

Gladdening a Humorist.

The financial burden which Mark Twain carried some years ago weighed on his mind heavily. In those moments of despondency there was one tactful friend who could make the humorist forget his troubles. This was Dan Beard, the artist who illustrated some of Twain's books.

"Dan Beard, there is no tonic that can equal the company of a cheerful man," said the humorist as he entered the artist's studio.

"Ah, but I have such a pleasant subject to work upon that I am not in need of either man or tonic for my cheerfulness," retorted the artist.

"Beg pardon; it is I that need the tonic, and that is why I am here," said Twain forlornly.

"Then allow me to prescribe a dose of your own medicine." And Mark Twain was handed a copy of his book which Beard had been studying.

"I thank you," replied the humorist. "It took me a year to get that medicine out of my system, and I do not propose to imbibe it again."

A discussion of the book was followed by a hearty dinner, and Twain left his friend, having received the cheer that he needed.

The Alligator's Tongue.

On one occasion when traveling along the west coast of Africa with an old skipper who had known many missionaries, but "did not see the use of them," Bishop Taylor-Smith was obliged to endure a string of taunting questions, such as "What was the good of spotting at Exeter hall?" and "What did missionaries know, anyway?"

At last the bishop could stand it no longer. Turning to the skipper, he said: "I know you are an expert. Can you tell me the length of an alligator's tongue?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "but it depends on the length of the alligator."

"Very well, then; given an alligator fifteen feet long, what would be the length of its tongue?"

"Three feet," was the answer.

But the bishop, who had kept alligators and watched their ways, knew better. "It is evident that you are an authority on the west coast of Africa," he said, "but it is also evident that some people see more in ten minutes than others in twenty years. Let me tell you that an alligator has no tongue."

Declined the Job.

A writer of cheap fiction relates a trick played on him by a collaborator in the days when dime novels were longer than they are now, and the compensation made it worth while for two men to write one story between them. After his partner had finished the first chapter of their initial collaboration it was handed over with the following announcement:

"There, I've just thrown the hero over a thousand foot cliff and told the reader that nothing could prevent the lad from falling to death on the rocks below. It is up to you to save the boy."

The other writer said nothing, but sat down and wrote furiously for an hour. Then he quietly handed the manuscript back. A glance at the second chapter showed the funny man that his friend had completely ignored the events in the first part of the story, introduced a new set of characters and left the hero still hanging over the cliff, waiting to be rescued by his creator.—New York Sun.

Poetry Didn't Save Them.

A New York prisoner accused of drunkenness who pleaded his case in rhyme before a magistrate got a sentence of six months on "the island," for, as the judge remarked, his "jag" was bad enough, but his poetry was worse. Over in London a "plain drunk" put forth this:

I've been drinking wine that is drawn from the wood; No bottle rubbish, but sparkling and good. But it got in my head, so my friends all explain That the wine has gone back to the wood once again.

The effusion and the celebration cost him 10 shillings.—New York Tribune.

College Sentiment.

Dr. Blank, about twenty years a professor in a certain college, was on the eve of a trip to Europe, to be absent two years. In pathetic and rather harrowing tones he made his farewell address to his class:

"Yes, I am about to part with you. This is more than distressing to me. Would that there was a window in my breast, my dear boys, that you might see the innermost recesses of my heart."

A strapping in the rear, seized with a happy thought, shouted: "Professor, would a pane in the stomach do?"—Lippincott's.

Unusual Luck.

"So you're reputed that haunted house which was on your hands so long?"

"Yes; rented it to an actor."

"Did he find out its reputation?"

"That's the very thing which decided him to take the house."

"Rather surprising?"

"He said it would be such a comfort for him to get inside of a house where the ghost walked every night."—Haitford American.

Mrs. Malaprop.

"You mustn't think you ought to run around barefooted, Johnny," said Mrs. Lapelling chidingly. "Just because Bobby Stapleford does. He's no centurion to go by."—Cassell's Journal.

Engagement Broken.

Merchant—I have had hard luck—lost all my money. Sutor—Surely you would not wish to lose your daughter also.—Fitzgibbon's Blatter.

Baffled.

Two brothers were once at Count von Moltke's house at an evening party. Both were captains of the general staff. The general came up to a group of gentlemen, one of whom was one of the brothers. After joining in the conversation he said to the latter: "Just tell me who is that tall officer near the fireplace on the other side. I forget his name."

"That's my brother, your excellency," was the answer.

A smile stealing over the general's face suggested the idea that he had not obtained the information he wished. Some time after the general went to another group of people and there joined the officer whose name he had inquired. Suddenly the others saw him turning away, with the same smile on his face.

Afterward, when they inquired from the young officer what the general had asked him, he replied:

"He asked me who that officer was over there."

"And what did you say?"

"I said that he was my brother!"

The general gave up inquiring the name of the two brothers for that evening.

Wanted It to Take.

Mrs. R. believed in infant baptism, but for some reason that rite was not performed for Tommy till he was some four or five years old. While the ceremony was in progress the mother was very much gratified with Tommy's behavior. He seemed duly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion and remained with bowed head for some time after the sprinkling had been done.

"The angel," exclaimed the mother. "The little dear!" said a good sister as she went up to give him a "God bless you" and a pat on the head. But just as her hand was descending with that benediction a very wrathful and unangelic countenance was turned upon her, a pugilistic little fist delivered a paralyzing blow on her biceps, and the indignant Tommy exclaimed, "You get away from here!"

Of course he was led out in disgrace and questioned by his horrified mother.

"Why, don't you know she would 'a' rubbed all the baptizing water off before it would 'a' had time to soak in?" explained Tommy, who from his point of view was fully justified.—Los Angeles Times.

Buffoonery in "Hamlet."

The buffoonery once tolerated in provincial theaters is illustrated in an anecdote set forth in the memoirs of Barry Sullivan. Wright, who was the first gravedigger, prepared himself to take the house by storm by having incensed his person within a dozen or more waistcoats of all sorts of shapes and patterns. When about to commence the operation of digging the grave for the fair Ophelia Wright began to unwind by taking off waistcoat after waistcoat, which caused uproarious laughter among the audience. But as fast as he relieved himself of one waistcoat Paul Bedford, the second gravedigger, incensed himself in the castoff vests, which increased the salvos of laughter, for as Wright was getting thinner Paul grew fatter and fatter. Wright, seeing himself outdone, kept on the remainder of the waistcoats and went on with his part quite crestfallen.

An Awkward Selection.

The first Baron Kenyon was rather fond of telling the story of how while on circuit with Justice Rook they entered a village just in time to accompany the population to the little village church. The parish clerk, anxious to have the congregation show due appreciation of the honor conferred by the presence of the distinguished jurists, gave out two verses of one of the metrical psalms: "Speak, O ye judges of the earth, if just your sentence be, or must not innocence appeal to heaven from your decree? Your wicked hearts and judgments are alike by malice swayed, your gripping hands by mighty bribes to violence betrayed."

By this time most of the adults had woken up to the application of the psalm and remained silent, allowing the children to continue the second verse.—London Tatler.

A Soft Answer.

Jewel—Arrah, Jimmy, why did I marry ye? Just tell me that, for it's meself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blessed day that I became your wife.

"Swate Jewel," replied Jimmy, not relishing the charge, "and it's meself that hopes I may live to see the day when you're a widow weeping over the cold sod that covers me. Then I'll see how you'll get along without me, honey."—London Tit-Bits.

Needed Repairs.

"Does your typewriter need repairs?" asked the meandering tinker as he entered the office.

"It would seem so," replied the employer. "She has just gone across the street to consult a dentist."

More Modern.

"Tommy, you have written this sentence. 'The pen is mightier as the sword,' and it is incorrect. How should it be changed?"

"Pen ought to be changed to typewriter, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

He'd Had Experience.

Her (reading)—And so they were married, and that was the last of their trouble. Him (sotto voce)—Last, but not least.—Cleveland Leader.

Not That Kind.

Tim—Would you scream if I kissed you? Tassie—I suppose you better yourself that I'd be spechless with joy!—Mobile Register.

How Sugar Melts.

If we drop a lump of sugar into a cup of tea we find it takes a considerable time to melt if allowed to remain at the bottom of the vessel, but if we hold it up in the spoon near the surface of the liquid it dissolves much more rapidly. This is owing to the sugar as it melts rendering the portion of the tea containing it heavier. The sweetened part, therefore, descends, leaving the sugar constantly in contact with unsweetened or only partially sweetened tea—in fact, a continual circulation of fluid is promoted until the whole is dissolved. When the sugar is placed or permitted to lie at the bottom of the cup it dissolves until the layer of fluid next it is thoroughly sweetened or saturated, when it practically ceases to dissolve any further. The sweetened and heavier stratum above it acting for a considerable time until the law of diffusion comes gradually into play, like an impervious covering, in keeping back the lighter, unsweetened fluid above; hence the reason also why stirring, in breaking up the saturated layer and allowing access to the unsweetened portion, is so effectual in bringing about the uniform sweetening of tea. Life is not infrequently sweetened by the same stirring up process.

The Family Pair.

The wriggly stillness of the study period was broken by a slamming door, and a thin boy in dirty, ragged clothes slouched across the room. Halfway to the teacher's desk he drew out, "Pa wants that you should let Jim go home right now." As Miss Davis looked a little doubtful he added, "He kin come back right away."

The permission given, the two badly soiled, half starved sons of the most shiftless family in the district stuffed down the stairs. Very shortly Jim returned, wearing a pleased and important smile on his pathetic little face.

"I come as soon's I could. Pa's brother's dyin' to Poplar," he announced cheerfully. "That's why pa wanted me."

"But you weren't gone long; you didn't stay home. I can't see why you went at all," answered the bewildered Miss Davis.

"Why, pa's goin'," explained Jim. "Yes, but what has that to do with you?" asked the teacher.

"Pa had to have his suspenders," was Jim's matter of fact reply.—Exchange.

The Power of Snails.

One day by way of experiment I harnessed two common garden snails to a toy gun carriage to see if they could pull it along, any a writer in a London magazine. Although the gun carriage was a heavy leader one, the snails pulled it so easily that I loaded the body of the carriage with small shot. The snails, however, were more than equal to the task. Anxious to test their powers still further, I attached a toy cannon (made of lead and brass) behind the gun carriage, but the snails and their additional load moved on once again with the same apparent ease. Out of curiosity I decided to weigh the cannon, gun carriage and shot and to my great surprise found the total weight to be almost one pound. I venture to think this a very good load for two snails to manage.

The Frying Pan.

"People are always decrying the frying pan," said an experienced cook, "but the thing they refer to—cooking meat, etc., in a shallow pan with butter as fat—isn't really frying it; it is sauteing. The real frying pan is a deep kettle filled with hot clear lard or olive oil. In this the food—doughnut, croquette or whatever it may be—is immersed just long enough to make it crisp and brown on the outside and feathery and light on the inside. Food cooked in this way is entirely digestible if properly made. But so many cooks make the mistake of putting too much shortening in the mixture to be fried, and the fat inside, combining with the fat outside, prevents the formation of the crisp crust and makes the food soggy."

Meanness to a Blind Man.

A man with dark glasses over his eyes touched the conductor on the shoulder as the car neared Euclid avenue and East Fifty-fifth street.

"Pardon me," the man said, "but if you're the conductor I want to ask a favor. I'm blind, and I want you to lead me over to the curb when the car stops. If you'll be so good."

"Not that I minded the little bother of doin' that for him," remarked the conductor when he got back on his car, "but 'tain't right to let a blind man go around all alone like that at night trying to find his way around in the dark."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Idea of Economy.

"It's all very well for you to preach economy," said his wife, "but I notice whenever I cut down expenses that you smoke better cigars and spend more money for your own pleasure than at any other time."

"Well, confound it, what do you suppose I want you to economize for, anyway?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Up and Down.

Mistress—Here's the man for that clock to be repaired. Get it for him. Nora—And, shure, where is it? Mistress—Upstairs, of course. Nora—Faith, an' I thought it had run down!—New York Press.

She Was Willing.

Man—Well, it's just this way: If I buy you a new coat I'll have to wear my old one another season. Wife—You sweet, generous thing, you!

None but the ill bred ridicule the peevishness of others.

EYES AND TEETH. You spend from \$5.00 to \$20.00 per year on your teeth and think nothing of it. Which would you prefer to loose: YOUR EYES or YOUR TEETH? Your eyes can be looked after from \$1.00 to about \$8.00, and this will be the total expense for about 3 to 5 years, and often a great deal longer. Remember you can get NEW TEETH, but not NEW EYES. What VALUE do you place on YOUR EYES? What per cent of insurance would you pay to keep them as good as at present? Make yourself a Xmas. present of a pair of glasses? All work guaranteed to be satisfactory in every respect. Dr. Henry E. Morris.

Bargains in Canned Goods, Dried Fruits and Rasins. Tomatoes, \$1.90 a case, 2 doz. Cans. Corn . . . 2.20 a case, " " Peas . . . 2.50 a case, " " Beans . . . 2.10 " " " " Peaches. 3.30 " " " " Pears . . . 3.90 " " " " Cherries. 3.75 " " " " 50 lbs., 3 CROWN RASINS.....\$3.00 50 lbs., FANCY DRIED APPLES..... 5.60 25 lbs., FANCY PEACHES..... 2.15 25 lbs., FANCY APRICOTS..... 3.40 25 lbs., LARGE ITALIAN PRUNES..... 1.30 25 lbs., SMALL ITALIAN PRUNES..... 1.10

RAY FEED CO

WEINHARD'S COLUMBIA BEER, EXPORT BEER, KAISER BLUME, Unsurpassed, Non-Intoxicating. MALT TEA. STAR BREWERY Hop Gold Beer, Special Brew. BOTTLED BY THE Columbia Bottling Co., Astoria, Oregon. Soda Waters, Siphons, Bartlett Mineral Water.

A. K. CASE, PROPRIETOR Tillamook Iron Works General Machinists & Blacksmiths. Boiler Work, Logger's Work and Heavy Forging. Fine Machine Work a Specialty. TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

HARNESS, COLLARS, etc. You Use Them. We Sell Them. W. A. WILLIAMS & CO., Next Door to Tillamook County Bank.

The Best Hotel. THE ALLEN HOUSE, J. P. ALLEN, Proprietor. Headquarters for Travelling Men. Special Attention paid to Tourists. A First Class Table. Comfortable Beds and Accommodation.

CLEANING & PRESSING neatly done at the TOGGERY! Did You Ever Try HARRIS'S NEW FEED AND LIVERY BARN, If not, give him a call. Everything first-class. Second block South of P.O. W. G. HARRIS, Prop.

H. T. BOITS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Complete set of Abstract Books in office. Taxes paid for non-Residents. Office opposite Post Office. Both phones.

W. H. COOPER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

CARL HABERLACH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Deutscher Advokat, Office across the street and north from the Post Office.

T. H. GOYNE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office: Opposite Court House, TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

A. W. SEVERANCE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TILLAMOOK .. OREGON.

R. T. BOALS, M.D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, TILLAMOOK. Office: Olson Building. Residence: Mrs. Weiss' house, west of Mrs. Walker's.

S. M. KERRON, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, CONCRETE BUILDING. Tillamook, .. Oregon.

DR. I. M. SMITH, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Office over J. A. Todd & Co., Tillamook, Ore.

W. C. HAWK, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, BAY CITY, OREGON.

F. R. BEALS, REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL AGENT, Tillamook, Oregon.

DR. A. D. PERKINS, RESIDENT DENTIST. Office in Sturgeon's Building. All Work Guaranteed. TILLAMOOK. OREGON.

DR. P. J. SHARP, RESIDENT DENTIST, Office across the street from the Court House. Dr. Wise's office.

T. SARCHET, The Fashionable Tailor. Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing a Specialty. Store in Heins Photographic Gallery.

ROBERT A. MILLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Land Titles, Land Office Business and Mining Law. PORTLAND, OREGON. Room, 306 Commercial Building. LAND OFFICE BUSINESS Phone A. 1099. A SPECIALTY.

COWING & COWING LAWYERS. ROOM 334 WORKMEN'S BUILDING, THIRD AND OAK STREETS, ROOM NEXT TO THE U.S. LAND OFFICE. PORTLAND, OREGON.