' 'bullish,' 'hypothesize'—they're all new words to me, and of course I can't rattle them off very fast at first. But just you wait, say, till day after tomorrow. Then you'll see."

"All business men have different vocabularies that their stenographers must get accustomed to, eh?" said the broker.

"Yes, sir; some large, some small." Again her smile flattered him. "Yours is larger than most. I should say it was thirty or forty words larger. Real literary, I call it."

"Miss Hoskins, if there's—er—any supplies you need all you've got to do is ask," said the literary broker fatuously.

Early Psychotherapy.

In the Epistle of James we find the early Christian rule of psychotherapy. It was adopted by the early church and for many centuries was a rule of faith and practice in the Christian church in all its branches. It is still a rule of conduct in some of the older churches, and some leaders in churches where the rule has lapsed begin to plead for its revival and for the assumption by the church of what are called its legitimate powers. St. James said: "Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him."—Christian Register.

A Sad Case.

An Atchison man has lain in an unconscious state ever since 10 o'clock last night. Everything has been done to arouse him today, but all efforts are unavailing. His friends are greatly alarmed. They fear he may never regain consciousness. It seemed that yesterday evening right after dinner the man picked up his hat, put on his overcoat and, although his wife was sitting right in the room, she did not say, "Where are you going?" He walked out of the house. At 10 o'clock in the evening the man returned. He walked into the room where his wife sat and took off his hat and overcoat. She smiled at him pleasantly and did not say, "Where have you been?" The man fell unconscious to the floor.—Atchison Globe.

African Elephants.

In portions of Africa the natives believe when a herd of elephants is alarmed and runs away the bulls, if necessary, pick up and carry on their tusks the little ones which may not be able to keep up with the herd. These little ones when first born weigh not more than 200 pounds and of course might readily be carried, as stated. We do not know that any white man has ever seen this, but the natives insist that it is done.—Forest and Stream.

The Similarity.

Biobbs—Why do you liken Harduppe to the busy bee? He isn't particularly industrious, is he? Slobs—Oh, no; it isn't that, but nearly every one he touches gets stung.—Philadelphia Record.

Often the Case.

"My wife believes that what is to be will be." "Well?" "And she believes it will all be my fault."—Kansas City Journal.

Why They Moved.

The Binges, mother and daughter, had long outstayed their welcome at their country friend's house. Moreover, they evinced no sign of going away nor did the mother seem to be in any way affected by the strong hints to go which the overtaxed hostess threw out from time to time. Finally, forbearance exhausted, the entertainer decided to reach the mother through her daughter. So one day, calling the little visitor to her, she said, "Maimie, when do you expect to go home?"

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know," was the careless reply. "We're several other places to stop at yet."

"Well, when do you go on to the next place?"

"Can't even tell that. Mamma says it's immaterial to her just when she'll leave here."

"But, my dear child," exclaimed the exasperated hostess, "doesn't your mother realize how costly living is these days?"

"Oh, yes, she knows how dear it is that's why we left the city."

"Well, Maimie, I cannot afford to entertain visitors any longer, and I wish you'd tell your mother that at once!"

"Is that an insult?" rejoined the child, turning haughtily to the speaker.

"Why do you ask that, child?"

"Because when we're insulted we go on to the next place!"—London Weekly.

Unanswerable.

"Vicious circle" is a term often used in the medical world. An example of its psychological use applied to argument may be found in Joseph A. Scoville's book, "Old Merchants of New York City."

Tom, the son of a wealthy man, was a great favorite with all who knew him, but he heartily detested business. A merchant of New York had hired him as a bookkeeper at a high salary. Nevertheless Tom got into the habit of reaching the office later and later, until finally he got there about 2 in the afternoon. When this state of affairs had gone on for a week, the merchant remonstrated.

"But, my dear sir," returned Tom, "how can I come any earlier? I don't get my breakfast until 1."

"But get your breakfast earlier."

"How can I? I don't get up till 12."

"Then get up earlier."

"How can I," pleaded Tom, "when I don't go to bed until daylight?"

In the face of such convincing argument there was nothing to be said.

The Drill in the Pearl.

The pale, bent workmen were, most of them, drilling costly pearls, but here a man in kid gloves performed the operation of skinning—the operation of removing a pearl's outer, discolored coat, so as to give it again its original luster. And by the window another man shook industriously three pearls in a bottle.

"It is a secret of the trade—the pearl driller's trade," he said—"this bottle shaking. You see, in pearl drilling a drill point often breaks off in a pearl, and to get it out may take a whole day's work—that is, if you don't know the secret."

He looked closely at the bottom of the glass bottle, and then, continuing his shaking, he resumed: "But if you put your pearl in a bottle and shake it up the drill point in a few minutes will fall out of itself. Look! There's another out already. The third will come soon now."—Exchange.

Lunar Rainbows.

Lunar rainbows are seldom observed in the temperate zone. Very likely the physical phenomenon occurs frequently, but is invisible because of the faintness of the moon's light. In the tropics, where moonlight is more intense, says the Scientific American, lunar rainbows are more frequently observed. They are by no means rare at Reunion Island. At all places the phenomenon is most frequently seen at full moon when the moon's light is highest, but it has been seen in various phases of the moon. It was first observed by Aristotle. A lunar rainbow is produced at full moon by the spray of the great Victoria falls of the Yguassu in Brazil.

The Dot Over the "i."

The small letter "i" was formerly written without the dot. The dot was introduced in the fourteenth century to distinguish "i" from "e" in hasty and indistinct writing. The letter "i" was originally used where the letter "j" is now employed. The distinction between "i" and "j" was introduced by the Dutch printers at a comparatively recent date, and the "j" was dotted because the "i" from which it was derived, was written with a dot.

Blue Laws.

The name "blue laws" was given to the first collection of laws framed for the government of the New Haven colony. They were published in collective form in 1650, the volume being in a blue cover, which gave rise to the name that has clung to the laws ever since.

Her Chance.

"Do you," said the notary, "swear that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and—"

"Oh, how lovely!" the fair witness interrupted. "Shall I really be allowed to talk all afternoon if I want to?"

Short and Ugly For Him.

"Yes, sir," said Flooding Pete. "I would not stop another minute to talk to dem folks. Dey passed me out a short an' ugly word."

"What was it?"

"Work."—Washington Star.

Hope is a flatterer, but the most upright of all parasites, for she frequents the poor man's but as well as the palace of his superiors.—Shenstone.

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