

QUEER ANIMALS.

The Harpy Eagle, the Aye-aye and the Tasmania Devil.

The world has been so thoroughly explored that one might imagine it impossible that any noteworthy species of mammal or bird could still remain unknown. Yet every now and then something new turns up. For example, it was not so very long ago that a first acquaintance was made with the harpy eagle, a fowl native to the region of the Amazon, which feeds chiefly on monkeys. Another curiosity not long known is the aye-aye of Madagascar, a mammal which has one finger of each hand most curiously skeletonized and elongated for the purpose of dragging from their burrows the earthworms on which it feeds. As is well known, it is from Australia and New Zealand that come the flightless birds, some of which readily breed in captivity.

The fur seal rebels in captivity. The seals which one sees captive and which do such intelligent tricks are hair seals, belonging to quite a different species. So opposed is the fur seal to the very notion of deprivation of liberty that it will invariably starve itself to death rather than submit to such a condition. Likewise it is with the Tasmanian devil, a queer little marsupial about two feet long, somewhat resembling in appearance a baby bear, which is found only in Tasmania, a large island formerly known as Van Diemen's Land, to the south of Australia. It is almost incredibly ferocious, preying upon the sheep and poultry of the farmers, and never yet, though captured in earliest infancy, has it responded to kindness by manifesting an amiable disposition.—Philadelphia Ledger.

TALL AFRICAN GRASS.

Beautiful Scenes at Night on the Veldt When Fire Spreads.

Unlike a good deal of South Africa, Rhodesia is largely wooded. In some places the forests are of value, but a large proportion is not valued for its timber. The grass in this part of Africa grows to a phenomenal height in the valleys, and especially in the valleys of the Sabi and Zambezi rivers it reaches its greatest height. To say that the grass is often twelve feet high is no exaggeration. Naturally it is very easy to lose one's way in this grass if one is unfortunate enough to stray from the beaten track. It is the custom there to burn this grass off each year when it gets dry. This is usually in August and September or even in October. Fires burn for miles, and as the country is largely a wilderness little damage is done by this method of destroying the grass. It is a beautiful sight at night in the fire season to see the hills for miles around encircled with flames.

After the grass has been burned the dry season usually begins, and it is then that the country is at its prettiest. The grass is then green, and the foliage on the trees is beautiful. The old leaves drop off gradually, and the new ones take their place before the trees are bare. The new leaves are of all shades of the rainbow, and it is much like the fall scenery in this country when the dead leaves are falling from the trees. Waterfalls are numerous in the mountains, and there are many of great height, although the rivers are usually small in volume.—Springfield Republican.

The Winze.

The superintendent of a western mine in driving a tunnel struck a body of ore. The vein was vertical and had a sharp dip. To develop it and get ready to mine the ore it was necessary to put down a winze—that is to say, to sink a shaft, in this instance an incline.

Elated over the discovery, he telegraphed the board in the east that he had struck rich shipping ore and received the laconic reply to begin shipping at once.

He wired that he could not ship any ore until he had a winze on the vein. "How much will a winze cost?" was the telegraphic query.

"One thousand dollars," he replied promptly.

The next query floored him. It read, "Can't you buy a secondhand winze cheaper?"—New York Post.

A Joke of Mark Twain's.

Probably few people are aware that the theatrical godfather of that famous actor Mr. William Gillette was Mark Twain, who was a fellow townsman and a friend of his father. Mark Twain in referring to the matter said that when he used his influence to get young Gillette on the stage he thought he was playing a great joke on the management, for he did not think Gillette had the slightest aptitude for acting. But it turned out to be no joke after all. "I don't know," said Mark Twain, "which I like better—having Gillette make a tremendous success or seeing one of my jokes go wrong."

Careful Sandy.

Meenister—And why didn't ye come to the kirk last Sabbath? Sandy—I had nowt but a shillim' in my claes. That's ower muckle stiller to pit in th' contribution box all at ain time.—London Tit-Bits.

Mistakes.

"He says he's your friend for life; says you lent him \$50."
"So I did. But he's not my friend for life. I propose to ask him for it next pay day."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Role.

"That man mad a an immense fortune out of a simple little invention."
"Indeed! What did he invent?"
"Invent? Noth'ng, you dub! He was the promoter!"—Cleveland Leader.

Judgment Reversed.

A middle aged and nervous tenant in an apartment house had summoned his next door neighbor, a young woman student at the conservatory, into quiet and charged that the peace and quiet of his lodgings had been disturbed by her singing.

"The court was inclined to regard the proceedings as unwarranted. "How much do you sing?" he asked the defendant.

"Only two hours a day," she answered. "An hour in the morning and one at night."

"Two hours!" said the judge. "It appears unreasonable to complain of that."

"But, your honor," interposed the complainant, starting up excitedly. "I trust you will not decide the matter until you have heard the defendant sing."

The defendant was not at all loath to sing. In fact, her personal assurance and professional pride urged her to make the most of this opportunity in the interests of high art.

She began an aria from Wagner, but she had sung but four or five bars when the court interrupted her.

"That will do—that will do," he said. "No further testimony need be taken. The court's judgment is reversed."—Youth's Companion.

A Bobolink With a Canary Song.

A friend of mine tells of a bobolink which learned to sing like a canary. He was captured when quite small and given a cage beside a fine singer, for which he soon exhibited a great attachment. He would sit perfectly still on his perch for a long time watching his friend intently, then try his best to imitate his sweet notes. He tried for three or four weeks before making any progress; then he succeeded in sounding one note almost correctly. When he realized his success his wild joy was pathetic, and the canary's pleasure was very evident. Then he redoubled his efforts until he could sing nearly the whole canary song. After that he and Dick always sang in concert. But, strangest of all, his character seemed to change with his song. Instead of singing but a short time in the spring, as bobolinks do, he sang all the time except when molting. And he imitated his friend's characteristics so perfectly that he became a canary in all but appearance.—Ella H. Stratton in Suburban Life.

Was It Worth It?

Workemer Smeargent, royal academician, was painting the portrait of Lady Anstruther Anstruthers, and Lady Anstruther Anstruthers was very plain—well, as a matter of fact, she was jolly ugly. And, though she was paying him 300 guineas merely for painting the portrait and was going to pay him 600 guineas more for the portrait itself when it was completed. Workemer Smeargent was not satisfied. He felt he might be going blind. Looking at her face so much hurt his eyes.

"Now, what I want, Mr. Smeargent," said the unfair lady, "is for you to do me plain, simple justice."

"My dear lady," replied Smeargent, "what you require is not justice, but mercy. When I tell you to look pleasant you don't look natural, and when I tell you to look natural you don't look pleasant."—London Express.

A Cod Liver Oil Fiend.

"When I was anemic," said a pale man, "I took cod liver oil. I had a careless habit of leaving the oil uncorked, and it began to disappear. Some one was drinking it. There was a cod liver oil fiend in the house. I decided to trap the thief," he went on, gazing thoughtfully at his large white feet, "and one night I purposely drank two cups of black coffee so as to keep awake. Gentlemen, you will hardly believe what happened. The thief was a rat—a big, sleek, fat rat. The oil, I guess, had agreed with him. As I watched him from the bed he leaped silently on to the bureau, dipped his tail in the bottle, lifted it out and licked it clean, and then dipped and licked it again and again till a good two inches of the oil was gone."—Exchange.

Trees That Explode.

All lightning blasted trees explode as overcharged boilers do. The flame of the lightning does not burn them up, nor does the electric flash split them like an ax. They simply explode, overcharged, as may be a boiler with steam. The lightning is conducted into the damp interstices of the trunk and into the hollows under the bark. Its tremendous heat at once turns all the moisture in those cramped spaces into steam. This steam in its immediate explosion blows the tree asunder.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The First Day Out.

Steward—Did you ring, sir? Traveler—Yes, steward, I—I rang. Steward—Anything I can bring you, sir? Traveler—Yes, st-steward. Bring me a continent, if you have one, or an island—anything, steward, so I-I-I long as it's sold. If you can't, sus-sink the ship.—London Tit-Bits.

Pleasure.

Some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one far and near that can listen.—Henry Ward Beecher.

At the Bookstore.

Unattractive Spinster—Can you get me "A Man to Love?" Bashful Clerk—Er—ab, you might ask the gentleman at the next counter.—Uncle Remus Magazine.

God grants liberty only to those who love it and are always ready to guard and defend it.—Webster.

BREAKFAST FRUIT.

The Best Said to Be Oranges, Grapes and Fresh Olives.

Of all breakfast fruits the orange is deservedly the most popular. It is a food that is distinctly health giving. Orange juice aids greatly in reducing the amount of putrefaction found in the intestines of nearly all persons who are submitted to clinical laboratory tests.

Grapes are another fruit that should always be eaten freely when obtainable. Apples are preferably eaten before retiring, and two are about twice as good as one. The apple habit, persisted in, often works rather surprising results with persons who are naturally listless. Lemons can hardly be eaten as a fruit, but lemonade is a valuable beverage. When used as a laxative fresh figs should form the dessert. When not obtainable the dried figs form a good substitute.

Of the value of bananas there seems some reasonable doubt. Many persons complain that they find them indigestible. They are quite likely to reach this conclusion if the banana be eaten frequently as the needless complement of an already heavy meal. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the growing popularity of the fresh olive is fully deserved. It surely ranks with the orange and the grape and is, of course, much ahead of either in cases of sluggish intestines or constitutional thinness.—H. Irving Hancock in Good Housekeeping.

TOO COMPLICATED.

The Reason We Say "You" Instead of Using "Thou."

The reason commonly given for the substitution of the second person plural for the second person singular, "you" instead of "thou"—that it originated as a fad of courtesy—may explain its origin, but its universal adoption is due to a deeper reason—namely, that the second person singular of the verb is a complicated and difficult form, while the second person plural is simple to the last degree.

With every principal verb in the language and with every auxiliary except "must" the pronoun "thou" requires a special change in the form of the verb, which is often the only break in an otherwise uniform series. Thus in the present tense of every verb, with the single exception of the verb "be," the pronoun "you" employs the unchanged root form of the verb, as "you love, have, can do, shall, will," etc., while "thou" requires a change of form, as "thou lovest, hast, canst, dost, shalt, wilt," etc.

In every such choice the unchanged root form has always the right of way. Thus "you" has become everywhere current in the busy activities of life, while "thou" is carefully laid up in the museum of antiquity or the shrine of religion.—James C. Fernald in Harper's Magazine.

Making Sure of the Architect.

Norman-Al-Oouar, an Arabian king who reigned long ago at Hiraah, commanded the architect Senemmar to build him a wondrous palace. This the architect did and when it was done a single stone fastened the whole structure, and the colors of the walls changed frequently during the day. The king was greatly pleased and showered all kinds of rich gifts upon the builder with the lavishness of oriental kings. But monarchs were treacherous in those old days, and it occurred to the king that Senemmar might build a palace equal in beauty or even superior for some rival ruler. The more he thought over it the more jealous he became until one day he ordered the architect to be thrown from the top of the palace to make certain that no duplicate palace would be made. After this the king was satisfied that his palace was the only one, and the Arabians regarded it as one of the wonders of the world.

As Good as He Sent.

At a recent meeting of the directors of an eastern railroad a prominent railroad man repeated a story that he just had from a conductor on one of the limited expresses between New York and the west.

It seems that a dapper chap in the first chair car had managed to become unusually friendly with an attractive young woman in an adjoining seat. When the train pulled into Buffalo the man, in taking leave of the lass, remarked:

"Do you know, I must thank you for an awfully, awfully pleasant time, but I'm afraid you would not have been so nice to me had you known that I was a married man."

"Oh, as to that," quickly and pleasantly responded the charming young woman, "you haven't the least advantage of me. I am an escaped lunatic."—Exchange.

Fast and Slow.

The Father—I learn with sorrow, my son, that you are getting to be what they term quite fast. The Son—You shouldn't believe all you hear, dad. I'll introduce you to a man who will tell you another story. The Father—And who is he? The Son—My tailor. He says I'm the slowest chap he's got on his books.

Childhood's Unfading Joy.

As long as there are children in the world the golden and objectless occupation of make believe will go on; the pursuit of delight itself, untrammelled by rules or purpose.—Eton College Chronicle.

Actions Speak Louder Than Words.

The Sunday school class was singing "I Want to Be an Angel." "Why don't you sing louder, Bobby?" "I'm singing as loud as I feel," explained Bobby.—Delineator.

OFFICIAL BALLOT

for
FOLEY PRECINCT, TILLAMOOK COUNTY, OREGON,
OCTOBER 26th, 1909.

Mark between the number and the name of each candidate or answer voted for.

Shall that portion of Tillamook County, State of Oregon, described as: Beginning at the north west corner of Tillamook County, Oregon, and running thence east on the north line of said county to the north east corner of township three north of range six west, W.M.; thence south to the south east corner of section twenty-five, township three north of range six west, W.M.; thence west to the south west corner of section thirty, said township and range; thence south to the quarter section corner on the east line of section one in township two north range seven west, W.M.; thence west to the west line of section three, in said township and range; thence south to the south west corner of said section three; thence west to the south west corner of section one in township two, north range eight west, W.M.; thence south to the south east corner of section fourteen, in said township and range; thence west to the south west corner of section sixteen, in said township and range; thence north to the north west corner of said section sixteen; thence west to the south west corner of section seven, in said township and range; thence north to the quarter corner on east side of section twelve, in township two north of range nine west, W.M.; thence west to the quarter corner on the west side of section ten, in said township and range; thence south to the south east corner of section nine, in said township and range; thence west to the south west corner of section seven, in said township and range; thence south to the south east corner of section twenty-four, in township two north range ten west, W.M.; thence west to the west line of said Tillamook County, Oregon; thence northerly, following the west boundary line of said Tillamook County, to the place of beginning.

Be incorporated as a municipal corporation, to be known as the "PORT OF NEHALEM," in accordance with the provisions of that certain act of the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon, passed at its regular session held in 1909, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation under general law of Ports in counties bordering upon bays or rivers navigable from the sea or containing bays or rivers navigable from the sea and to provide for the manner of incorporating such Ports and defining the powers of Ports so incorporated."

VOTE YES OR NO.

300 Yes.

301 No.

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