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The Tillamook Headlight.
 Fred C. Baker, Publisher.

After reading all of the evidence in the Gould divorce trial one can not help admitting that there is much more pleasure in building castles in Spain than on Long Island.

If we are under no necessity of providing our young women with chaperons in their social relations with our own young men, it seems that chaperons may be necessary for them in our Chinese Sunday Schools.

Mrs. Howard Gould denies indignantly that she ever hitched up a mule team. It strikes us, however, that she had hitched up and worked in running harness some animals closely related to the mule.

Forty-seven girl graduates of an Illinois school managed to get through commencement day with dresses costing 14 cents each. Quite a difference between this and the price paid for dinner gowns at Castle Gould.

Speaker Cannon's prediction that a temperature of about 100 would force prompt tariff action in the Senate is the one consolation thought which reconciles us now, and even that may yet prove illusory.

There is a strong probability that former President Roosevelt will come back a confirmed vegetarian. Hunters agree that there is nothing more discouraging to the carnivorous appetite than bear steaks three times a day.

According to the New York peace guardians the sweating process does not affect a Chinaman, nor rubbing him on a washboard, nor running him through a wringer. The only thing that will loosen his tongue is to pull his queue.

The men who tried to get Senator Humphrey to hit the St. Louis Sunday lid while acting as governor ad interim counted too much on the senator being a Democrat. The senator is a Democrat but not always a thirsty one.

Uncle Joseph Cannon is a true prophet. Three things happened in Washington. The mercury rose high in the 90s, Senator Elkins rushed into the Senate chamber without a collar on, and the Senator reached the end of its deliberations on tariff schedules.

Mr. Harriman has been told that he must take on more flesh and drink beer to do it. Some of the men on whom Mr. Harriman has fallen are sure that he is heavy enough already. But the prescription is the first encouragement the brewers have had in a long time.

The heat wave has brought with it the usual wave of crime which always accompanies such outbursts. There is also the usual wave of silliness, for silliness and crime are seldom far apart. Folly and madness nearly are allied, and this partitions do the two divide.

They are now going after the boll weevil with machines for their destruction. If a thorough search is made, it may be discovered that boll weevil can not be exterminated so long as they remain the effective allies of the cotton bolls, and as hard to find as they always have been.

The justice presiding at the Gould trial in New York allowed Mrs. Gould just the alimony she had claimed was needed to cloth her every year. What is the lady to eat? The desire of the court may have been to induce her to abandon liquid foods, and try the solids, which are better and comes cheaper.

Among the many professors and scientists who in these days find place to talk and leave to print, the one who said, the other day, at a social problem congress somewhere, that the abundance of food in this country is at an end, and that cheap food has gone forever, has waved his ears against the sun more picturesquely than any other. To say that modern invention is reducing food supply and putting it out of proportion with increase of population, and that improved methods of distribution add to cost, is to say what combinations of capital either in commerce or transportation may want said, and be willing to pay somebody for saying. The pay should be large for such long ears, if measured either by the linear foot or by the circumambient air they cover and include in their winking motions.

A VERY BUSY MAN.

Harming Experience With an Over-worked Irish Watchmaker.

I fall in with a delightful man at a little town in County Fermanagh. I wanted a little thing done to my watch, and I asked him how long it would take to do it. He assured me that he was driven to death with work and was up till late every night trying to get ahead, but that he would try to find time to mend my watch some time before 7 o'clock, when he nominally closed. Then he followed me to the door of his shop and began to ask me questions about America. He pointed out different passersby and told me their life histories. And every once in a while he would say: "I've not had a day off for nearly a year, not even bank holiday. Never a minute for anything but work. I've an order now that's going to keep me busy, except for the time I'll give to your watch, all the rest of the day. And dinner eaten in my workshop to save time."

I bade him good day and didn't go near there until 7 o'clock in the evening. I found him outside the shop discussing the strike of the constabulary at Belfast with a neighbor.

"Awfully sorry, sir, but I've been so busy today that I've been unable to finish that job. It'll not take over twenty minutes when I get to it. Can you come in the morning?"

Next morning I was at his shop at 9 o'clock, and he was just taking down the shutters. Said he worked until 10 o'clock the night before, but seemed farther behind than before. If I'd come up into his workroom he'd fix my watch while I waited.

Up there he had some photographs to show me that he had taken a year ago and had only just found time to develop. We talked photography for twenty minutes, and then he fixed my watch in a jiffy when he got to work. From "Just Irish," by Charles Battell Loomis.

A VOTE OF THANKS.

The Way Dwight L. Moody Handled the Question in England.

Possibly the most novel response ever made to a request to return a vote of thanks to a chairman was that made by Dwight L. Moody during his first visit to England.

He had attended a meeting at which the Earl of Shaftesbury was chairman. The duty of proposing a vote of thanks was assigned to him and the announcement made:

"Our American cousin, the Rev. Mr. Moody of Chicago, will now move a vote of thanks to the noble earl who has presided on this occasion."

The whole thing was quite out of Mr. Moody's line. English formalities might or might not have come gracefully from his lips had he attempted them, but he did not. With an utter disregard of conventionality he burst upon the audience with the bold announcement:

"The speaker has made two mistakes. To begin with, I'm not the Rev. Mr. Moody at all. I'm plain Dwight L. Moody, a Sunday school worker. And then I'm not your American cousin. By the grace of God I'm your brother, interested with you in our Father's work for his children."

"And now about this vote of thanks to the noble earl for being our chairman this evening. I don't see why we should thank him any more than he should thank us. When at one time they offered to thank our Mr. Lincoln for presiding over a meeting in Illinois he stopped it. He said he'd tried to do his duty and they'd tried to do theirs. He thought it was about an even thing all round."

That opening fairly took the breath away from Mr. Moody's hearers. Such a talk could not be gauged by any known standard. Mr. Moody carried his English audiences with him from that beginning to his latest labors.

Who He Was.

At the crossing of the river Styx Death met a stranger with a grin on his face.

"Who are you?" demanded Death.

"I am your manservant," replied the stranger.

"My manservant!" repeated Death, somewhat puzzled to know what the new arrival meant.

"In other words, the valet of the shadow of Death," chortled the stranger.

It is perhaps superfluous to add that before journeying hence the stranger had been a professional jokesmith.—New York Times.

Three Meals at Once.

"Now, Mary," said her mistress, "you must come to the door of the drawing room and say, 'Breakfast is ready, and supper is ready, but dinner is served.'"

The newly corralled domestic inwardly digested the concise instructions and that evening convulsed the guests who were awaiting the announcement of dinner by stepping between the portieres, dropping a courtesy and repeating, "Breakfast is ready and supper is ready, but dinner is served!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Badly Expressed.

"The human monstrosity!" said a young lady attending a fair with her sweetheart. "Threepeuce! Wouldn't you like to have a look at that, Herbert?"

"No, dear," answered Herbert, anxious to bestow a neat compliment; "I am quite content to look at you."—London Mail.

A Tart Retort.

"Can a politician be a good Christian?" was once asked of the late Senator Ingalls of Kansas, when he replied, "With God all things are possible."

THE SEA ELEPHANT.

His Fearful Jaws the Chief Danger in an Attack.

The chief danger attending the killing of the sea elephant is in approaching too near his terrible jaws, which are capable of biting in two an iron rod the thickness of one's finger. The hunter, however, must get pretty close, as the thick hide and blubber have rendered the animal practically impervious to attack, the only vulnerable point being a spot about the size of a walnut above each eye. Careless hunters have at times got within reach of the brute's teeth and have escaped only by dexterously wriggling from their clothes. I had occasion once to shed my coat with great agility, one of the smaller beasts having caught me by the sleeve, says Captain B. D. Cleveland in the American Magazine.

One afternoon's kill had been about forty animals, some of which had given me and my four hunters considerable trouble. This was mainly due to the treacherous footing and the heavy nature of the work, not only in killing, but in stripping the ponderous brutes. We were anxious to make the afternoon's kill an even fifty, and night was fast coming on.

In cutting out two particularly hard flubbers, a male and female, I had overlooked a young bull partly hidden behind an ice hummock. We had stripped both animals and, walking over to the hummock where our guns were stacked, I was leaning to pick mine up when, with a bellow of rage, the young bull reared and whipped his flail-like flippers at me. Luckily the guns were stacked so as to form a temporary barrier, but unluckily one thick paw was impaled on a bayonet. Rearing in fresh rage, the animal lunged at me with incredible speed, snapping the gun between his javelin teeth as though it were a straw. I leaped backward, but slipped.

Instantly he clutched at my body, but missed in the semidarkness, lunged and clutched again, catching my right arm in his powerful maw. His awkwardness enabled me to regain my feet, but, with a ripping tug, the animal fastened on to the sleeve of my heavy skin jacket, out of which I slipped just as one of my men drove a harpoon into him just above the eye.

EUGENIE'S WEDDING DAY.

The Gift of Violets From the Market Women of Paris.

Even on her wedding day the Empress Eugenie received a sign of ill omen. The market women of Paris presented her with a mountain of violets on the day of her marriage to Louis Napoleon.

And those market women—they bellowed over! They yelled and pushed and crowded into the palace gardens. They screamed and screamed for the empress until at last a window opened, and Eugenie stepped out on the balcony, and, ever eager to please, she held in her hands a great mass of the violets the market women had sent her.

Then suddenly one old fish wife shrieked out at those of the committee: "Figs! Idiots! It is the flower of sorrow you have sent to her." While quick another raved out: "It is the color of mourning that you send the bride of the emperor! Violets—purple violets to a bride! Figs! Idiots! Devils! It is an omen—a sign of evil!"

And then the fight began! Oh, mon Dieu! They are terrible! They tear one another like wild beasts! The gendarmes try hard to make order, when a voice up above us says out clear and gentle, "Oh, soldiers, don't hurt them!"

And the idea that any soldier on earth could hurt a dame des Halles was so funny that everybody stopped fighting to laugh. And they laugh and laugh and wipe off the blood and slap the gendarmes and say, "Don't hurt us, messieurs—don't!" And they dance and shout, and the beautiful empress stands now by the emperor and bows and throws violets to the crowd, and all below cry, "Vive l'Impératrice!"

And she smiles and smiles and so retires. But that old witch was right! Yes, madame, though the violet was the flower of the Bonaparte, it is the flower of sorrow, not fit to send a bride! It was an omen and given at the Tuilleries it pointed to Chislehurst.—Clara Morris in Woman's Home Companion.

Ups and Downs.

"Ups and downs," said an etymologist, "is a phrase of curious aptness."

"Take ups. Aviators tell us, balloonists tell us, alpinists tell us, that the higher one ascends, the more exhilarating grows the air, so that it is quite common, at a height of a mile or so, for men to sing and shout in pure hilarity and joy. So much for ups."

"Take downs. Submarine boatmen and divers and miners tell us that the deeper one descends below the earth's surface, the sadder one becomes. Those depths resound with oaths, groans, sobs. So much for downs."

"Ups and downs—an apt phrase, truly."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Crime and Penalty.

Aunt Jane—I think the young man who tried to steal a kiss should be punished. Dorothy—So do I, aunty, dear. Aunt Jane—I am glad to hear you say that, child. Dorothy—Yes; he—he should be punished severely for only trying.—Rocheater Democrat.

Pandemonium.

"Nature knew what she was doing when she deprived fishes of a voice."

"How do you make that out?"

"What if a fish had to cackle over every egg it laid?"—Cleveland Leader.

Money may not be able to buy happiness, but it can buy off a great deal of unhappiness.—Lyndon.

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