

Ready Wit.

Good stories are told of the Craig, for so many years a figure on the London cricket ground. On one occasion he began at the Oval, "Gentlemen, my favorite ground," some one interrupted: "You said that at Leyton last year." returned the unabashed "and I shall say it at Canterbury next week. The ground on the noble game is being played in an assembly of intelligent and ardent purchasers of my poetry says my favorite ground for the being."

"Craig knew how to keep an impatient interrupter in his place. A stout, red faced man broke in of his speeches with: "Craig, thinking a lot of money out of you. When are you going to set up shop?"

"You come and live next door to me," was the answer, and the red man turned crimson.

"Then again the Oval, once said: "Craig, tell us how much you made out of bad poetry."

"I venture to say, sir, that I made out of bad manners,"—*San Scraps.*

Buying In His Note.

Colonel Bill was a pioneer legislator, merchant and banker of the west coast variety.

It was seldom that Colonel Bill got caught by a debtor, so unerring was his judgment of men, but his transaction with old man Blankerton was an exception to the rule. Blankerton got into Colonel Bill's ledger to the amount of \$50 and finally balanced the account with a note.

When the paper was a long time overdue and there was no prospect of a settlement, to the eminent disgust of the colonel, he declared, with a strong Anglo-Saxon emphasis, that he would sell Blankerton's note for 50 cents on the dollar. The statement was not long reaching the ears of the maker of the note. He met the colonel in the village street one day and accosted him:

"Bill, heard you'd offered to sell my note for 50 cents on the dollar."

"Yes, I will."

"Will you sell it to me at that rate?"

"Yes, sir, I'll sell it to you at that rate."

"All right, Bill; make out a new note."

Colonel Bill's symptoms of apoplexy became noticeable from that moment.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Nobles In Mean Attire.

Where did etiquette require nobles to appear before their sovereigns meanly clad? This singular custom characterized court ceremonial in ancient Mexico under the Aztec dominion. When the native lords and grandees had occasion to seek the presence of Montezuma they were under the obligation, as Toribio de Benevente, who accompanied the Conquistador Cortes, testifies, of assuming a voluminous mantle of poor material (una manta gruesa y pobre), with which they covered and concealed their ordinary robes, in token of submission and humiliation. These were manufactured out of the leaves of the aloe tree by the commoner classes. Etiquette required the strict observance of this custom by all those who came into the emperor's presence, with the exception of persons of the royal blood. Any one seeking audience of the emperor had to don these common clothes on his arrival at the palace. Barefooted and wretchedly clad, he was led before the sovereign and with downcast eyes made his request, with every outward sign of abject subservience.

It Came Back.

"John Burroughs, the naturalist, dined with me one night," said a magazine editor of New York, "and among my guests was a young nature writer of the new school."

"This young man told a wonderful story about the intelligence of oysters. He said he was going to put the story in his new book. Mr. Burroughs gave a dry laugh and said:

"Let me tell you about a cat. This story is quite as authentic as the other one, and it should do for your book nicely."

"The venerable student paused impressively, then said:

"A Springfield couple had a cat that age had rendered helpless, and they put it out of its misery by means of chloroform. They buried it in the garden and planted a rosebush over its remains. The next morning a familiar scratching took them to the front door, and there was that cat waiting to be let in, with the rosebush under its arm."

Curious Village Names.

There is in Dorset a group of villages which in some form or other have as their eponym the stream in whose valley they are situated. The stream is named Puddle, and the villages bear the names of Puddle Hinton, Puddle-town, Tulpuddle, Appuddle, Turner's Puddle and Bryan's Puddle. One is reminded of the riddle about the letter "n." Some, like Queen Mary, "have it before"; some, like King William, "have it behind." Poor things, poor things! "The inhabitants of these villages," says Marcus Dinwale, who writes in the Cornhill Magazine on "English Village Names," "sent to a former postmaster general—if I am rightly informed, Cecil Balke—a request that they might be allowed to change their names and replace them with more euphonious substitutes which they obligingly supplied. Back came the official reply, curt, overbearing, inexorable, 'Puddle you are, and puddle you must remain!'"

Dr. Hale's Day.

Dr. Hale and the late Bishop Huntington of New York were fast friends. The latter had been a Unitarian, and his shift caused a sensation, says the Christian Register. The Episcopalian minister writes a letter on any day for which there is a saint he always writes the name of the saint at the close of the letter instead of the date. Bishop Huntington learned all these things quickly and began to practice them at once. The first time he had occasion to write to his old friend Dr. Hale after joining the church he placed "St. Michael's day" after his signature. A reply from the doctor came, and after his name he had written in a full, round hand, "Wash day."

A Little Awkward.

"Near-sightedness must be very embarrassing at times," remarked a Brooklyn resident to an acquaintance thus afflicted. "The other morning, for example, a man addressed me on a crowded bridge trolley, and in the course of conversation he roundly abused a chap whose political and business methods he disliked equally. In fact, he became acutely personal in his denunciation.

"Before he left the car he was informed by a friend near him that I was the man he had been abusing. It didn't worry me at all, but it must have been a bit disconcerting for him, don't you think?"—*New York Globe.*

The Sun.

It has been stated that no one has ever seen the sun. A series of concentric shells envelops a nucleus of which we know nothing except that it must be infinitely hotter than the fiercest furnace and that it must amount to more than nine-tenths of the solar mass. That nucleus is the real sun, forever hidden from us. The outermost of the enveloping shells is about 2,000 miles thick and is called the "chromosphere." It is a gaseous food.

Prompt Rebuke.

"Orlando, you mustn't put your arm around my waist."

"Why, Gloriana, it's been there for half an hour."

"Well, I didn't notice it till just now."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Real Victim.

After a man has been sick a week his wife looks worse than he does from taking care of him.—*Atchison Globe.*

Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.—*Shakespeare.*

The Oldest Joke.

It will be difficult to discover an older practical joke than that of the coppersmith and the maker of brazen images for the temple of Osiris, which is embodied in Egyptian inscriptions dating from the reign of Menes, founder of Memphis, who ruled over 7,000 years ago. According to ancient records, there dwelt between these two craftsmen a quiet man whose desire was for peace and who was sadly disturbed by the noisy occupations carried on by his busy neighbors. He therefore asked each of them to say for what sum they would change their dwellings. This they did. Each calculated the amount required, and he, being satisfied, paid it over to them.

"Now," he asked of the coppersmith, "where is your new dwelling?" "I have taken that of the maker of images," was the reply. "And you," queried the quiet man of the latter, "whither goest thou?" "To the house of the coppersmith!"

This is one of many tales told in all ages which are woven into myth and legend and differ only in local color.

He Needed the Clerk.

When Tim Campbell was in the Fifth congress he stole a clerk from Congressman Scott. Scott was a new member and was made chairman of a committee which gave him a clerkship. He knew nothing about the clerk. Campbell did. Through some means or another he had the clerkship transferred to his own committee. Six months later Scott learned of the trick. Meeting Campbell, he said:

"That was a nice piece of petty larceny."

"Tut, tut, Mr. Scott," said Campbell; "my committee needed a clerk worse than yours." Then, with twinkling eyes, he continued, "You are a millionaire and can afford to hire half a dozen clerks, while I must go to the government for clerical assistance."

The ready reply amused Scott. The two men were always the best of friends thereafter.

Anxious Traveling.

A traveler in Russia noticed that the train he entered was all decorated with flags and banners, and at every station it passed stood a company of soldiers and a band playing the national anthem. The traveler asked a brakeman the reason of all this ceremony. The brakeman, lowering his voice, replied:

"I don't mind telling you, sir—but in the strictest confidence, he it understood—that a carriage in this train has been engaged for his majesty. But his majesty, as a matter of fact, won't set off till this evening. Thus the plot hatched against him may take effect on this train, you see, and our gracious sovereign will be saved."

The brakeman touched his cap and passed on, and the traveler, suddenly grown pale and nervous, stared from the window anxiously.

The First Patent on Matches.

Before 1833, when wooden matches with phosphorus were made in Vienna, people were dependent upon flint and steel to secure a light. The first patent for a phosphorus match in the United States was taken out in 1836 by A. D. Phillips of Springfield, Mass. For many years people refused to use them, but by 1843 the ill smelling and clumsy old tinder boxes were generally discarded and are preserved, like snuff-boxes, as curiosities.

Out of His Line.

Western Relative.—Well, Wendell, what was the score today? Little Boston Boy.—Really, I do not know. Is it not your opinion, Uncle William, that the theorem of Clement and Athanasius furnishes a much more tenable basis for a rational theory of creation than is afforded by that of Augustine?—*Chicago Tribune.*

Competent.

Irate Passenger.—I believe you're driving over every stone in the road! Driver.—Well, sir, it takes a party good driver to hit 'em all.—*Houston Herald.*

The Real Trouble.

"Woman's ignorance of cooking is the bane of married life."

"No; it's woman's ignorance of her ignorance of cooking."—*Houston Transcript.*

Kindness has a better effect on the mind than learning.—*Plato.*

The Wall Street Game.

A burning question on Wall Street says whether stocks will go up or down. If any man were able to answer it correctly, he could make himself a millionaire in a day. But speculation is neither a fortune telling nor a gambling game, and the man who hopes otherwise is bound to lose his money and to join the ranks of the disolate, disgraced and dejected who make the outcry against the evils of all street, says *Levell's Weekly.*

The winter in Wall street is gifted with the same business characteristics that bring success in any line of enterprise. He utilizes them in buying and selling stocks, just as he would if he were engaged in merchandizing. He looks, for instance, that prosperous additions are reflected by what are called the bank exchanges, by railway ratings, the record of failures, the addition of the iron market, the balance of trade and especially the outlook for the crops.

Baked Cheese Omelets.

Baked cheese omelets are most appetizing and may be prepared in several ways. A good recipe calls for a pint of milk, four large eggs, one heaping teaspoonful of flour, one of butter and a teaspoonful of salt. Let the milk heat on the stove until it reaches the boiling point. Beat the butter and pour to a cream and gradually mix it with the hot milk, taking care that no lumps form. Cook the mixture for five minutes. Let it cool and add the egg after beating the yolks and the whites separately. The whites should be beaten to as stiff a froth as possible. Pour the omelet into a buttered dish, sprinkle the top with grated cheese and fold some of the cheese through the omelet. The more cheese used the better. Let the omelet bake for half an hour or until it is solid, so that it will not "run" when dipped out with a spoon. It should bake in a hot oven.—*New York Tribune.*

Corn, Oats and Wheat as "Seeds."

School children in the crowded part of New York do not speak of corn and oats and wheat by those names, but always refer to them as "seeds." The other day in one of the big schools the teacher was talking to her pupils about gardening. She ended with a request for each pupil to bring a few seeds the next day to be planted in the window boxes. The following morning the children appeared mostly with either oats, wheat or corn. While putting a few grains of each in the earth the teacher referred to them by their familiar names. One of the girls in the class took courage to "bet the teacher right" and said: "Some one must 'a' told you, wrong, teacher. That," pointing to the wheat, "is bread seed; an' that yellow stuff ain't corn; it's pigeon seed. We always call them that in the block where we live."—*New York Sun.*

Puzzle For the Husband.

Returning home from Atlantic City, a Frankford man drew a photograph carefully from his pocket and showed it to his wife. Said he, "There's a man who's in love with you."

"It was not a good picture, one of those cheap pingpong photographs. The husband had not been in a condition to be well 'taken,' and there was little likeness. His wife looked at the picture for several minutes, very much puzzled. Finally she spoke up:

"Why, it's Jim! Where did you get him? And where did you get that? And what did he tell you?"—*Philadelphia Times.*

To Tame Him.

"So you're going to introduce baseball among the princesses? I don't approve. What will become of discipline?"

"If a man gets too obstreperous," replied the warden confidently, "we'll make him umpire."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A Matter of Hours.

Bangs.—What is the difference between a woman's what club and a man's poker club? Wanga.—Why, in one you get home to dinner and in the other to breakfast.—*Newark Star.*

Advantage of Education.

"Are you satisfied with the results of the course which your daughter followed at college?"

"Perfectly satisfied. She is going to marry one of the professors."

Excesses in youth are drafts upon old age, payable about thirty years later.—*Chicago News.*

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