

**CLAY'S FIRST SPEECH.**

Began in Confusion, but Ended in a Triumph.

Henry Clay as a young man was extremely bashful, although he possessed uncommon brightness of intellect and fascinating address, without effort making the little he knew pass for much more. In the early part of his career he settled in Lexington, Va., where he found the society most congenial, though the clients seemed somewhat recalcitrant to the young lawyer. He joined a debating society at length, but for several meetings he remained a silent listener.

One evening after a lengthy debate the subject was being put to a vote when Clay was heard to observe softly to a friend that the matter in question was by no means exhausted. He was at once asked to speak and after some hesitation rose to his feet. Finding himself thus unexpectedly confronted by an audience, he was covered with confusion and began, as he had frequently done, in imaginary appeals to the court, "Gentlemen of the jury."

A titter that ran through the audience only served to heighten his embarrassment, and the obnoxious phrase fell from his lips again. Then he gathered himself together and launched into a peroration so brilliantly lucid and impassioned that it carried the house by storm and laid the cornerstone to his future greatness, his first case coming to him as a result of this speech, which some consider the finest he ever made.

**SAM HOUSTON'S MOTHER.**

For the Children's Sake She Faced the Perils of the Wilderness.

The mother of Sam Houston was another woman who for the sake of her children hazarded the dangers of the wilderness journey without the protection of a man's strong arm. Houston's friend and biographer, C. Edwards Lester, portrayed her as "an extraordinary woman, distinguished by an impressive and dignified countenance and gifted with intellectual and moral qualities which elevated her in a still more striking manner above most of her sex."

The death of her husband left Mrs. Houston in poor circumstances and with a growing family of six sons and three daughters. Knowing that many of her neighbors who had gone west had prospered, she determined to follow their example in order that her children might get a good start in life. So she Virginia farm and journeyed to Tennessee, ending her migration only when within eight miles of the boundary between the settlements of the whites and the wigwams of the Cherokees.

There she erected a rude cabin with the help of her oldest boys, and there she labored diligently to bring up her children to be useful men and women. It was for them that she toiled and prayed and denied herself, personifying in her devotion another trait of the mothers of the early west.—Smith's Magazine.

**The Greater Loss.**  
Tragedies innumerable culminate in the emergency hospital.

"What has happened to me?" asked the patient when he had recovered from the effects of the ether.  
"You were in a trolley car accident," said the nurse, "and it has been found necessary to amputate your right hand." He sank back on the pillow, sobbing aloud. "Cheer up," said the nurse, patting him on the head; "you'll soon learn to get along all right with your left hand."

"Oh, it wasn't the loss of the hand itself that I was thinking of," sighed the victim. "But on the forefinger was a string that my wife tied around it to remind me to get something for her this morning, and now I'll never be able to remember what it was."—Argonaut.

**Argentina.**  
The land of Argentina is fertile and under proper conditions would support an immense population and could support practically all of South America. It is one of the three large countries of the earth that could support a large population if absolutely cut off from all other countries. Foreigners fall into the sluggish habits of the Spanish there. The Grain Exchange opens at 4 p. m. and closes at 5. Breakfast is generally about 11 a. m., dinner 7 to 8, and the theaters begin at 10. It is not a country for the vigorous, energetic, money making immigrant. People live there to enjoy life and not to accumulate dollars.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**The Garden and the Hen.**  
Did you ever work for ten hours and make a beautiful garden about the size of a large pocket handkerchief? And then after it was all planted and up did you ever find a hen that looked like a cross between a greyhound and a buzzard right in the middle of it with the air full of young lettuce and radishes? Did you then remember that the hen was made for some useful purpose and that innocent children might be in hearing distance?—Butler (Ga.) Democrat.

**His Complaint.**  
Countryman (to doctor)—Think I don't well, doctor. The more I eat the less I want to like. Doctor (impatiently)—Ah, yes, of course. You eat everything you eat flies to your stomach.—Punch.

**Letting the Cat Out.**  
"My grandpa, make a noise like a cat," coaxed little Tommy.  
"What for, my son?"  
"Why, papa says that when you meow we'll get \$5,000.—Success Magazine.

**KNEW HIS BUSINESS.**

The Little Boy Was Thoroughly Posted on the Elevator.

"Little boy," exclaimed the portly lady, "you ought to be at school instead of trying to work a lift."  
"I'm not trying to work a lift," was the answer. "I am working it, and if you wish to ride I shall be happy to accommodate you. So far as any obligation to be at school is concerned, allow me to remind you that this is a legal holiday, and I am exempt from attendance at an institution where, I am pleased to say, I am at the head of my class."

"You have no business trying to work that lift, anyhow."  
"For what reason?"  
"Because you are too young to know anything about it."

"Madam, allow me to reassure you. This lift is worked by hydraulic pressure, the principle relied on being that water exerts pressure in proportion to the height of a column rather than in proportion to the diameter. In making use of this characteristic water is admitted into a cylinder, the pressure being regulated by the use of valves and a stable equilibrium being made possible by an ingenious system of counterpoises. I could go further into the minutiae of this particular machine, which of course has its variations from other models," he added as she gasped in astonishment, "but I doubt if you could follow the technical terms whose use an accurate description would necessitate, but I wish to assure you that if, after what I have said, you think you know more about this lift than I do you are at perfect liberty to step in and take its management out of my hands."—Pearson's.

**STOPPED THE NOISE.**

A Chemist's Suggestion to a Maker of Prussian Blue.

The great German chemist, Liebig, related that when he was a young man a manufacturer of prussian blue who was showing him through the works drew his attention to the deafening noise made by certain comminuting and mixing machines. These machines consisted of large iron mortars in which iron pestles were actuated by machinery. The pestles pounded the materials to a fine condition and mixed them. On Liebig's suggesting that some means ought to be devised to prevent the terrible din made by the machines the manufacturer told him that it was a singular fact that the more noise the pestles made the better was the blue produced. It happens that in making prussian blue iron is a necessary constituent of the mixture, a fact that did not seem to be thoroughly appreciated by the manufacturer. He was therefore much surprised when Liebig told him that the iron which was necessary to produce the color was rubbed off his machinery, the most extravagant way to supply it. He understood for the first time, moreover, why it was that the greater the noise from the friction of the pestles in the mortars the better the blue produced. He thus learned in an expensive way that it was better manufacturing to put iron into the mixture than to grind it off high priced machinery.—Frederick J. Maywald in American Industries.

**Complimentary.**

Intending to visit a small village in Scotland, Archbishop Tait arranged to have his letters addressed to the postoffice, which happened to be also the hamlet's general store. On the day of his arrival the postman entered the shop and made inquiry if there was anything for the archbishop of Canterbury.  
"Maybe you'll be that purser yer self?" the storekeeper suggested, with out replying to the archbishop's question.  
"Quite right," said Dr. Tait; "I am."

"Weel," added the tradesman, "I have a son in a shop in London, and he told me he aince gned to St. Paul's cathedral to hear ye preach, and he was verra weel satisfied w' ye!"—London Home Journal.

**An English View.**

The slang of New York has its origin, of course, in the climate. It is the climate that has produced the terrible doctrine and practice of "hustle," and for people living in a wild chaos of competition, always in a blinding hurry and in the midst of a deafening din, language has to be pitched up high to cope with the circumstances. There is no time to pause nor any place in which an ordinary quiet phrase would be able to reach your ear. Language to produce any effect at all must be as quick and as violent as all else. A phrase that has not the properties of dynamite goes unheeded.—Max Beerbohm in London Saturday Gazette.

**A Diplomatist at Home.**

"Mrs. Rawson has a dozen dresses handsomer than the only good one I've got," a young wife complained to her husband, who, a domestic diplomatist, merely remarked: "Of course. A homely woman like that needs plenty of rich gowns to draw attention from her face. Dress cannot heighten your charms, my dear!"—London Mail.

**Helpful Child.**

Caller—My, what a big girl you are getting to be! You'll soon be able to help your mother about the house.  
Ethel—Oh, I do that already. Whenever she says "For goodness' sake, get out of my way!" I do it.—Philadelphia Press.

**A Deduction.**

Maude—How old is Grace? May—At least twenty-five. Maude—How do you know? May—I heard her say that no girl ought to marry before she was twenty-six.—Cleveland Leader.

**THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.**

How the Animal is Captured Alive in the Sudan.

There is a vast difference between the hunter who kills for pleasure and the hunter whose business it is to capture his quarry alive. How live hippopotamuses are secured is particularly interesting. Two methods are resorted to.

The so called hawati, or water hunters, of the Sudan, all of whom are excellent and daring swimmers, harpoon their victims at the noon hour, when they pull them to the bank by means of a cord attached to the harpoon and there make them fast. The hunters use for this a special kind of harpoon, made in such a way that it does not make a deep wound. Fully three-quarters of the hippopotamuses exhibited in Europe have been captured in this way.

Hippopotamus hunts are also conducted on land. There advantage is taken of the fact that the female hippopotamus makes her young walk in front of her. The reason for this is that the beast, being well protected in the rear by its abnormally thick skin, prefers to have its offspring in front, where it can guard them better against danger. But in spite of its affection for its children the mother hippo has no particular desire to meet danger when it comes. So the hunters dig large pits in the forest, cover them over until they are fully concealed and then lie in wait near by. Presently a female hippopotamus comes along with her child trotting before her. Suddenly, without warning, the young one disappears before its mother's eyes. This is too much for the old animal. She dashes away, leaving the little one at the mercy of its enemies.—Wide World Magazine.

**CIRCUS PERFORMERS.**

The Real Dangers With Which They Are Concerned.

The individual point of view of the circus performer toward his work is full of surprises. Rarely if ever is he worried over the things that the audience imagines make him uneasy and never about his own equipment of nerve, muscle and judgment.

The bareback rider worries about his horse, for the slightest deviation from the animal's customary course and gait ruins a harmony between horse and rider, upon which depends the success and even the life of the performer. The man on the trapeze is not at all disturbed at being so high up in the air. The higher up he is the more security he feels that in case of accident he will have time enough instinctively to twist his body into the right position for falling into the net. What worries him most is the fear of some unsuspected weakness in his apparatus.

The animal trainer is more afraid of an accidental scratch from a good natured but blood poisoning claw than of any actual conflict with an angry animal. More than that, he has a real affection for his animals and dislikes the stern necessity of punishing them. The very clown is not so much pleased by the laughter of his audience as disturbed by the thought that it quite fails to appreciate the time and care he has expended in working out the details of his humorous contribution.—Ralph Bergengen in Atlantic.

**Likewise Mistaken.**

A small boy was fishing on Sunday morning. He had a basket of fish alongside of him. A clergyman happened to see him and, going over to where he was busily watching the bob, said:

"You naughty, cruel boy! Don't you know that it is a sin to fish on the Sabbath? Besides the sin, think of the cruelty of it—taking the poor little worms out of the ground and sticking that nasty sharp hook through its body."

"That ain't no worm. That's an artificial fly!" answered the boy.

"Ah, I was mistaken," said the preacher.

"So were these fish," said the boy, picking up the basket and showing them to the clergyman.—New York Sun.

**After Hours.**

Some years ago on a day set apart for humiliation and prayer a manufacturer offered to pay his workmen their wages on condition that they attended church. To this they readily agreed.

Shortly before evening service one of the employees called at his employer's residence and told the servant he wished "to see the master."

"Now, Jack, what do you want?"  
"Well, sor, me and ma nyets hev been taking the thing over, and we'd like to knae if we can to charch the next do we get overtime for it?"—London Spare Moments.

**Her Mind Easy.**

"I hear you are going to Australia with your husband, Kitty," said the mistress. "Aren't you nervous about the long voyage?"  
"Well, ma'am," said Kitty calmly, "that's his lookout. I belong to him now, and if anything happens to me it'll be his loss, not mine."—London Mail.

**Quick Wit.**

Mrs. Sharpe—So you told Mr. Jones you wished you were single once more, did you? Sharp (with quick wit)—Only that I might have the happiness of marrying you over again, darling.—Boston Transcript.

Step by step one goes very far.—French Proverb.

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