

His Generosity.

"Yes," said the tired looking woman, "I have a very generous husband, and this is the way he gets that reputation. The other day I worked and slaved in the kitchen for about ten hours making jelly. It was my first attempt, so I had considerable trouble and burned my fingers about seventeen different times. It turned out pretty good, however, and of course I was proud and delighted. That night I put some on the table for dinner, and husband got enthusiastic.

"Next day he was visiting a sick friend of his, a man, by the way, quite unable to buy anything he might want and whose wife never lifts her finger. On leaving Mr. Generous Husband says: 'My wife made some pretty good jelly the other day. You might like some. I'll send you up half a dozen jars.'

"Now, wouldn't that frost you or rasp you or whatever they say. Half a dozen jars! After all my work to hand that jelly over to a man whose wife is too lazy to breathe! I made exactly eight jars, so we will have one more unless he has already promised it to somebody else."—New York Press.

Sunshine and Dust.

There is more dust in the places illuminated by the sun's rays than in those which we call shady. If you look along a beam of light as it streams through a window or a chink in the door you will see innumerable dust particles dancing about in the light. You will be told by most persons that there is just as much dust in the non-illuminated parts of the room as in the more favored spaces, but you cannot see the particles because the rays do not fall directly upon them. You will think that this is eminently plausible, but it is not the case. The sun falling upon the air creates irregular currents, and these currents stir up the dust and collect it in layers along the line of light; hence there is more dust where the sun shines than elsewhere. A curious experience in a museum gave proof of this. It was noticed that there was always more dust on the glass cases exposed to the sunbeams than on those which were never touched by the rays of the great orb, and this led to an inquiry, with the above result.

Traced by a Thermometer.

One night many years ago Dr. White-law was walking along with the messenger when he was set upon and knocked down in a lonely part of the road. His pockets were rifled, and he was left lying on the road with a fracture of the fibula. One of the articles stolen was a clinical thermometer with which he had that evening taken the temperature of a patient suffering from enteric fever. He remembered the temperature registered, also that he had not shaken down the mercury before putting the thermometer back in his pocket, and he communicated these facts to the police. Some time afterward a thermometer registering the identical temperature was discovered in a pawnshop in Glasgow, and by this means the police were enabled to track the doctor's assailants and to arrest them in one of the Glasgow theaters.—Glasgow Medical Journal.

Shell Sculptors.

The workman manipulated the comb of pale, translucent tortoise shell like putty, holding the top with his fingers into small balls. "You thought we carved shell, hey?" he said, with an Italian accent. "No, no. We heat it up and mold it. We are shell sculptors." He took three pieces of shell from a pot of steaming water and held them very carefully, one on top of the other, in a press. "Shell is like glue," he said. "These three pieces will weld together, and not a sign of a seam will show. Sometimes we weld nine, four, twenty pieces together. I learned my trade in Naples. I don't want to boast, but we Neapolitans are the best workers in shell and coral that there are in the world."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Her Transformation.

Irene was a little street wail. A kind hearted woman called her into her home one day, gave her a bath, brushed her hair and arranged it becomingly, tying it with a clean pretty ribbon, then stepped back to view the result. A friend who was present remarked that there was such a change one would scarcely know that it was the same child. Then the little girl spoke up timidly. "But my name's Irene yet, ain't it?"—Delicador.

Mr. O'Donnell and the Hour.

An excellent bull was perpetrated in the house of common one morning at half past 1 o'clock. Mr. O'Donnell was the author. He rose suddenly to his feet and cut into the debate with, "At this late hour of the morning, Mr. Speaker." "Early hour you mean," from the government benches. "Well, Mr. Speaker," he continued, "at this early hour of the following day."

True Enough.

Irritated Citizen—Aren't you ashamed of yourself, going about with that street organ and leading such a lazy life? Street Organist—Lazy life? Why, sir, life with me is one long daily grind.—Echo.

He Lived Well.

He—Yes, he lives on the fat of the land. She—What is he? He—An anti-fat medicine manufacturer.—Comic Cuts.

Life's reckoning we cannot make twice over. You cannot mend a wrong subtraction by doing your addition right.—George Elliot.

Wanted—An Interpreter.

It was a case of assault, and the literally downtrodden wife was laying her grievances before the magistrate. "He started by giving me a buff on the nut," explained the angry complainant.

"My good woman," rebuked the magistrate, "you mustn't talk like that here. I suppose you mean he gave you a blow upon the head."

"Yus, yer washup. An' then 'e tried ter do me in by chuckin' 'is 'lacey box at me."

"By which I presume you mean," interposed the justice of the peace severely, "that he tried to injure you by precipitating his box of tobacco at you. Pray proceed and avoid slang and inform the court what other injuries he inflicted upon you."

"Well, then, he—er—he—" "Come, come," snapped the magistrate, really beginning to lose his temper. "Don't waste the time of the court."

The ill used wife looked about her helplessly.

"Excuse me, yer washup," she exclaimed at length, "but I was wonderin' what was the pet name in this 'ere court for a buff on the jib!"—London Answers.

Woman—and Her Master.

The philosopher and his friend sat far into the night discussing on things in general and smoking strong shag.

"Woman," said the former oracularly, "was meant to fill a subordinate position in the scheme of creation. Man is naturally her master. She cannot rationally oppose his will. He is instinctively and by the law of natural selection the dominant animal. Woman may learn to revolt, but she can never learn to rule. She has one mission in life—that of obedience. Man is born to lead, woman to follow. Man is born to command, woman to comply. She is secure only in her weakness. It is at once her duty and delight to obey her superior and—"

Then the door opened, and there appeared the head of a female thereat. "Theophilus," said a stern voice, "how often have I told you not to smoke your horrid tobacco in the library? It's half past 2, sir. Come to bed instantly."

And the philosopher sighed, shook his friend silently by the hand and went.—London Sketch.

A Tempest in a Teapot.

What war was caused by a clay teapot?

For an answer to this question we must go, as might be supposed, to the land of pigstails and porcelain. The story goes that a Chinese emperor in olden days gave as a mark of special favor a magnificent clay teapot of rare design to Lo Hung Chang, his favorite mandarin. This was held up as a priceless possession among the treasures of Lo Hung or borne at his side by two attendants at all high public festivals and functions. A rival mandarin saw these signs of distinction with the green eyes of jealousy and hired a man to break the obnoxious pot. The clumsy fellow was caught in the act and betrayed his master. War followed between the two mandarins and their respective followers, which resulted in the overthrow and death of Lo Hung Chang and the reception of his rival into royal favor in his place.

Soot on His Suit.

They were having a spelling lesson at a certain district school the other day, and the little scholars were all arranged in front of the teacher, spelling away for dear life, trying to see how near they could get to the head.

The word "chimney" was given out to a little black eyed girl who had been spelling words correctly throughout the morning, but she missed this one by inadvertently leaving out the "h."

Quick as a wink the little boy next her pounced on the word and spelled it correctly.

"You may go up one, Johnnie," said the teacher. "I don't want to," whined Johnnie, getting ready to cry. "My mother would whip me if I did, because I'd get all over soot."—London Fun.

Might Have Been Put Differently.

We cut the announcement below from a New Zealand paper: "Notice.—The Maoris who are breeding pigs in Takahue, such as Mrs. Peter and Mr. Sam Yates, are supposed to look after their pigs and keep them away from rooting my paddocks, or else if they do not I shall shoot every pig I come across. Secretary L. Howell." This is decidedly one of the things that might have been put differently.—Westminster Gazette.

On the Road to Learning.

"You say you know nothing at all about our railway?" said the official. "Nothing whatever," answered the applicant for employment. "Well, you come highly recommended. I suppose we'll have to put you in the bureau of information and let the traveling public educate you."—Washington Star.

Probably.

Myer—I wonder why Browne added the "e" to his name after inheriting a fortune? Gyer—He probably figures out to his own satisfaction that rich people are entitled to more ease than poor people.—London Globe.

The Water Jet.

The idea of driving piles with a water jet was borrowed by engineers from the clam, a small shellfish which burrows twelve to fourteen inches into hard sand or mud by this process.

He who lives in the spirit never grows old. The outward man perishes, but the inward man has a perpetual youth.—Phillips Brooks.

Dropped the Subject.

"Five thousand dollars for a dog?" he exclaimed as he looked up from his newspaper. "Do you believe any one ever paid any such price, Maria?"

"I'm sure I don't know, James," she returned without stopping her needle-work even for a moment. "Does the paper say that much was paid?"

"Yes. There's an article on valuable dogs, and it speaks of one that was sold for \$5,000. I don't believe it."

"It may be true, James," she said quietly. "Some of these well bred animals bring fancy prices, and there's no particular reason why the paper should lie about it."

"I know that, Maria. But just think of it—just try to grasp the magnitude of that sum in your weak feminine mind! You don't seem to realize it. I've thousand dollars for a dog! Why, hang it, Maria, that's more than I'm worth!"

"I know it, James, but some are worth more than others." She went calmly on with her sewing, while he fumed and sputtered for a moment and then dropped the subject, especially the weak feminine mind part of it.

Cosmic Dust.

A particle of dust one-hundred thousandth of an inch in diameter is held in its place in space by the force of gravitation, but a particle smaller than this is pushed outward into space by the weight of the sun's light, because as the particle becomes smaller its surface, which is subject to pressure, becomes greater in proportion to its weight.

The sun's corona, the zodiacal light, the aurora borealis and the comet's tail are all composed of these infinitely minute particles, in some cases white hot and in others merely illuminated by the sun, which are being constantly driven away from the sun by the pressure of its light.

In the case of the aurora borealis there is a movement of the light both away from and toward the sun. This is explained by the theory that the weight of the sun's light presses the particles outward into space for a certain distance and that then a certain number of them cohere together until they have sufficient weight to be attracted toward the sun once more by the force of gravitation.

Rarely Disturbed.

Two spiders who dwell in different parts of a church chanced to meet together in the aisle one day when out for a constitutional.

"How are you getting on?" said spider No. 1 to spider No. 2.

"Oh, moderately," was the reply. "I don't feel very comfortable on Sundays. I live in the pulpit under the cushion, and on that day the parson comes and bangs the book and sends his fists on the side, and I have to keep very close or else some day I think he'll hit me. He bangs with such a force that I know he'll squash me to a jelly."

"Oh, you come and live with me!" said his companion. "I'm never troubled. I'm always comfortable and never disturbed from one year's end to the other."

"Indeed!" said the other spider. "And where do you live?" "Oh, I live in the parson's box!" was the reply.—Pearson's Weekly.

Antiquity of Fishing.

Probably no branch of industry can lay claim to greater antiquity than that of fishing. Its origin would seem to be coeval with the earliest efforts of human ingenuity, for the oldest monuments of antiquity show the fisherman in full possession of the implements of his calling, and even those tribes of savages which have learned neither to keep flocks nor to till the fields are skilled in the fabrication of the hook, the fish spear and the net. The earliest civilization of the eastern Mediterranean was begun with fishing. Sidon, which means "fishery," was originally a fishing village, and its enterprising inhabitants devoted their attention mainly to the collection of a certain kind of mollusks, from which they prepared the famous tyrian purple, prized more highly for the richness and variety of its hues than any other dye known to the ancients.

The Aurora Borealis.

Whatever may be the cause of the aurora borealis, its height does not appear to be limited by the atmosphere. The rays sometimes touch the earth in Scandinavia, coming between the observer and elevated places, but Fogel years ago obtained data showing that a large aurora seen in northern Germany must have had a height of sixty miles and that the rays often rise to 400 miles, their points glowing with red light.

Seeking For Danger.

"I'm going to lick Smith." "Why?" "He said I was a horse thief and a liar." "Did he prove it?" "No." "Then let well enough alone and don't get him any madder."—Cleveland Leader.

Impertinent Treasure.

Indignant Wife—That new chauffeur has only just brought the children and me home, and now he's taken the cook out for a spin. Husband—Great heavens! He doesn't half know how to manage a car, and she's the first decent cook we've had in a year.—Brooklyn Life.

Either Way.

"Happiness merely consists of getting the things we want," remarked the wise guy. "Or of not getting the things we don't want," supplemented the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

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.

Butterfat Alfalfa Meal. We have a good supply on hand and will sell our friends and customers while it lasts. MAKES MORE MILK. MORE BUTTERFAT. MORE CHEESE and MORE MONEY. For the farmer than any other feed. Try a sack. ONLY 90c. PER SACK. Star Brand Process Rolled Barley, THE BEST ON THE MARKET. 75lb. lb. sack \$ 1.50 Per Ton, Lighthouse Flour 40.00 Flour, per bbl 6.00 Snow Drift, bbl \$6.50 Snow Drift Flour a Sk 1.90 Come and see WM. CURTIS The Grain Merchant us this week. TYLER BLDG.

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.

COWING & COWING LAWYERS. ROOM 324 WORCESTER BUILDING, THIRD AND OAK STREETS. Room Next to the U. S. Land Office. PORTLAND, OREGON.