

Wouldn't Be Fooled Again.

A shepherd once, to prove the quickness of his dog, which was lying before the fire in the house where he was talking, said to me in the middle of a sentence concerning something else, "I'm thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes."

Though he purposely laid no stress on these words and said them in a quiet, unconcerned tone of voice, the dog, which appeared to be asleep, immediately jumped up and, leaping through the open window, scrambled up to the roof of the house, from which he could see the potato field. He then, not seeing the cow there, ran and looked into the barn where she was and, finding that all was right, came back to the house.

After a short time the shepherd said the same words again, and the dog repeated his lookout, but on the false alarm being the third time given the dog got up and, wagging his tail, looked his master in the face with so comical an expression of interrogation that he could not help laughing aloud at him, on which, with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his warm corner with an offended air, as if determined not to be made a fool of again.—London Standard.

One For the Minister.

An old minister in the south side of Glasgow who was noted for his habit of dishing up old sermons again and again was one day advertised to preach in a suburban church at the anniversary service there. An old woman who in days gone by had sat under his ministry, but who had now returned from his neighborhood, determined to go in and hear him preach on this particular occasion. After the close of the service she waited on the clergyman, who greeted her cordially and asked what she thought of his discourse. "Eh, man," she replied candidly, "it's a lang time sin' I first heard ye preach that yin, sir, and I've heard ye at it a guid wheen o' times sin' syne."

"Aye, Janet," said the minister. "How often do ye think ye've heard it, na?" "Oh, about a dozen o' times, sir," she replied. "An' div ye mind it?" said the minister. "Aweel, maybe no't it a', sir." "Weel, I see I'll need to preach it to ye again, Janet," said the minister, and Janet felt that she had been sold for once.

Settled a Great Question.

When Thomas H. Benton was in the house he was of the opinion that the 2d day of March and consequently the congressional term ended at midnight of that day instead of at noon on the 4th, as unbroken usage had fixed it. So on the last morning he sat with his hat on, talked loudly, loafed about the floor and finally refused to vote or answer to his name when the roll was called. At last the speaker, the Hon. James L. Orr of South Carolina, picked him up and put an end to these legislative larks.

"No, sir; no, sir; no, sir!" shouted the venerable Missourian. "I will not vote. I have no right to vote. This is no house, and I am not a member of it."

"Then, sir," said Speaker Orr like a flash, with his sweetest manner, "if the gentleman is not a member of this house the sergeant at arms will please put him out."

And so this vast constitutional question settled itself.—Argonaut.

Handy With an Ax.

One important feature in connection with the conducting of mining operations in Siberia is the aptitude of the Russian workman for the ax. Wood is so plentiful in the country that mining timbers may be figured on at a low rate. The current anecdote that a Russian workman will for a twenty kopeck piece lay his left hand, with fingers spread, on a board and with full strength make an ax cut between each finger cannot be vouched for, but it is certainly true that in pick timbering in bad ground, in erecting buildings, log calms and all manner of wood joining the equal of the Russian peasant cannot be found.—London Globe.

The Word "Bald."

It is believed by at least one writer that it is because baldness in women has nearly always been studiously concealed that no gentle way of evading the blunt word "bald" has been evolved in contrast with the many ways of dodging "fat." "Stout" (which really means sturdy), "portly," "comfortable" and "embonpoint" are instances of this evasion. But "bald" always remains "bald."—Chicago News.

Badly Expressed.

She (effusively)—How nice it is to have met you again after all these years, my dear Captain Burlington. He—Major now. That was ten years ago you know. She (still more effusively)—How time flies! Well, congratulations and goodbye. I hope you'll be a general when next we meet.—Punch.

He Knew Better.

Farmer Hullbrooth—This here paper says that a man in Chicago unloaded 90,000 bushels of corn one day last week. Now, Marier, you know as well as I do that there ain't enny man in the hull state could do that much work in one day.—Exchange.

Inconceivable.

Mary—I'm positive Fred loves me and intends to make me his wife. Helen—Why? Has he proposed yet? Mary—No, but he dislikes mother more every time he sees her.—Jugend.

Suffragette Vote Lost.

He—Not going out to vote! Why not? She—I haven't a thing to wear.—Life.

Human Heart as a Power Engine.

A great physician once remarked that, despite its complexity, there was no organ of the body readier to adapt itself to circumstances or more capable of repaying ordinary care than the heart. This is very true, and an appreciation of that fact should cause us all the more carefully to follow the wise man's advice and to keep our heart with all diligence. When we have regard to the tremendous work the heart accomplishes we might well with Wesley say, "Strange that a harp of a thousand strings should keep in tune so long." Estimated in scientific fashion, a man's heart in twenty-four hours performs an amount of work which if represented by the energy demanded for a big lift would raise 120 tons of weight one foot high. Such a calculation can be accurately determined by measuring the force expended in one beat or cycle of movement of the heart and multiplying the short work into that of the day. Thus in no small degree does the heart's labor contribute to swell the big total of the energy the human engine expends each day it lives.—New York World.

Culinary Courtship.

Janet had molded the domestic affairs of the family with whom she lived for so many years that the news of her intended marriage had much the effect of an earthquake. "Have you and David been engaged long?" ventured the mistress of the household.

"One week when next Sabbath comes," stated Janet briefly.

"And—and had you any thought of marrying before that?" asked her mistress.

"Times I had and times I had not," said the imperturbable Janet, "as any person will. But a month ago when I gave David a wee bit of the cake I'd been making and he said to me, 'Janet, have you the recipe firm in your mind, lass, so you could make it if Mrs. Mann's book would be far from your reach? I knew well the time was drawing short.'

"And when," said Janet, closing her eyes at the recollection, "I said to him, 'David, lad, the recipe is copied in a little book of my own, and I saw the glint in his eye I reckoned 'twould be within the month he'd ask me.'"

Hippo's Mouth an Impressive Sight.

The hippopotamus is a sort of floating island which inhabits the African rivers. To see a hippopotamus rise out of the water and go away is as disconcerting to the tourist as it would be to see a sand bar get out of the Missouri river and chase a cow. The hippo—life is too short to write his full name—is a big brother of the pig. He weighs five tons, and a gargole is cute and pretty beside him. He is fat and flabby, covered with a reddish skin adorned with bristles and has a broad, flat head as wide as a dinner table. The mouth of the hippo is another of nature's African extravaganzas. He has mouth enough to do the eating for a boys' boarding school. His jaws are very flexible, and those who have gazed into the inner works of a hippo when he has opened his vast pink lined mouth, studded here and there with tusks that look like broken off Grecian columns, have been impressed with the sight.—Collier's Weekly.

How Rats Move Eggs.

Strange as the story may appear of rats removing hens' eggs from the bottom to the top of a house by one rat lying on his back and grasping tightly his ovoid burden with his forepaws while his comrades drag him away by the tail, I have no reason, writes a naturalist, to disbelieve it. I have seen two rats accomplish the feat from stair to stair in a farmhouse in Banffshire, the first anxious rodent pushing the egg up on its hind legs and the second assistant lifting it up with its fore legs. It was the best athletic feat I ever witnessed, but it is not out of the common. The rat will extract the contents from a flask of Florence oil, dipping in his long tail and repeating the maneuver until he has consumed all that can be reached.

His Mistake.

The vender of images, who had just been thrown out of a large office building, wept bitterly as he looked at his torn clothes and broken wares.

"Who did this?" inquired the friendly cop. "I'll plinch 'em if you say the word."

"No; it was my fault," said the victim, gathering up the remains of a plaster image. "I insisted on trying to sell a bust of Noah Webster to a meeting of simplified spellers."—Denver Republican.

Some Excuse For the Sun.

Artist—There, sir, is my latest picture. Ingenious Friend—Well, you haven't economized paint on it, have you? What title have you given to it? Artist—What do I call it? Why, sir, that is an autumn sunset. Ingenious Friend—You don't say so! Well, I don't blame the sun at all for setting.

Color in Lies.

It's a white lie when mamma tells papa what baby has been saying, but when papa goes and repeats it at the office it's another matter; a lie becomes more or less soiled by being mopped around.—Exchange.

His Choice.

Bustin Seems—How'd yer like to be one of dese here furrin rulers, Sel? Seldum Shaves—Not me, Bus. I'd a lot rather be a king bum dan a bum king.—Kansas City Times.

It is better to lend than to give. To give employment is better than to hire.—Talmud.

The Steam Engine.

The Marquis of Worcester while imprisoned in the Tower of London in 1653 invented and constructed a perfect steam engine and had it publicly exhibited the same year at Vauxhall in successful operation. Thirty-four years later, in 1680, Dennis Papin added the piston to the marquis' discovery. In 1698 Captain Savary devised and built a steam engine different in many details from those made by Worcester and Papin, and in 1705 Newcomb, Cawley and Savary constructed their celebrated atmospheric engine, which was complete in every detail. The above array of historical facts notwithstanding, James Watt, who was not born until sixty years after these great men had given the steam engine to the world, enjoys the distinction of being the veritable inventor, originator and author of the most useful contrivance of the present day. Fulton, who lived and worked in the early part of the nineteenth century, is given the credit of being the man who demonstrated that steam could be applied to navigation—this, too, in face of the well known historical fact that De Gary propelled a vessel by steam in the harbor of Barcelona in 1543.—St. James' Gazette.

Genius and Misfortune.

Homer was a beggar; Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boetius died in jail; Paul Borghese had fourteen trades and yet starved with them all; Tasso was often in distress for 5 shillings; Bentivoglio was refused admission into a hospital he himself had erected; Cervantes died of hunger, and Velazquez left his body to the physicians to pay his debts so far as the money would go; Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold; Spenser, the charming, died in want; the death of Collins was through neglect, first causing mental derangement, Milton sold his copy of "Paradise Lost" for \$75 at three payments and finished his life in obscurity; Dryden lived in poverty and distress; Otway died in the street; Steele lived a life of perfect warfare with the bailiffs; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of the law; Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of \$40; Butler lived a life of penury and died poor; Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself.

Arms and the Woman.

"Did anybody ever see a one armed woman?" asked a gray headed man, as he surveyed the afternoon parade. "I never did. Almost every day I meet one armed men, but I have yet to encounter a woman with that pitifully empty sleeve. Are there no women who have suffered that mutilation? If not, why not? And, if so, where are they?"

"Yesterday I heard it argued that there was no cause for a woman to lose an arm; that women do not go to the wars and are not engaged in occupations that are likely to carry away a part of their body. But that reasoning is not sound. Many women work in mills and factories, and they are as liable to accidents in the streets and public conveyances as men. Frequently they figure in these accidents; but, although men in the same situation would lose an arm, women never do."

"What is the cause of their immunity?"—New York Globe.

Keeping Time in Holland.

"Railroad time, as we generally understand the phrase in the United States, is a little ahead of the 'town' time, but in The Hague, the quaint old capital of Holland, all private and unofficial clocks and watches are kept twenty minutes fast," said a traveler. "When it is noon in the railway station, postoffice and other government buildings of The Hague the timepieces in the shops and the watches of the sturdy burghers show 12:20 p. m. Just what reason there is for this I don't know, although I asked enlightenment in many quarters. It seems a custom that has been handed down for generations, and the Dutch are too conservative to change the ways of their progenitors without some mighty inducement."—Baltimore American.

Attraction.

Fruits fall to the earth because the earth attracts them. Bubbles in a cup of tea stand around the sides of the cup because the cup attracts them. The little bubbles gather about the large ones because the large bubbles attract the smaller ones. Why do the bubbles follow a teaspoon? Because the spoon attracts them. Why are the sides of a pond covered with leaves, while the middle is clear? Because the shore attracts the leaves to itself.

They Changed.

A Vienna paper relates an anecdote of the painter Makart, who was sometimes as taciturn as Von Moltke. One evening at a dinner he sat for an hour next to the soubrette Josephine Gallmeyer without volunteering a word. Finally she lost patience and exclaimed, "Well, dear master, suppose we change the subject."

His Mistake.

"I am very sorry to hear, captain, that your wife left you so unceremoniously."

"My mistake, sir. I took her for a mate, and she proved to be a skipper."

Always After Us.

"No matter what we do, there is one class of people who will always be after us," declared a funny man.

"Who are they?" "Posterity."

Says the woman, "Oh, that mine enemy would let me trim a hat for her."—Cleveland Leader.

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