

JUST TIME.

The Wonderful Part It Plays in the Earth's History.

Truly it is hard for us to realize what a part time has played in the earth's history—just time, duration—so slowly, oh, so slowly, have the great changes been brought about! The turning of mud and silt into rock in the bottom of the old seas seems to have been merely a question of time. Mud does not become rock in man's time nor vegetable matter become coal. These processes are too slow for us. The flexing and folding of the rocky strata, miles deep, under an even pressure is only a question of time. Allow time enough and force enough and a layer of granite may be bent like a bow. The crystals of the rock seem to adjust themselves to the strain and to take up new positions, just as they do much more rapidly in a cake of ice under pressure. Probably no human agency could flex a stratum of rock, because there is not time enough even if there were power enough. "A low temperature acting gradually," says our geology, "during an indefinite age would produce results that could not be otherwise brought about even through greater heat." "Give us time," say the great mechanical forces, "and we will show you the immobile rocks and your rigid mountain chains as flexible as a piece of leather." "Give us time," say the dew and the rains and the snowflakes, "and we will make you a garden out of those same stubborn rocks and frowning ledges." "Give us time," says Life, starting with its protozoans in the old Cambrian seas, "and I will not stop till I have peopled the earth with myriad forms and crowned them all with man."—John Burroughs in Atlantic.

GOING ABOUT IN CHINA.

Useful Sedan Chair in the Crowded, Noisy Streets of Canton.

There are but two ways to go about Canton—on foot or in a sedan chair. The streets are from four to eight feet wide, the average being probably about six feet, and wheeled vehicles are out of the question. Even the jinrikisha cannot be used here. If you try to make your way on foot, the density of the moving masses renders progress almost impossible, and rowdies and pickpockets are numerous, so that the best plan is to take a responsible native guide and chair.

The chairs are carried by two, three and sometimes four men, according to the weight of the passenger. The two bamboo poles by which the chair is supported are about eighteen feet long and are joined at the front and rear ends by a crosspiece. After you have taken your seat the coolies raise the ends of the poles to their shoulders and are off at a dogtrot, only interrupted by a "congestion of traffic," which occurs very frequently.

It is surprising to see how rapidly they can go through the crowded streets. The whole line of chair carriers are yelling all the time, as are other people who are carrying burdens, for as there are no carts in use the entire merchandise of the city is transported in the same manner, not by chairs, of course, but slung on poles carried across the shoulders.

The noise resulting from the simultaneous shouting of every one in sight, both in front and in the rear, for the stream is flowing in both directions, is enough to make one wonder if the long expected riot has begun.—Denver Post.

To Transfer Printing.

Anything printed on paper with ordinary printer's ink can be transferred to a clean sheet of paper in the following manner: Take three drams of common yellow soap and dissolve it in one quart of hot water. When cool add one and a half fluid ounces of spirits of turpentine. Put all in a bottle, cork it and shake well together. Take a sponge or soft brush and apply some of the solution to the printed surface. Let it soak for a few minutes. Lay it face down upon the paper on which the transfer is required and press both together evenly between the leaves of a thick book placed under weights. In a time varying from half a minute to several hours, according to the nature of the printed original, it will be transferred in reverse.

One Thing Certain.

Conservative (to lady of the house)—Can you tell me, my dear madam, whether your husband is Liberal or Conservative? "Oh, yes," said the lady, "when he's with Liberals he's a Liberal, and when he's with Conservatives he's a Conservative."

"Yes, but between ourselves what is he at home?" "Oh, at home! He's a perfect nuisance."—London Answers.

Compulsion.

Little five-year-old Bessie was telling about some medicine she had taken while ill. "Yes," she said, "I took some compulsion of cod liver oil, and"— "You mean 'emulsion,' don't you, Gen? Not compulsion?" said the visitor. "Well," rejoined Bessie, "there was a good deal of compulsion about it."—Chicago News.

Silver Linings to Black Clouds.

"Of course I notice things," said the girl in the stocking department, "and one of the things I have noticed is that the stockings with the brightest red, blue and green spots are bought by people dressed in the deepest mourning. Yes, that's right. Funny, ain't it?"—New York Press.

Mixed.

Pathman—Did you ever ride in a submarine boat? Patrice—No, but I rode in an ultramarine boat once. I just love that color!—Yonkers Statesman.

PERFECT FLIERS.

Eagles, Vultures and Similar Birds Are in This Class.

It is a fact that those ingenious and daring minds that devote themselves to the solution of the problem of aviation have given no small part of their preliminary study to considering the manner of flight of birds.

A strange result of this investigation is the conclusion, now generally indorsed, that, as a whole, the bird world is not to be regarded as perfect in its attainment of flight. For instance, it is contended by the best authorities that all birds obliged continually to flap their wings—and in this category may be mentioned sparrows, fowls, thrushes, crows, etc.—are still in an imperfect stage of advancement.

In the next class, as being a degree advanced, are put such birds as pigeons, swallows, etc., which are able to dart ahead for a space after they have gained a good start by the vigorous flapping of their pinions.

In the third class the birds that may be said to be perfect fliers are the eagles, vultures, albatrosses and similar big birds possessing the ability to rise and fall and sway and soar in the air indefinitely without a perceptible movement of their wings. It is, of course, known to every person of an observant turn that these big fowls are able to soar into the air gradually until at last they disappear from the eye of the watcher, it being almost impossible to detect any movement beyond a slight occasional motion of the tail.—New York Tribune.

A QUICK CHANGE.

From the Desire For Comfort to the Craze For Speed.

Mr. Newcar (about to start on his first trip in his recently purchased motor car, to his chauffeur)—Now, William, I want it thoroughly understood I will not have fast driving. Always keep well under the legal limit—not as close to it as you can. Ten miles an hour is fast enough for me. What I want is comfort, not excitement. Do you understand?

Three days later. "Er—er—William, I must be back to the house by 7 o'clock. This road seems very straight and wide. Don't you think you might go just a little faster without danger?"

Two days later. "William, this dust is very unpleasant. If you could pass that car ahead—it seems to be going rather slowly."

Next day. "Put on a little more speed, William. There's no use in being a crank. This road is too good to lose the chance."

A week later. "Open her up, William! There are no potholes within five miles, I'll bet, and if there are who cares? I'm out for fun! Let her zip! Let her zip! This is no steam roller! Let's have some speed!"—Life.

Monkey and Goat.

Monkeys are more renowned for mischief than for kindness, but even monkeys can be benevolent. M. Mouton records the doings of one in Guadeloupe that surely seemed to merit that reputation. This monkey had a friend in a goat that went daily to the pasture. Every night the monkey would pick out the burrs and thorns, sometimes to the number of 2,000 or 3,000, from the goat's fleece, in order that the animal might lie down in peace. On coming in from the pasture the goat regularly went in search of his light handed friend and submitted himself to the operation. Strange to say, the tricky instincts of the monkey reassured themselves after the pricks were removed. He would tease the poor goat unmercifully, plucking his beard, poking him in the eyes and pulling out his hairs. The goat bore it all with patience, perhaps regarding it as only a fair price to be paid for the removal of the thorns.—London Standard.

The Ruling Passion.

His clothes said he was a tramp, but his brow was high and his manner grand. "Madam, may I request the favor of a pair of your husband's castoff trousers? These are somewhat passe." This, with a sweep of a tattered hat, brought results in the shape of a pair of hubby's oldest, which were just about two degrees better than those the tramp was wearing. After a critical survey of his acquisition, instead of the polite words of thanks the good woman was waiting for, the tramp volunteered, with a deep, long drawn sigh of regret, "Madam, I see your husband discards from weakness."—Puck.

Mission of Pain.

Although looked upon as an evil, pain is kind. It tells that the laws of nature have been violated and warns us to correct the cause. If it were not for pain we would go on doing things that would destroy us. Pain is a warning that something is wrong, and instead of trying to hush the pain with some drug we should seek to remove the cause.

In a Different Class.

"I hear, Mike, that your wife has gone into society. Has she become a clubwoman yet?"

"Indeed an' she has not got into that class. She still uses a batiron, sor."—New York Times.

It Would Make a Difference.

Teacher—Now, boys, here's a little example in mental arithmetic. How old would a person be who was born in 1875? Pupil—Please, teacher, was it a man or a woman?—Boston Transcript.

To recall benefits we have bestowed shows want of tact; to forget those bestowed on us shows want of heart.—Richter.

A GAS LEAK.

After Results That May Come From Hunting It With a Light.

The folly of hunting for a leak in a gas pipe with a lighted match is not so much because of the danger of an explosion as of other damage, as is shown by the experience of a householder not long ago.

One or two small leaks were detected by going over all the pipes and holding a lighted match to them. The smell of gas ceased, but was replaced a few hours later by the smell of burning wood.

Another visit to the cellar showed a charred floor joist a little distance above a gas pipe. There was no apparent cause for this until a very close examination resulted in the finding of a tiny jet of gas which was issuing from the pipe beneath the beam.

It was lighted, but was so small as to be blue in color and nearly invisible. It had been lighted by the match used in the first investigation, but had not been noticed.

"If that leak had happened to be in a lead joint instead of an iron connection," said a gas man, "there would probably have been work for the fire brigade. The smallest possible jet of lighted gas issuing through lead will in time heat and melt the lead and make the leak larger until a big flame is issuing."

"This may make a fire hours later in the dead of night or at a time when no one is in the house. The only proper way to look for these very small leaks is to paint the suspected pipe with a smooth soap lather. Just as in the case of a bicycle tire, the thickest leak will blow a bubble in the lather, and there you are."—London Telegraph.

MEXICAN JACALS.

Primitive Huts in the Villages of the Native Indians.

The Mexican Indian huts in the villages and upon the ranches of the lower Rio Grande border region of Texas have a style of architecture and construction that is distinctly their own. This type of primitive building is rapidly passing out of existence. At many places on the border families of Mexicans have abandoned their jacals and moved into more pretentious homes.

No money outlay is necessary in erecting the old style picturesque structures; neither is a knowledge of carpentry needed. A double row of upright poles firmly set or driven into the ground forms the framework for the walls. Between these two rows of poles are placed other poles or sticks of shorter length, forming a thick and compact wall. At each of the four corners of the building posts are set, reaching to a height of about eight feet. Roughly hewn stringers are laid from one post to another, and to these stringers are tied other poles that form the framework of the walls. The strong fiber from the maguey plant or strips of buckskin are used to tie the poles into position. The rafters are tied to the ridgepole and the stringers in the same manner. At one end of the building is built the opening through which the smoke of the inside fire may ascend. Stoves are unknown among these Mexicans, and the cooking is all done upon the ground.—Kansas City Star.

She Was Slow.

The shop assistant had shown and reshown the toys to the undecided shopper.

Rabbits, monkeys, jacks-in-the-box, jumping jacks, trains, velocipedes—everything had been displayed, manipulated, operated and explained to the shopper, but still she could not make up her mind.

"I wanted to get something suitable for my little nephew," she reiterated for the thousandth time.

"Yes, madam," responded the weary assistant. "You told me that when you came in, but I think your nephew has outgrown all these toys while you have been at this counter."—London Opinion.

His Translation.

A dignified elder of an Australian church was presiding at a charitable concert. A Miss Brown was to sing "Ora Pro Nobis," but at the last moment she changed her mind, and a note was passed to the chairman intimating that she would give "The Song That Reached My Heart."

He therefore made the following announcement: "Miss Brown will now sing 'Ora Pro Nobis,' which, being translated, means 'The Song That Reached My Heart.'"—London Chronicle.

No Hurry.

He—Then you have decided to accept the proffer of my heart and hand? She—Yes, dear. He—Thanks! You have made me the happiest of men, but we must have some regard for the old maxim and not be married in haste. She—Don't worry about that. I am perfectly willing to wait till next week.—Los Angeles Times.

Maple Drop Cakes.

Two cups of maple sirup, one-half cup of cream or milk, two eggs, one-half cup of melted butter, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flour enough to make a soft batter. Bake in gem pans.—Good Housekeeping.

The Announcement Followed.

She—They say there are germs in kisses. Now, what do you suppose a girl could catch that way?

He—A husband.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt.—Dutch Proverb.

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