

THE JEWISH SABBATH.

No Influence on the Habits of the Hebrew Children.

The Hebrew Sabbath, including its complicated preparations, is rich and impressive material for a child's imagination. On Thursday evening the mother already prepares dough, goes to market, cleans the fish, etc., says the American Hebrew.

In the morning comes the baking of "challah" (bread). How bewitching for a child to watch the mother making different shapes of dough, smearing it with egg and decorating it with braids of different shapes and forms. A Jewish child gets the first lesson in modeling by making make believe "challahs."

In the evening the mother prepares to meet the Sabbath. The child partakes in the household occupations and therefore gets habits of industry, order and regard for the rights and ideas of others and the fundamental habit of subordinating his activities to the general interest of the household.

This is especially true in regard to Jewish households where everything seems to be prescribed by law. Before darkness sets in on Friday the housewife lights in the dining room extra candles or a special lamp in honor of Sabbath and reads the blessing.

Quite often a child not yet able to talk will cover its face with its little palms, imitating the gestures of the devoted mother. The returning from the synagogue, the appreciative greeting "Good Sabbath," the Kiddush, the blessing over wine, the special menu and the holiday spirit of all who participate have undoubtedly a soothing, beneficent influence upon the child. After supper the time is spent in resting.

FIRST SHAPE OF EELS.

Strait of Messina Revealed Mystery of the Snake-like Fish.

In the strait of Messina are channels of immense depth, through which a wild tide surges, and owing probably to irregularities at the bottom there are whirling eddies which have the effect of bringing up from the depths below many marine creatures which are rarely seen except in the deep sea trawls.

It was here that the larval form of a fresh water eel was first discovered, an incident which threw a blaze of light on the life history of a very mysterious fish.

All kinds of theories had been given forth with regard to the propagation of the eel. Some naturalists declared they bred in fresh water, others that they visited the estuaries for spawning purposes, but thanks to the discovery of Messina and later captures of the eel in its larval form it is practically certain that after mature eels drop down our rivers in autumn they lie them to exceedingly deep water in the sea and there deposit their eggs.

From the egg comes a little ribbon shaped creature, the larval form. In due course this changes into an eel of still smaller size, strange to say, and these small eels or eelers afterward ascend our rivers and there remain until they reach maturity, when they in their turn descend to the sea and history is repeated.—London Telegraph.

Horses in Literature.

In sacred writ it was deemed worthy of record that Solomon imported horses from Egypt, while the description of the war steed in Job is accounted one of the finest parts of that piece of literature. In Greek myth and English satire the qualities ascribed to Centaur and the Houyhnhnms testify sufficiently to the high regard in which the horse has ever been held. The name of Bucephalus is inseparably coupled with that of Alexander. At least one Roman emperor had divine honors paid to his charger. Who can picture Don Quixote sleeping on his armor without seeing the princely Rosinante tethered under the dewy night? And the stirring incidents of John Gilpin's ride conclusively proved that the racing blood of far removed equine ancestors was not entirely wanting in the degenerate descendant.

Got All He Asked For.

Another "meekest man" has been found. He lives in the city and conducts a thriving business. The other day a seedy individual approached him and said: "Say, mister, I'm hungry and would like to get a nickel to get a cup of coffee and a roll. I have four pennies and only need one more. Please give me a penny."

The man after searching himself said: "I haven't got a penny. All I have is a nickel. Give me your four cents in change, and I will give you the nickel."

The beggar requests that his name be not mentioned in connection with the item.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Doubtful Praise.

Stippler—Did Miss Kittle admire your your paintings? Dobber—I don't know. Stippler—What did she say about them? Dobber—That she could feel that I put a great deal of myself into my work. Stippler—Well, that's praise, Dobber—is it? The picture I showed her was "Calves in the Meadow."—New York Journal.

Music Lovers.

"How do you know those people are sincere lovers of music?" "By the fact," replied Miss Cayenne, "that they compelled their youngest boy to stop trying to learn to play the piano."—Washington Star.

Soup Marks.

Guest—You called "Minna." Is that the blond, the dark one or the old woman? Walter—How do you know our cooks? Guest—By the soup.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Seven Rules of Life.

Live upstairs if you wish to be in good health; "Up how many flights?" Only one flight of seven steps. I will describe them.

First Step.—Eat wheat, oats, corn, fruits, beef, mutton, plainly cooked, in moderate quantity and but two meals a day.

Second Step.—Breathe good air day and night.

Third Step.—Exercise freely in the open air.

Fourth Step.—Retire early and rise early.

Fifth Step.—Wear flannel next your skin every day of the year and so dispose your dress that your limbs may be kept warm. Bathe frequently.

Sixth Step.—Live in the sunshine. Let your bedroom be one which receives a flood of light and spend your days either out in the sunlight or in a room which is well lighted.

Seventh Step.—Cultivate a cheerful temper. Seek the society of jolly people. Absolutely refuse to worry and, above all, don't be afraid to laugh. Live above. Sickness cannot crawl up there. Disease prowls about in the basement. Rarely does it get upstairs.—Dr. F. G. Butler in Chicago Journal.

The Shade He Wanted.

Delacroix, the painter, was walking out one day in Paris with a friend of his when he fell into a brown study.

"What is up with you now?" said the friend.

"I can't get a certain shade of yellow," replied the artist.

"What sort of yellow?"

Just then a cab drove past.

"The very thing!" the painter gasped out. "Stop, stop!"

"I am engaged," the cabby replied without stopping.

Delacroix started in pursuit and at a steep place in the Rue des Martyrs overtook the cab. Opening the door, he said in tones of entreaty to the passenger inside:

"Do please tell your driver to stop. I want your complexion for a painting on which I am at work. There is a color merchant close at hand. I shall not detain you above five minutes, and in acknowledgment of the service you render me I will present you with a sketch of my picture."

The bargain was struck. Delacroix got his yellow, and a few months later the "fare" received a sketch of his "Assassination of the Archbishop of Liege."

Truth in Jest.

According to historical tradition, the conquest of Finland was foretold in jest that soon became earnest by its conqueror, Peter the Great, to his jester, Balakireff.

Balakireff had vexed the czar by too impudent a joke and had been summarily banished with the menacing injunction never to appear on Russian soil again. He disappeared discreetly, but one day not long after Peter, gleaning out of a window, saw his unmistakable figure and quizzical countenance joggling comfortably by, perched in a country cart. Impulsively he ran down to him and demanded to know why he had disobeyed.

"I haven't disobeyed you," was the answer. "I am not on Russian soil now."

"Not on Russian soil?"

"No. This cart load of earth that I'm sitting on is Swedish soil. I dug it in Finland only the other day."

Peter laughed, but he said, "If Finland be Swedish soil now, it shall be Russian soil before long!" And he made good his words.

His Examination Concluded.

In the evidence before a parliamentary committee concerning the opposition to a railway Hodge scored a point which accentuates a certain legal fiction with reference to skilled witnesses.

A Scotch farmer was giving his testimony in favor of the bill.

"Is it true," said the wily K. C. in his most searching style, "that you, sir, said to Mr. Guild that you were willing to give your evidence on the other side if they would pay you better?"

"Aye," said the pawky farmer, "and (after a pause) 'let me jist pit the same question to ye—if ye had been offered a bigger fee, wad ye no hae been on th'ither side yerse'?"

It is needless to say that the K. C. did not cross question the witness further.—Pearson's Weekly.

Pipes Frozen by Warm Spells.

It is a curious fact that water pipes under ground will often freeze during the warm spell that follows a cold snap. The explanation made for this interesting phenomenon is that after a cold wave a large quantity of heat is taken from the ground in the work of changing the frozen moisture into water, and thus, on the principle of the ice cream freezer, the pipe is chilled, enough heat being taken from it to freeze it.

Cause For Thanks.

"Alas!" sighed the tramp dramatically. "No matter where I turn, there's a hand raised against me."

"Which shows you ought to be thankful for one thing," said the farmer.

"What's that?"

"That it ain't a foot that's raised."

Self Possessed.

Mrs. Manykids—There is one thing about our girls—they are always self possessed. Papa Manykids (grimly)—Yes, they're too self possessed. I wish they'd get some one else to possess them.

List's Advice.

Being asked one day what one should do in order to become an efficient piano player, List replied laconically, "One must eat well and walk much."

Comets.

We know positively that comets attain their immense extension in space on account of the material comprising them being excessively tenuous, thinner than the lightest flimsy haze of summer, says Professor Harold Jacoby, for we know the comets are not massive; they are almost entirely without weight. And this we know with certainty, because their arrival produces no perturbations of motion among the planets of the solar system, while the inexorable laws of mechanical science tell us that a massive comet must surely disturb the usual orderly planetary orbits. A comet might, indeed, strike the earth, though such a collision is most improbable. But even if it should ever occur the visible effects would probably be no greater than those produced occasionally by meteorites, or "falling stars."

The other possible danger from the comet, the chance of suffocation from gases in the tail, is also negated by actual observation, for it is almost certain that our earth did once pass through a comet's tail, and no one noticed it at the time. Only the subsequent calculations of astronomers brought out the fact that the cometary orbit and that of the earth really had a common point of intersection and that both bodies occupied that point at the same time.—New York American.

Doubtful Praise.

A fullback in a football team once had the misfortune to put the ball through his own goal. This regrettable error lost his side the game, and he suffered agonies of self reproach on the long journey home.

"I'm no more use than a chocolate footballer," he said to his sweetheart, who had traveled many miles to see him play. "A slip of a boy from school would have shaped better than I did."

"Now, George, I won't let you say such horrid things about yourself!" declared his loyal sweetheart. "You've no idea how popular you are. I heard a gentleman praising you up to the skies this afternoon."

"Never!" emphatically exclaimed the incredulous player.

"Oh, but it's quite true!" she said proudly. "He said you'd brought his club the best bit of luck they'd had for ages, and he heartily wished you were playing against them in every match."

—Exchange.

Melodrama to Suit the Locality.

In New York.—Marry me and give me those papers and you will receive \$500,000 in cash. Refuse and I'll toss you from the Brooklyn bridge!

In Wilkesbarrre, Pa.—And you will receive seventy acres of richest anthracite coal. Refuse and you go into a coal breaker! Choose!

In Denver.—And you will receive 7,000 shares of Umpeste gold mining stock, worth umpte dollars a share. Refuse and you will be cr-rushed in a stamp mill to p-o-o-wder! Choose!

In Memphis, Tenn.—And you will receive 10,000 bales of finest cotton. Refuse and you go into the cotton gin! Choose!

In North Carolina.—And you will receive 18,000 barrels of turpentine. Refuse and you shall be boiled in resin! Choose!—Puck.

London Cellar Restaurants.

Before coffee stalls were instituted the humblest places of refreshment were cellars, where the hard up, as the slang phrase went, could "dive for a dinner," with a choice of such vands as tripe, cow heel, sausages and shin of beef soup. Some of the cellar restaurants existed as recently as the early seventies of the last century in Butcher row, Temple Bar and the network of courts and alleys swept away for the site of the royal courts of justice. It was in this neighborhood and probably to a dining place of this description that Dr. Johnson resorted in his struggling days, when he was so poor that, as he relates, it was not every day that he could afford a half-penny tip for the waiter.—London Chronicle.

Wells in India.

The question of wells in India is complicated by the coexistence in each community of two castes—the purer Hindoos and Gondas on the one hand, the weavers on the other. No weaver may draw from the well of the Hindoos lest it be defiled, nor will the Hindoo drink from the hands of the well of a weaver. Thus it becomes necessary either to dig two wells or to depute a certain number of the Hindoo element to give water to their less exalted fellow villagers.

Almost Human.

"Oh, George," tearfully exclaimed his wife, meeting him at the door, "that parrot you brought home the other day—"

"What's the matter with him?" asked Mr. Ferguson.

"I don't know. He won't tell me. When I ask him what the trouble is he just swears dreadfully."—Exchange.

A Bright Boy.

"The gentlemen who came to see daddy said I was one of the most intelligent children they ever saw," said little Jack.

"Indeed!" said the proud mother. "Did you recite 'Little Drops of Water for them'?"

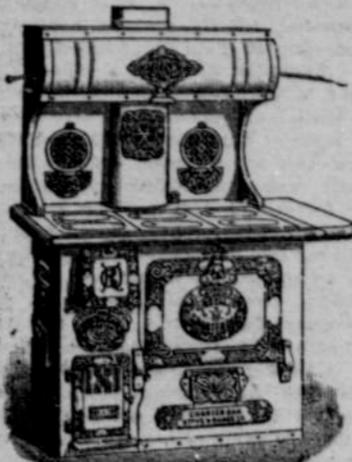
"No, I refused."—London Mail.

A Suggested Improvement.

Mrs. Feedem (to star boarder)—Could you suggest any improvement in my menu? Boarder—Well, you might make the experiment of transferring the respective qualities of the coffee and the butter.—Baltimore American.

Death is but the dropping of the flower that the fruit may swell.—Becher.

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