THE COMPROMISE.

Thought He Was Firm and Knew He Was Considerate.

young man had entered that rious realm called matrimony, as it was his first offense his fa- was handing him some paternal e as to how he should treat the wife.

"hen you have any little differ- of opinion, my son," he said to boy, "if you can't persuade Mar- that you are right—and you prob- can't, for they are all about alike must compromise. Be firm, yet considerate and compromise."

es, father," replied the son.

well remember a little experi- and a reminiscent expression over the old man's face, "on the threshold of the married life of mother and myself, and it was basis of all future disputes. It this way: I wanted to spend the mer, our first vacation together, in , and your mother wanted to go atoga. That was thirty years But I shall never forget how firm yet how considerate I was with mother and how we compromised, ling all dispute. We stayed from day noon to Tuesday morning at Harbor, and then we spent the of the summer at Saratoga. Yes, d," the old man added, with a "that's the only way to deal with man. You must be firm, but be g to compromise a little once in e, as I have done with your moth-"—New York Tribune.

TIGERS IN INDIA.

ge Hindoo Beliefs Concerning the Man Eaters.

India the traditions of folklore are rous and strange. Among those ining to the tiger the following e most peculiar: The uneducated doo (and he is in the great major- believes that the ghost of a man d by a tiger rides on the head of beast that slew him to warn him nger and to guide him to new vic- It is declared that God provides the tiger's daily wants to the nt of 1 rupee a day—that is to if the tiger kills a calf worth 6 es he will not be allowed another n for five days.

ing the flesh of a tiger is sup- d to give one great courage and ess, but the whiskers must first nged off the beast or his spirit haunt the man who fed off him, e is likely to be turned into a n the next world.

e following incident really occur- n a small Indian village in the in- One of the villagers was unfor- ly killed by a tiger. The police igated the accidental death and ed this verdict: "Pandu died of er eating him. There was no ause of death. Nothing was left n save his bones and some fin- which probably belonged to ei- e right or left hand."—Washing- r.

The World Went Round.

n Bloggins senior on the occa- f his annual party was obliging ests with "'Tis Love That Makes World Go Round," Master Wil- Bloggins seized the opportunity tire for a few minutes behind the ese screen with his sire's half ed cigar.

e applause subsiding, Master Blog- was observed by one of the com- to be looking far from well. His had taken on the hue of putty, his eyes stood out like small hat

ood gracious, Willie! What's the er?" cried Mrs. Bloggins in alarm. elieve you've been smoking."

ie shook his head.

ain't that," he declared untruth- "If it's true what father's been g about, I—I re-reckon I'm in —London Express.

Astronomical.

e curious and interesting astro- al phenomena are recorded in d Chinese annals which go back great antiquity. In 687 B. C. a is mentioned without clouds and ut stars. This may perhaps re- to a total eclipse of the sun, but the eclipse is not mentioned in hinese list of eclipses. In the year B. C. it is stated that the sun and ppeared of a deep red color dur- fre days, a phenomenon which d great terror among the peo- In 74 B. C. it is related that a as large as the moon appeared was followed in its motion by sev- stars of ordinary size. This bly refers to an unusually large or fire ball. In 38 B. C. a fall teoric stones is recorded.

Got the Hard Stuff.

on—Ha! Ha! Ha! Silas—What's ke, Jedson? Jedson—Why, just n as the county went prohibition Hiram Hardapple got buncoed. What was the game? Jedson— Hiram got a circular that some firm up in town would him a keg of hard stuff for $2. sent the $2 and smacked his Silas—Gosh! And what came Jedson—Scrap iron, and they if that wasn't hard enough sen him a keg of spikes at al rates.—Chicago News.

Sorry He Spoke.

was a fool when I married you." you're wiser now?"

u can bet I am."

ll, I've improved you a little, haven't I?"—Cleveland Leader.

He Was Trusty.

Handout—I would like to know er you are a trustworthy char- Dusty Stryper—Why, lady, at st place I worked they called me y.—St. Louis Republic.

The Sneeze.

There exists an ancient semi-medical statement which tells us that the sneeze is healthy and should not be suppressed. It is one of those stock sayings which are always uttered by laymen on the vague authority of some traditional doctor whose name is suppressed in favor of the adjective "eminent." It is one of the things about which you mentally pledge yourself to ask your own doctor, but when it comes to the point you never do. Either you do not get the opportunity or if a chance does present itself an inner voice seems to warn you to let it be until some future occasion. To our own mind the odds are that sneezing is a wholesome habit, for it is an unpleasant one. Of course there are people who can sneeze and not look ridiculous, but they are few. Any one caught in the act of trying to suppress a sneeze is a terrible addition to the landscape, and if you want to sneeze and cannot what gargoyle could hold a candle to you? That hideously contorted face, that quivering mouth and that deflected nostril—why, your countenance is something worth building two cathedrals round! It is as though some mad potter were gripping your facial clay and wrenching it this way and that to amuse his frenzied humor. Have you ever heard a succession of half a dozen sneezes? It is an experience that has an extraordinarily irritating effect.—London Globe.

A Spa's Curious Origin.

The discovery of the famous Woodhall spa in Lincolnshire was very curious. Just about a hundred years ago a shaft was sunk in search of coal, but the effort had to be abandoned owing to a rush of water. In time the water found its way into a small brook, and in due course the inhabitants began to speak of the curative powers of the stream. Science investigated the mystery and discovered that the water in the coalless shaft was richly impregnated with various salts and bromine and iodine. Geologists expressed the interesting opinion that ages ago the place was the sandy bed of a shallow lagoon or bay of a tropical sea where seaweeds of giant growth abounded. A mighty convulsion of nature lowered the sea bed, a great river flowed over the place, and in time its debris was formed into a mass of spongy rock or sandstone. Forcing itself through this mass at great pressure some 600 feet below the ground, the water now extracts the constituents of the original seaweed.—London Family Herald.

Olden Tea Table Etiquette.

Tea table etiquette was somewhat complicated in the days of that "hardened and shameless tea drinker," Dr. Johnson, when many people thought nothing of drinking ten or twelve cups at a sitting. It was considered proper for the cups and saucers of a party of tea drinkers to be all passed up to the hostess in one batch when replenishment was considered necessary, and in order that each person might be sure of getting back the right cup the teaspoons were numbered. When the cups were passed up those who did not require any more were supposed to place the spoon in the cup. And this writer remembers a very ancient dame teaching a small boy to place his spoon in his cup after the first cup had been emptied. He wondered for the reason. Now he knows that tea was once very expensive, and little boys were not expected to ask again.—St. James' Gazette.

Private Hospital Guests.

"Hello, old man! Didn't know you were in New York? Where are you stopping?"

"Glad to see you. I'm at a private hospital uptown."

"Private hospital! Why, I'm sorry. What's the trouble?"

"No trouble at all myself. My sister went there for an operation, and I'm staying with her. There are plenty of patients there with relatives or friends. We pay high prices, of course, but the rooms are light, comfortable and clean, and we can order anything on earth we want for meals and get it. Things are served to us as though we were invalids, and there's no kick coming, I'll tell you that. And we can have as much company as we wish for meals at a dollar and a half a head."—New York Press.

His Air Tight Compartment.

The passenger who was crossing the Atlantic for the first time timidly approached the pompous purser.

"Is it true, sir," he said, "that this whole ship is divided into air tight compartments?"

"True as gospel," replied the purser in surprise.

"Then," remarked the passenger gloomily, "I guess I'll have to put up with the one I'm occupying if I can't better myself!"

Suspicious.

The seeing New York automobile was moving through the financial district. "This is Wall street," announced the man with the megaphone. "Keep your hand on your purse, Hiram!" hoarsely whispered a lady from the open country to her husband.

Premonition.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is the meaning of premonition?

Pa—Premonition, my son, is what ails people who are afflicted with the "I told you so" habit.—Chicago News.

A Sacrifice.

Fat Man—What! Are you going to let this small boy shave me? Barber—Let the boy have his fun for once. It is his birthday, sir.—Fliegende Blatter.

A scar nobly got is a good livery of honor.—Shakespeare.

MINUTE WHALES.

A Million and a Half Could Rest on the Head of a Pin.

The completest and most perfect of whales is a whale so small that 1,500,000 such whales could find room in a space not larger than an ordinary pin's head. But in that vanishing speck of matter there is already determined just how all the innumerable cells of the future whale's body are to grow, how many of them are to be and where the bone cells, the muscle cells, the nerve cells and all its other bodily cells are to find their proper places in his body to the end of that whale's life.

But much more than that. In that one primordial cell, scarcely imaginable for its minuteness, are stored the physical memories, so to speak, of that whale's ancestors back to the first whale. Therefore as he grows he will show that whales used to walk, for legs complete to the last leg bone will be found in the adult whale in the proper place for legs, but now tucked under his skin because they are no longer usable, much as an English nobleman hangs in his hall his ancestors' coats of mail as mementos of days now gone by since the coming of rifle bullets.

Moreover, such a minute whale is nothing but a whale, because he cannot possibly grow into a fish any more than he can grow into a bird, for whales are mammals and therefore separated by an impassable biological gulf from all fishes. Lastly, in that primal cell not only does there reside the whole ancestral heritage of former whales, but there is ample provision for an indefinite number of future whales.—Dr. William Hanna Thomson in Everybody's.

A POWERFUL PRAYER.

It Brought the Judge's Kind of Light to the Farmer.

"The late Judge Underhill," said F. D. Browne of the engineering department of the Southern Pacific, "was perhaps one of the greatest characters that ever entered the service of a railroad. It was his facile disposition that led to his being appointed right of way agent by the Southern Pacific.

"Underhill was all things to all men. The ribald called him a reckless blade, the learned called him one of the elect, and the good character declared that the pulpit would have had one of its brightest ornaments if he had only heard the call.

"He was the most successful right of way getter that the company ever had.

"Underhill was sent up against a tough proposition. There was a farmer whose land lay right in the path of the road, and he was coy about selling. Underhill was sent to see him. They were out driving when the farmer turned to Underhill and said:

"'I want to do the right thing, judge. I have prayed all night for guidance in this matter, and I have not been given light.'

"'We will pray for light right now,' said Underhill, and, getting on his knees, he made a fervent prayer for the farmer to sell his land to the Southern Pacific.

"Awestruck, the farmer listened on his knees to the powerful invocation of the judge, and when Underhill resumed his seat in the buggy he said:

"'I have been given light, judge. I'll sell the land at the figure you name.'"—San Francisco Call.

The Chestnut Horse.

There is an ancient tale of a band of Arabs being pursued by their enemies which sums up their theory about a horse's color. Among the fleeing band was a man with unusually keen eyesight, and from time to time he would describe to his leader the horses ridden by the enemy.

"What manner of horses do they ride?"

"Black horses."

"Then there is no need of haste."

At the noon halt the leader again asked, "What manner of horses do they ride now?"

"Bay horses."

"Then we must ride harder."

A few hours later the leader asked, "Are they horsed again?"

"They ride chestnuts."

"Then we ride for our lives."

Italy's Rest Days.

Under a law which went into effect Feb. 8, 1908, all industrial and commercial concerns throughout Italy must grant their employees a weekly rest of not less than twenty-four consecutive hours. It does not apply to public utilities, transportation lines or places of amusement. The general sense of the law is that Sunday shall be the rest day, but it is provided that freedom from work may be given on a day other than Sunday in the case of restaurants, photograph galleries, pharmacists, etc.

Let the Debtor Beware.

Briggs—A safe conversational rule is, When in doubt talk of the weather. Griggs—Safe nothing! I met my tailor yesterday, and on my speaking of the weather he replied, "Yes, it is unsettled, and that reminds me of that little bill of yours."—Boston Transcript.

Conundrum.

"I made up my first conundrum this morning," says the philosopher of folly. "Why is lightning like a woman driving a nail? Answer, because it never strikes twice in the same place. Copyright applied for."—Exchange.

The Honeymoon.

Mack—When were you married? Dyer—Just about six check books ago.—Puck.

Where envying is there is confusion and every evil work.—James.

NEW HOME FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT.

The PACIFIC SALVAGE CO.

Now open for Business in the Mason Building on 2nd Avenue East, carrying a line of Parlor, Library, Dining Room, Bed Room and Kitchen Furnishings, Pictures, Stoves, Ranges, etc.

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New Machinery, Experienced Workmen and First Class Lumber of the Best Quality.

LET US FIGURE ON YOUR LUMBER BILL.

Frank Norberg has the Time of his Life at Salem.

[TO THE EDITOR TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.]

Frank Norberg, the Crown Prince of sports and a never-to-be-forgotten friend to the many he made while in Salem, has hied himself back to the lands of tall timbers and his comfortable little home in Woods, Oregon, after nearly two weeks spent here in which he threw aside all his polished airs, limbered up his good right hand and sailed in with "the boys" for the time of his long and fruitful life.

Mr. Norberg is a native of Russia and has been located at Woods for many years now. An industrious nature, incessant with honest love for his fellow beings (providing they are honest themselves) has enabled him to provide himself with all the necessary means of comfort, and he spends his time on the big Nestucca River which is hearled as being one of the most promising fishing spots in the west. Woods, the little town in which Mr. Norberg resides, is but a mile from the ocean, and Frank also makes himself at home on the big pond, he having been many years on the high seas before the mast.

While in Salem, Mr. Norberg was principally the guest of honor of Deputy Sheriff Esch, Oscar Bowers and "Boxer" Neelands, these gentlemen having met the hardy old man at Woods during the fore part of the summer on their vacation, but before he had been in the city over a day, his friends grew in number so large that Frank had much difficulty in attending to all his social callings. One day he was capering about looking over the State Institutions, and the next he was taking an invoice of some of the preferable stock in the Magers wholesale house along with "Bill" Harner and others who appreciated good company and an opportunity to hear the old fellow relate tales, ever interesting, concerning his past life and the doings at Woods. During the week of the fair, Frank was on the hump again. He saw the races with much relish and admiration; took a survey of the fine stock, saw the snake charmer and Madam Shell with her lions and went for a spin on the merry go round. Frank also sallied in where the Roman Ladies were giving the muscle dance, but such cavortions were a little too unusual to take the sedate old man's eye, and he skidooded before the scenery became too strong. While leaving the race tract one day Frank noticed the patients of the Insane Asylum coming out of the gate in orderly fashion, and thinking that was the most sensible manner to leave the course without being crowded and pushed about, he unknowingly stepped into line and proceeded with the big throng to the fair grouud gates, nor did he discover his mistake until he caught sight of an individval in brass buttons and blue clothes making a tally of the insane persons as they passed out. It came suddenly to Frank's mind that he was among people who were accustomed to being cared for, and throwing dignity and all personalties to the winds, he legged it off at a good speed for a more desirable community.

Mr. Norberg was glad when he left this city, and it is probable that his good natured self will be back here at some future time where he will always be a welcomed guest to the Capital City.

SALEM ORE, Sept. 25.

Foley's Kidney Remedy will cure any case of kidney or bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. Cures backache and irregularities that if neglected might result in Bright's disease or diabetes.—Chas. I. Clough.

If you desire a clear complexion take Foley's Orino Laxative for constipation and liver trouble as it will stimulate these organs and thoroughly cleanse your system, which is what everyone needs in order to feel well.—Chas. I. Clough.