THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

Formation and Appearance of This Odd Freak of Nature.

The Giant's causeway is situated at the northern extremity of County Antrim, a short distance from Port Rush, Ireland. It consists of countless hosts of basaltic pillars, varying in shape from a pentagon to an octagon, the average length of each column or pillar being about eighty feet, the whole stacked so closely together that a knife blade could hardly be inserted between them. But the formation of these pillars is not the least wonderful part about them, for, although they may be counted by thousands and tens of thousands, each column is fashioned with a symmetry that suggests a mason's handiwork. Their composition is a perfect fusion of one-half flinty earth, one-quarter lime and clay, one-quarter almost pure iron, each pillar being divided into regular lengths or joints which come together as a perfect natural ball and socket union.

Although to be found in small detachments (imbedded in the cliffs, sands, etc.) for some distance along the shore, the principal aggregations forming the causeway proper consist of three projections or tongues known as little, middle and grand causeways. These singular columns are of different lengths and present an astonishing appearance as they stand, an army of at least 40,000 strong marshaled on the shores of Erin as if ever ready to do battle with the rising tide.

THE COVETED PLANT.

Just a Bit of Human Nature In a Florist's Shop.

Two little girls entered a florist's shop. So near each other in size were they that they would have been taken for twins. They had 20 cents—10 cents apiece—and with this sum saved from pennies for some time back they were going to buy a plant for mamma. One stepped out a little in advance of the other when the door closed behind them. The other was shy, looking timidly, but confidently, at her sister. The woman in charge of the small shop looked up as the two mites of humanity paused in front of her.

"Well?" she said encouragingly.

"We want to buy a plant," said the little spokeswoman. Then she added, in order to avoid later embarrassment, "The cheapest one you've got."

"Ah," said the florist, going to the window, "here is a nice little plant for 25 cents."

The little sister turned quickly to the other, but still smiling bravely.

"Baby, we've just missed it a nickel," she said.

Yet not three minutes later they issued from the shop bearing the plant between them, and as the woman deposited the two silver dimes in the cash drawer her eyes must have caught their gleam, for there was nothing shining there.—New York Times.

Frank Stockton and Poetry.

Frank Stockton never could write a successful poem. In this connection the novelist frequently told a good story on himself. In his youth in connection with his brother John he wrote many poems, with which he afflicted the editors of various Canadian periodicals. The effusions always came back. The editor of one magazine was an especial target of the effusions, but as none of their poems were ever accepted the brothers came to the conclusion that the editor had no conception of good poetry. To prove their belief they hunted up and dispatched to him an ode, little known, by Milton. Within two days they received a check and a letter of thanks. "I came to the conclusion that that editor knew poetry when he saw it after all," Mr. Stockton used to say, "and I gave up trying to write it."

Heart Protectors.

"Curiosity is not my weak point," said the tailor. "Nevertheless I can't help wondering about some of my customers, especially those who order metal disks padded into the left side of their coats and vests. Several of them do that—have been doing it for years. The natural inference is that they count on being shot at some time, and they take that precaution to protect the heart. But what I should really like to know is what they have done to make anybody want to shoot them. Apparently they are inoffensive law abiding citizens, but there must have been a time when they were regular daredevils and laid the foundation of an enmity that they expect to wind up some day in a shooting scrape."—New York Press.

His Mistake.

There once appeared at the back door of a house a tramp who to the mistress of the place related a pathetic tale of his troubles. This tale, however, did not greatly move the matter of fact woman, for she remarked: "That's the same story I had from the last hobo that passed."

"Indeed!" said the tramp. "Then, ma'am, I perceive that I have been robbed, or else have had my history plagiarized."—Judge.

Good Advice.

"Help! Help!" came the cry of distress through the midnight stillness.

A policeman in the neighboring alley stirred uneasily. "Advertise in the want column," he muttered and resumed his nap.—Philadelphia Press.

She Was Wise.

Jack—I am intoxicated with love for you. Miss Manyplunks—Oh, I see! You want to try the gold cure?—[illegible]

"Like the Rope of Ocnus."

Few persons who use the phrase "like the rope of Ocnus" to denote profitless labor know the significance of the expression or its great antiquity. "The Rope of Ocnus" was the name of a picture painted by Polygnotus, a distinguished Greek, who died in the fifth century B. C. He is reputed first to have given life, character and expression to painting. According to Pliny, he opened the mouth and showed the teeth of his figures, and he was the first to paint women figures with transparent draperies. Ocnus was a poor but industrious Greek, whose extravagant wife spent money as fast as he could earn it, and he related his troubles to his friend the painter Polygnotus thereupon painted the picture of a man weaving a rope of straw, while behind him stood a donkey, eating the rope as fast as it was woven. It is pleasant to relate that the silent lesson had the desired effect upon the wife of Ocnus and that it was through her subsequent frugality and thrift that Ocnus ultimately rose to a position of great prosperity.—Minneapolis Journal.

Wart Superstitions.

Wart lore is voluminous. It is said that a wart will leave a person if a lock of his hair is cut from the nape of his neck without his knowing it; that a wart will result if a frog spit on one; that warts may be cured by rubbing them over with a black snail, which must afterward be impaled on a hawthorn; that if a bag containing as many pebbles as one has warts be tossed over the left shoulder it will transfer the warts to the person who picks up the bag; that if one take a piece of twine, make as many knots on it as there are warts, touch each wart with the corresponding knot and bury the twine in a moist place, saying, "There is none to redeem it beside thee," the warts will disappear, and so on ad infinitum.

Lord Bacon seriously wrote in one of his works how an intelligent and nonsuperstitious woman, the wife of an English ambassador, had cured his warts by rubbing them with a piece of meat and nailing the meat up on a window post in the sun.

Success.

The flower of true success may be gathered only by discerning persons who want it more than they want any other thing and who seek it through all the days of all the years. It has no imitation, is of but one variety and may not be pressed and dried between the leaves of any book, even the Bible. Its name is character. It is not a rare flower, accessible to only the few, but it is modest, of quiet mien and hue and is often hidden by the foliage and gorgeous blossoms of more spectacular plants, so that the merely casual eyes of those who hurry along the life path seem to miss it altogether. It grows indoors and out, in all seasons and weathers, and may be plucked by the black hands of the miner as well as by the hands of those whose time is given to less rugged and daintier tasks. The man who gathers character gathers success, no matter how he may be rated by the commercial agencies.—Richard Wightman in Metropolitan Magazine.

Locked In With a Maniac.

The writer was once closeted with a patient whom he had no suspicion of being mad until the latter got out of bed, turned the key of the door and preferred a mild request to the writer to have his throat cut, handing him at the same time an open pocketknife, which he produced from underneath his pillow. I objected to the knife as being too small for the purpose and begged to be allowed to go for my case of amputating knives, with which, I explained, the operation could be performed with greater neatness and dispatch. He unlocked the door at once, binding me over to secrecy and urging me to lose no time in returning. I drove home, reported the case to the authorities and came back with assistance. He was secured with great difficulty and sent to the asylum.—London Tit-Bits.

The Woman In Russia.

"Love your wife like your soul and beat her like your carpet." This is a Russian proverb. Another of the same spirit, "Not long hurt the bumps from a loved one's thumps." Wives have undoubtedly been subjected to much ill treatment in Russia, where most husbands have always held to the opinion that "liberty spoils a good wife." Some Russian proverbs are cynical as to the delights of matrimony, and most married men know how to say, "Wed once, wail always."

His Chance.

Young Wife—Yes, dearest. I'm going to favor you at dinner tonight with a new cake that I invented all by myself. Young Husband (gloomily)—Say, I guess this will be a good night for me to bring Jim Taggart home to dinner. I don't like Jim.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Matter of Habit.

"But why do you put your friend's things in the dining room?"

"Oh, he is so used to restaurants that he won't enjoy his dinner unless he can watch his hat and coat."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Motor Anaesthesia.

Novice—It must be a dreadful sensation to run over a man! Chauffeur—Not nearly so dreadful as to run over a cow, and it doesn't injure the machine so much.—Judge.

Easy.

"Nellie," said the teacher, "you may tell me how to make a Maltese cross."

"Step on her tail," promptly answered Nellie.—Everybody's Magazine.

THE AMERICAN ACCENT.

An English Writer Frees His Mind on the Subject.

"The American accent," writes a contemporary correspondent, "is far less irritating than the cockney dialect, and it would be well for us if the former, which is at least musical, could be substituted for the cacophonous patois of our east end."

As a matter of fact, we think that the cockney accent has a certain number of real admirers, but what we wish to call to our readers' minds particularly is that America has its cockney, so to speak, precisely as we have. People in Kentucky have a rather burrish way of speaking, and they loathe and detest the fruity twang which overwhelms New England. The westerner, again, is responsible for the dialect which was supplied on the English boards by stage Yankees.

Whether you acquire the American accent or not depends on the length of time you remain in America. Englishmen who stay in New York for protracted periods preserve their native cadences intact. It is the man who pays a flying visit to the United States who comes back and always says "nop" for "no" and "yep" for "yes."

Once we met a man who had returned from a week's stay in Boston. He said he had heard it was easy to acquire the twang and finally exclaimed, "Waal, stranger, I guess it may be dead easy for some, but not for Blank Z. Asterisk," meaning himself. "Now, what's your opinion? Am I right?"—London Globe.

THE VORACIOUS TUNAS.

What Happens When They Meet a School of Flying Fish.

One time at San Clemente we sighted a feeding school of tuna, an exhilarating sight. A flying fish weighing a pound and a half or more would start from the water and soar an extraordinary distance, nearly out of sight, but every inch of that flight I knew was covered by a big tuna keeping his place just beneath the flier and ready to seize it the moment it fell into the water. This rarely failed. The moment the fish began to drop the tuna would spring at it like a tiger, turning and tossing the spume into the air with a splendid and electrifying rush, a maneuver that was repeated all over the blue channel.

The sensational charge meant that a school of tunas had discovered a school of its natural prey, flying fishes. At once the lust for blood and food was on, and carnage was the result.

I have observed some curious scenes at sea, but never have I seen fear so forcibly expressed as by a school of flying fishes, exhausted and at the mercy of the voracious tunas. I have had them gather about my boat and cling to its keel as closely as they could, while the air was full of leaping tunas and soaring fish. At such times when a school of sardines is rounded up the fishes are so terrified that men have rowed up to them and scooped them in by the pailful.—Outing.

Curious Optical Properties.

Asterism is the beautiful name given to a curious optical property of certain minerals. They show a star shaped figure where light is reflected from them or transmitted through them. This is seen in the star stone, which is a sort of sapphire, and in the star ruby. There is asterism also in mica. The photograph of a lamp flame taken through a plate of mica shows a six rayed star, with six fainter radiations between. Outwardly star mica resembles the ordinary form and shows the same phenomena under polarized light. When examined under the microscope, however, the star mica is found to contain fine needles of another mineral. And these are regularly arranged at angles of 120 degrees. To these needles is due the star seen by transmitted light.—Chicago Tribune.

The Butcher Bird's Larder.

It is possible that the butcher bird's "curious and cruel habit" of impaling various creatures upon hedge thorn is his way of supporting his wife during her period of seclusion. Of many species the female is fed by the male on the nest, but the butcher bird's prey consists often of creatures which are too large to be eaten at a mouthful. Even if the male could always drag these carcasses to the nest it is obvious that the female could not eat them there, so the "larder" may have been hit upon as a happy device to get over the difficulty, the female flitting thither to help herself whenever she is hungry.—Country Life.

Slim Chance For Her.

A missionary who was making his way through a backwoods region came upon an old woman sitting outside a cabin. He entered upon a religious talk and finally asked her if she didn't know there was a day of judgment coming.

"Why, no," said the old lady; "I hadn't heerd o' that. Won't there be more than one day?"

"No, my friend; only one day," was replied.

"Well, then," she mused, "I don't reckon I can get to go, for we've only got one mule, and John always has to go everywhere first."—New York Sun.

Might Help Some.

"It's up to you to do something to help our Neighborhood Improvement association."

"I'm for it. I'll make my daughter sell her piano."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Leave your son a good name and an employment.—Stevenson.

Edith Had Overheard.

One Philadelphia newspaper man has a little daughter with whom he sometimes finds it necessary to be a trifle severe. Particularly is this true when the hour for going to bed comes around each night.

Last night the clock struck 8, and the father watched his three-year-old play on in a conscious effort to appear unconcerned.

"Edith, do you know it is your bedtime?" he asked.

Edith dropped the playthings and walked over to her father with very sober mien.

"If this thing is to continue night after night I suppose I'll have to submit to it," she said.

The newspaper man waited until his offspring had climbed the stairs to be tucked away by her mother, and when the latter returned to the room where he was sitting he said:

"Let's have our little spats in private hereafter."

His wife agreed. — Philadelphia Times.

Arabian Coffee.

The Arabian coffee maker, having prepared his fire of charcoal and placed near it a huge pot containing water, takes a few handfuls of green coffee berries, carefully culls out all imperfect berries and foreign substances and then places the best of the berries in an iron ladle held over the fire. The berries are permitted to roast until they begin to smoke and are then, while still uncharred, placed in a small mortar and carefully brayed with a pestle closely fitting the cup of the mortar. The berries are not, however, reduced to a dust. While this process has been going on a small pot has been half filled with tepid water from the large pot and placed over the fire. When the water in the small pot has begun to boil the broken coffee berries are thrown in, and the boiling is permitted to go on for a short time, the decoction being stirred with a spoon when it shows signs of boiling over. The coffee is then served in small cups without cream or sugar.

African Snakes.

The African cobra is regarded somewhat reverently by the natives of that country, who once a year kill a cobra de capello and hang its skin to the branch of a tree, tail downward. Then all the children born during the last year are brought out and made to touch the skin. This, the parents think, puts them under the serpent's protection. The cobra de capello divides with the horned viper of Africa the questionable honor of being the "worm of the Nile," to whose venomous tooth Cleopatra's death was due. The Kaffirs use the venom of this snake's cousin, the puff adder, to poison their arrows, and when they have any small quantity left they swallow it, having a theory that it will protect them from the bad effects of future bites. The Snake tribe of the Punjab say that the bites of snakes do not hurt them, and if they find a dead serpent they dress it in clothes and give it a superb funeral.

Beards In England.

It was about 1855 that the beard movement took hold of the English people. The Crimean war had much to do with it. The soldiers were permitted to forego the use of the razor, as the hair on the face protected them from the cold and attacks of neuralgia. About this period only one civilian of position in England had the hardihood to wear a mustache. This was George F. Muntz, member of parliament for Birmingham. The enlightened electors, however, did not take kindly to the bearded politician. An officer candidate on one occasion received an intimation from the leader of his party that his mustache might prejudice him in the eyes of the rural population. The candidate replied that he was "determined to face it out."—Westminster Gazette.

Circular Talk.

The judge's son had just finished his course in law and came home triumphantly with his sheepskin in a fine frame. The old judge turned to his son with some wholesome advice "My son, when you have a case in court and your opponent has the law on his side, you must talk facts, and when he has the facts on his side you must talk law." The young man sat and pondered awhile and then asked, "Father, what must a fellow do when his opponent has both the law and the facts on his side?" The judge looked wise and replied, "Just talk around and around, my son."—Success Magazine.

Died In Place of a Younger Man.

A charge was made at a wall lined with French infantry. Sergeant McQuade of an English regiment saw two Frenchmen level their muskets on rests against a gap in a bank awaiting the appearance of an enemy. Sir George Brown, then a lad of sixteen, started to ascend at the fatal point. "You are too young, sir, to be killed," said McQuade, pulling him back and stepping into his place. He fell dead, pierced with both bullets.

Taking a Chance on Him.

"What was you askin' for the widder's bonnet, mum?"

"Well—er—I thought ninepence."

"'E's very ill, mum. I think I'll risk it."—London Tatler.

Sarcastic.

Husband—After all, civilization has its drawbacks. People in the savage state seldom get ill. Wife (sweetly)—I wonder if that's the reason you're so healthy.

If a man could have half his wishes he would double his trouble.—Franklin.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior,
U.S. Land Office, at Portland, Ore.,
March 5th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that HERBERT V. ALLEY, who post-office address is Nehalem, Oregon, did, on the 15th day of July, 1909, file in this office Sworn statement and Application, No. 02075, to purchase the Lots 3 and 4, Section 30, township 1 south, Range 7 West, Willamette Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, the timber estimated 1,000,000 board feet at $0.50 per m., and the land $30.60; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 24th day of May, 1910, before T.H. Goyne United States Commissioner, at Tillamook, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat an entry.

CHAS B. MERRICK, Register.

Notice of Final Account

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That T. J. Bowles, administrator of the estate of THOMAS WALTER BOWLES, deceased, has filed in the County Court of Tillamook County, Oregon, his final account as such administrator, and that the hearing of same has been fixed by said Court for Monday, the second day of May, 1910, at ten o'clock a.m., of said day, at the County Court room, in the Court House, in Tillamook City, Tillamook County, Oregon, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to then and there appear and show cause, if any they have, why said account should not be settled and allowed, as therein prayed for.

T. J. BOWLES,
Administrator of the estate of Thomas Walter Bowles, deceased.
Dated March 17th, 1910.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Tillamook County.

Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Company, a corporation, Plaintiff,
vs.
E. E. Tyler and Delia L. Tyler, his wife, Defendants.

To E. E. Tyler and Delia L. Tyler, his wife, the above named defendants,

In the Name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled cause on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail so to appear and answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the above named court for the relief demanded in its complaint in this cause. The relief demanded is the foreclosure and cancellation of a certain bond for deed executed by F. E. Beals Bird L. Beals and A. G. Beals to defendant E. E. Tyler and Auther Holden, covering 55ft off from the North end of Lot 1 in Block No. 5 in Claude Thayer's addition to the town of Lincoln (now within the coporate limits of Tillamook City, in the County of Tillamook, Oregon, said bond for deed having been executed on or about February 12th, 1908, and recorded at page 355 of book 7 of the Deed Records of Tillamook County, Oregon, and for a decree that neither of the defendants in this clause have any right, title, or interest in or to the real property above described, or any portion thereof, or the building erected thereon, and that the defendants, be foreverer barred and foreclosed of all right, title, interest or claim of, in, or to the said property, and for such other releif as to the Court may seem quitable.

This Summons is published in the Tillamook Headlight by order of the Hon. H.F. Goodspeed County Judge of Tillamook County, Oregon, said order being made and dated March, 3rd 1910, prescribing publication of Summons for a period of six weeks and the date of the first publication of this Summons is March, 3rd, 1910.

H. T. BOTTS, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Tillamook County.

Pacific Railway & Navigation Company, Plaintiff,
vs.
Mary Lock, Defendant.

To Mary Lock, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon,—You are hereby required to appear and make answer to the complaint filed against you in the above entitled cause on or before the 7th day of May, 1910, and if you fail so to appear, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit, for a judgment appropriating to plaintiff's use the following described real property situate in the County of Tillamook and State of Oregon to-wit:

A strip of land 100 feet in width, being 50 feet on each side of and parallel with the center line of Pacific Railway & Navigation Company's railway as surveyed, staked out, located and adopted through a one-half acre tract of land situate in the northwest corner of lot 1, section 9, township 2 North, range 10 West, Willamette Meridian, in Tillamook County, Oregon, described as follows: Beginning at the Meander Post between sections 4 and 9, in township 2 North, range 10 West, running thence in a southerly direction along meander line, 105 feet; thence due East 208 feet, thence due North 105 feet; thence due West 208 feet to place of beginning, the right of way herein described containing 10,510 square feet, more or less; said center line being more particularly described as follows:

Beginning at the point of intersection of said center line with the north line of said section 9, said point being 2,080 feet west of the quarter section corner in the north line of said section, measured along said section line, and being identical with Station 1095 x 12 of said company's railway survey numbers; thence S. 2 deg. 37' W. a distance of 105.1 feet to a point in the south line of the above described tract of land.

Also for an assessment of your damages arising by such appropriation and also a judgment for plaintiff's costs and disbursements herein.

This summons is published by order of the Hon Geo. H. Burnett, Judge of above entitled court, made on the 17th of March, 1910, wherein it is prescribed that this summons shall be published for six successive weeks. The date of the first publication is March 17th 1910.

SNOW & MCCAMANT,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior,
U.S. Land Office, at Portland, Oregon,
March 17th, 1910

Notice is hereby given that GARRET H. WARD, whose post-office address is Tillamook, Oregon did, on the 17th day of June, 1909, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No 02007, to purchase the Lots 4, 5, 13 and 14, Section 6, Township 1 South, Range 8 West, Willamette Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been valued by applicant, the timber estimated 900,000 board feet at $0.40 per M., and the land $20.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 31st day of May, 1910, before T. H. Goyne, United States Commissioner, at his office, at Tillamook, Tillamook Co., Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

CHAS. B. MERRICK, Register.

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Tillamook Bakery,
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SPECIALTY IN ALL KIND OF CAKES
ALL KIND OF BREAD.

FAMILY RECIPES.

The valued family recipes for cough and cold cure, liniments, tonics and other remedies have as careful attention here as the most intricate prescriptions.

Our fresh, high grade drugs will help to make these remedies more effective than ever.

Right prices are also assured.

CLOUGH,
Reliable Druggist.

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Out of town people can have their plate and bridgework finished in one day if necessary.

We will give you a good 22k gold or porcelain crown for $3.50
Molar Crowns 5.00
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Painless Extraction Free when plates or bridge work is ordered. Consultation Free. You cannot get better painless work done anywhere. All work fully guaranteed. Modern electric equipment. Best methods.

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For Stomach Trouble, Sluggish Liver and Habitual Constipation.

It cures by aiding *all* of the digestive organs—gently stimulates the liver and regulates the bowels—the only way that chronic constipation can be cured. Especially recommended for women and children. Clears blotched complexions. Pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes.

Sold by Chas. I. Clough.

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When you want a quick cure without any loss of time, and one that is followed by no bad results, use

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy

It never fails and is pleasant to take. It is equally valuable for children. It is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world.

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You awake with a mean, nasty taste in the mouth, which reminds you that your stomach is in a bad condition. It should also remind you that there is nothing so good for a disordered stomach as Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets.

They build up the system, assist nature to restore natural conditions, and are so gentle in their action that one hardly realizes a medicine was taken. Chamberlain's Tablets are sold everywhere. Price 25c.

CLEANING & PRESSING
neatly done
at the
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