

THE MUFS MEN WORE

They Were Decked With Lace and Bits of Ribbon.

FASHION OF OTHER DAYS.

Their Use Was Quite Common, Too, and Not Confined to Fops and Dandies—Double Muffs Were Once in Vogue—Extraneous of Style in Sizes.

Muffs were invented for the use of an an. At least so the legend goes. It seems a classic shade found the air of the world so heavily cold when he recended to earth after his death that a hands were almost frozen.

Consequently it was de red that theayer of the poor young gentleman would kill enough sables—evident, bles were appreciated even in those rly days—to make a covering for the outed fingers. He did it, and that was the origin of the muf.

Even if one is not prepared to acpt this account of the first muf a thorative there is one thing that frtain. It is only in very modern nes that muffs have been the exclu re property of women. Up to the ord quarter of the eighteenth cen rly men were quite as addicted to m as women were.

In the wardrobe accounts of Henry of Wales, for 1608 the prices of o muffs are set down. The most ex sive cost £7, a very big sum in use days, and is described as belid e of cloth of silver wrought with rta, plates and Venice twists of sil r and gold. The other was a com ratively plain one of black satin em dored with black silk, and its price is proportionately less, only £3 shil s.

SALVATION FREE.

But There Was a Collection and Also a Reason For It.

The colored parson had just concluded a powerful sermon on "Salvation Am Free" and was announcing that a collection would be taken for the benefit of the parson and his family.

"Look a-yeah, parson," he interrupted; "yo' ain't no sooner done tellin' us dat salvation am free dan yo' go askin' us fo' money. If salvation am free, what's de use in payin' fo' it? Dat's what I want to know. An' I tell yo' p'intedly dat I ain't goin' to gib yo' nothin' untill I find out. Now!"

"Patience, brudder, patience," said the parson. "I'll lucidate. S'pose yo' was thirsty an' come to a river. Yo' could kneel right down an' drink yo' fill, couldn't yo'? An' it wouldn't cost yo' nothin', would it?"

"Ob cou'se not. Dat's jest what I"— "Dat water would be free," continued the parson. "But, s'posin' yo' was to hab dat water piped to yo' house, yo'd have to pay, wouldn't yo'?"

"Yas, sub, but"— "Waal, brudder, so it is wid salvation. De salvation am free, but it's de havin' it piped to yo' dat yo' got to pay fo'. Pass de hat, deacon; pass de hat."—Everybody's Magazine.

DURABLE INK.

The Secret of Its Manufacture Seems to Have Been Lost.

The ink manufacturer has made great strides in his field. He has produced many colored fluids that seem well adapted to ordinary use. But how long will this ink last without fading?

Did you ever pick up a letter written ten or fifteen years ago and note how much of it is illegible because the ink has faded? Some precious documents not a century old are preserved today in air tight cases, so that the ink will not fade any more. Others have been copied in order to retain the exact chirography of the original authors.

Fading ink is one of the things in which the ancients did not believe. Many of the mediaeval manuscripts six and seven hundreds years old have their letters formed of ink that is as black and bright as on the day when first written.

Who has the secret of this lost art of making durable ink? It is another one of the lost arts that is worthy of investigation. The ancients had fewer materials to work with and less facilities for laboratory tests, but we must acknowledge that there are some things in which they excelled us.—World Today.

Joy of a Yawn.

When life seems more than usually insipid—and such moments do come to even the most hopeful of us—there is a sudden pleasant sympathy in the yawn of the terrier on the rug before the fire. "Ah, you, too, find things a little boring, old fellow!" we say to ourselves. A dog yawns nobly, making no attempt at disguising it with politely uplifted paw. All animals seem to enjoy a yawn except man.

We once saw the late lamented hippopotamus at the zoo lift himself slowly from his murky pond and yawn. It was a great spectacle, tremendous, Homeric. The concentrated boredom of the whole creation seemed expressed in that gigantic gasp. For a few fascinated moments pond, shed, railings, people, all seemed merged in one colossal mouth. It was wonderful. Oh, we thought as we came away, to be able to yawn like that when life becomes too silly!—Pall Mall Gazette.

Get Out of Doors.

Trudeau's classic experiment points us in the right direction. After inoculating a number of rabbits with tuberculosis he confined a number of them indoors and turned the others outdoors. The latter all recovered, while the former all died. This experiment shows that a rabbit living upon its natural food and under a natural environment is proof against tuberculosis. There is abundant reason to believe this equally true of man. In other words, tuberculosis is not a necessary evil of human life, but is a natural consequence of erroneous habits and departure from natural conditions. Man is naturally an outdoor animal. A mole lives a healthy life in a burrow. A man must live in the fresh air and the sunshine.—Medical Record.

The Brigands.

The word "brigand" is derived from a portion of the armor worn by archers, English and foreign, anciently called the "brigandine." This consisted of an apron of leather plated over, scale fashion, with thin pieces of steel. From the irregularities of the light armed men who wore these defenses the name of brigand became in course of time infamous.

The Touchstone.

The Magnate—You will succeed, sir. You are a genius. The inventor—No, I'm not. If I were a real genius practical men like you would consider me a darned fool.—Cleveland Leader.

Says the Modern Hen.

"Understand me, Henry Peck! I shall not lay another egg unless you get an incubator. I simply cannot neglect my social duties as I've been doing."—Life.

On Her Own Head.

Hubby—What! You paid \$50 for that hat! It's monstrous—it's a sin! Wife (sweetly)—No matter. The sin will be on my own head!—Lippincott's Magazine.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.—Shakespeare.

OCEAN TRAVEL.

Luxury That Greets the Passengers on an Atlantic Liner.

The luxury of ocean travel has reached such a state of perfection that land bred and timid passengers may almost delude themselves into thinking that they are still on shore when they are in the middle of the ocean.

When the luncheon bugle sounds you go in to tidy your hair. The sun is shining in through your window or at least one of the windows, for there are two in your drawing room, one in the bathroom and one in the bedroom beyond. Your drawing room—which might be in the Winter palace, Nice, for all the resemblance it bears to a ship's cabin—is furnished in old gold and white. A soft carpet of old gold, a sofa piled luxuriantly with cushions, several chairs, a table, a wonderfully equipped desk, on which rests a drop light, are at your disposal. You stop a moment to admire the panels and etchings and the hangings, which are embroidered with drooping wistaria in faint green. An electric grate fire, with a genuine mantel, lends an air of spaciousness to the room. You notice that your gowns have been hung in one closet and your blouses in another and that shoes, slippers, umbrella, etc., have been carefully stowed away in places provided for them.

The third day out, if the weather is fine, is the social height of the trip. The ship's types are by this time all fully developed. The bridge fiends have become known to each other, and they never leave their game except for meals. There is the usual contingent that each morning comes around to tell you how early they were on deck. You have stood at the prow and watched the schools of dolphins jumping straight for the ship, you have rushed excitedly to the rail to watch a passing steamer with which your vessel exchanges salutes by running up innumerable little flags, and you have marveled at the land birds that always follow the ship across, and perhaps you ask the steward to set out some fresh water and a plate of crumbs for them.

If you enjoy spontaneous vaudeville the hour in the ship's gymnasium will be your regular rendezvous every morning, and aside from the fun which you will have in watching the others perform unaccustomed stunts on the frisky camel, the spirited horse or with the vibrators you will receive direct benefit from the exercises, which are the best thing to be recommended for the maintenance of sea legs.—Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly.

ALDEN'S NAPLES STORY.

A Glass of Capri Wine and a Statue That Nodded.

The late W. L. Alden, the humorist, was one of the most abstemious of men—in fact, he was pretty near being a teetotaler. I don't know that I ever saw him take wine or spirits in all the years I knew him except a glass of claret at the midday and evening meals during his last illness.

During the later years of his life he spent the winter abroad, some-times in Genoa, sometimes in Naples and, I think, in Cairo, and usually his four or five months' residence on the shores of the Mediterranean would not cost him more than £50.

Once on his return from Naples I remember his telling me this story:

"L, a brother novelist, was in Naples also and asked me one night to dine with him at one of the big hotels on the water front just outside Naples—one of those hotels along that massive stone embankment against which the waves of the sea often break in showers of spray thirty or forty feet high.

"After dinner we went for a walk along the embankment, and we got pretty well drenched with the spray. Soon we reached a statue, and, lo, it nodded gravely toward us!

"Did you see that statue nod?" said L. to me.

"I certainly did," said I.

"Well," said he, "I'm going back to the hotel and to bed before I get run in. It's that confounded Capri wine!" "So, ashamed of ourselves, back we went and sneaked up to bed. But at breakfast table next morning both of us seemed to be amazingly fresh considering our dissipation of the night before, and we could not understand why we had such good appetites until the waiter said:

"Did the gentlemen feel last night's slight earthquake?"—Pearson's Weekly.

A Medal of Blood.

Garibaldi was once presented with a medal made of his own blood. The giver was Dr. Manini of Naples, who was well known as a petrifactor and preserver of the human body. Dr. Manini in offering his gift to Garibaldi said that whenever the general looked at it it would brace him up for the last fight, and across the medal were engraved the words, "The Blood of Garibaldi is Forever Red." The strange medal is preserved by the general's descendants.

An Eye to Business.

"Bigsbee is a terribly melodramatic fellow, isn't he? He said he'd drain his heart's blood for the woman he loved. Do you think he meant it?"

"Why, I guess so. Bigsbee is agent for a drain and sewer pipe concern."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

All He Knew.

Officer (to recruit who has missed every shot)—Good heavens, man, where are your shots going? Recruit (tearfully)—I don't know, sir; they left here all right!—London Punch.

Habit is the deepest law of human nature.—Carlyle.

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