

GATHERING OPIUM.

How the Petals and Juice of the Poppy Plant Are Procured.

Opium growing is a sort of garden cultivation, the poppy plants being grown in little squares or beds intersected by tiny water channels for irrigation wherever this is possible.

These beautiful petals are the first produce of the crop, for the women and children of the cultivators fan-ly come forth and pick them of one by one and carefully dry them, so that they may serve afterward as the covering of the manufactured cakes of opium.

The early morning the cultivators reappear with a scraping knife and their earthenware pots, and they scrape off the exuded juice and collect it in their pots.

A BALKY MULE.

Remedies Were Applied, and He Moved Just a Little Bit.

"Yessuh," said the negro through the borrowed telephone. He stood on one foot in the drug store and talked in his natural voice, which made the bottles jingle on the shelves.

"Yessuh," he said, "I tried dat."

"No, suh. De ma-an ain't much hult. His nose hit's busted."

"Yessuh, I done dat."

"No, suh. De 'il' boy he ain' hult none a-tall; jes' jolted."

"Yessuh. De schoolteecher. Hit to his close up some."

"Fire? Yessuh. Not much; no, suh. He moved a little bit, yessuh."

"Yessuh. One o' de wheels was burnt a little."

"Two o' de wheels—yessuh. Well, suh, de wagin hit' hunched up. No, suh. Dey ain' nuffin' left."

"De muel? Yessuh."

"He's dah yit—yessuh."—Galveston News.

Olden Time "Raiment."

In early Bible days richly embroidered raiment was enumerated with the gold, silver and other valuable property of a rich man.

Weeping Trees.

The phenomenon of "weeping trees"—that is, of trees shedding drops of liquid—is ascribed by Dr. Sharp in the Cambridge Natural History to the influence of plant bugs.

An Impostor.

"Mebbe you'd like to put a piece about me in yer paper," quavered the old man, bobbing up to the city editor's desk.

His Luck.

Tom—I wish that I had Alfred's good luck. Dick—So he's generally lucky? Tom—Lucky! If he walked out of the window in his sleep at dead of night there would be another man going by below carrying a feather bed.

The Harder Task.

"My ambition is to write a history of the world. There is no task more difficult I imagine."

Oh, I don't know.

"Oh, I don't know. My ambition is to concoct a new anecdote."—Washington Herald.

Absentminded.

Modjeska used to tell a story about her honeymoon that is somewhat amusing. When the Countess and Count of Bozenta were on their wedding trip it happened one morning that she had just got up when the count, who had been out for an hour or two taking a morning walk, came back and called to her excitedly:

"Heien! Heien! Come here."

"Come here quick. I've brought you some lovely fruit, the first of the market."

"All right; I'm dressing. I'll come as soon as I have finished getting ready."

She dressed leisurely and entered the sitting room. The count was sitting reading, deeply interested in his book. She looked round. No fruit was to be seen. She looked all over the place. The count looked up.

"Where's that fruit?"

"The count looked on the table. It was not there."

"Good gracious!" he said. "I'll be hanged if I haven't eaten it!"

The Wicked Multiplication Table.

A minister was hearing his Sunday school repeat the catechism one Sunday preceding confirmation when a boy from the class of small children ventured to ask a question of the minister.

"Turning to the clergyman, the boy inquired in an anxious tone, 'Why does the multiplication table make people wicked?'"

The minister thought at first that the child had taken occasion to propound a conundrum at a most unseasonable time and was about to reprove him when the earnestness of the expression in the upturned face assured him that the question was asked in good faith and required a reply.

"Why do you ask such a question, John? I never knew it to do so," he said.

John turned to his catechism and read from it with a mystified air the question, 'Did man grow worse as he began to multiply?' and the accompanying answer, 'He did.'

Lord Peterborough, who lived in the reign of Queen Anne, was very frolicsome, and one day, seeing from his carriage a dancing master with pearl colored stockings lightly stepping over the broad stones and picking his way in extremely dirty weather, he alighted and ran after him with drawn sword in order to drive him into the mud, but into which he of course followed himself.

This nobleman was once taken for the Duke of Marlborough and was mobbed in consequence. The duke was then in disgrace with the people, and Lord Peterborough was about to be roughly handled. Turning to them, he said:

"Gentlemen, I can convince you by two reasons that I am not the Duke of Marlborough. In the first place, I have only 5 guineas in my pocket, and, in the second, they are heartily at your service."

Two Convincing Reasons.

The origin of music is lost in antiquity. Among civilized people it is probably to be traced to the ancient Egyptian priests, who employed this art in their religious rites and ceremonies.

From the Egyptians the Greeks and the Romans derived their knowledge of music. The ancient Hebrews probably took with them into Palestine some of the songs they had learned in Egypt. The hymns used in the temple formed the basis of the melodies of the early Christian church, and from these hymns was formulated the first authoritative musical system. St. Cecilia is termed the patroness of music.—Exchange.

There is a snake belonging to the small family caudidae, inhabiting Africa, that is said to have the power of ejecting its venom to a short distance. This snake is called by the Dutch Boers "spuw slang," or spit snake. When this snake erects its teeth the pressure of the maxillary bone on the gland causes the venom to flow in drops, and it may be quite possible that by discharging air from its mouth the poison may be blown some distance.

The Gypsies.

The origin of the people known as gypsies remains largely a mystery. Egypt, India, Persia and Arabia have in turn been pointed out as their original country, but there is little definite knowledge on the subject. The weight of evidence is in favor of their having originated in India. They first appeared in Europe about 1400 and from the Danube region spread all over the continent, appearing in England about 1520.

Effective.

"The climax to his wooing was very romantic. He proposed to her on the verge of a mountain gorge."

"What did she do?"

"She threw him over."—Baltimore American.

Retort Photographic.

"The photographer was drying his plates in the warm sunlight."

"What are you doing there?" asked a friend.

"Oh," was the reply, "just airing my views."

Strict Obedience.

Salesman—Shirt, sir? Will you have a negligee or a stiff bosom? Customer—Negligee, I guess. The doctor said I must avoid starched things.—Exchange.

The measure of a man's sin is the difference between what he is and what he might be.—Jordan.

A MONSTER WHALE.

One Way in Which it Resembled a Tiny Species of Fish.

One winter some years ago a large whale was killed near one of the Atlantic seaports. Its carcass was taken ashore, loaded on two flat cars and transported far inland to cities where a whale was a curiosity that people would pay to see.

It was necessary, of course, that the exhibitions should be given in unheated halls, and as it was a cold winter the whale kept in a fairly good state of preservation for a considerable number of weeks before it became imperative to close the amusement season so far as that particular cetacean was concerned.

While it was on exhibition in Chicago a merchant from a little town in southern Illinois, who happened to be in the city on business, went to see it. When he returned home he could talk of nothing else.

"You may think you've seen big fish," he said, "but unless you've come across a whale somewhere you haven't."

"How long was it, Jeff?" somebody asked him.

"It was mighty close to ninety feet and about fifteen feet thick. It was the biggest thing I ever saw out of the water that swims in the water."

"Well," said the village doctor, "you didn't expect to find it a smelt, did you?"

"No," he answered hesitatingly, "but it did. Just a little."—Exchange.

FACE PATCHES.

They Became a Society Craze at One Time in England.

Plaster patches were introduced in England in the reign of Edward VI. by a foreign lady who in this manner indignantly concealed a wen on her neck. They became such a craze and were carried to such exaggerated lengths that they were finally lampooned out of sight.

The men, as well as the women, struck themselves over with these beauty spots. No lady of fashion considered her toilet complete until she was equipped with her little box of patches cut in her favorite design. If one happened to come off in company she hurriedly replaced it with a fresh one from the box.

At length patching in England went so far that party spirit was symbolized by the position of the patches. A letter in the paper on June 2, 1711, tells of a visit to the Haymarket and the discovery by the writer of three classes of women in the boxes all differently patched. Upon inquiry he discovered that those who patched on the right side of the forehead were Whigs and those who favored the left were Tories, while those who patched indifferently on either side were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves.—London Saturday Review.

A Lazy Race.

A lazier man than the average Burman it would be extremely hard to find. When it is absolutely necessary for him to work he generally hits upon some method which will save him a lot of exertion.

If he wishes to cultivate a piece of ground he sets light to the brushwood as a cheap, easy and efficacious method of preparing the soil. For two or three years he cultivates that piece of land, and then he sets light to another spot, allowing the jungle to grow in the old place, which will be ready for reburning when the other ground wants a rest.

Rice growers dispense with plows, turning loose instead a number of buffaloes, which cut up the saturated soil with their hoofs. When a Burman has earned a little money he immediately proceeds to spend it all, for the Burmese have no ambition to be rich and never hoard; consequently there are no large landowners, and, there being no aristocracy, the people are as near being on an equality as possible.

A Poser.

A vegetarian writer narrated in a recent address a "poser" that his little son had put to him.

"My little boy," said the speaker, "often tucks away from his tentils and expresses a longing for chops and roast beef."

"The other day at table I explained to him that we become what we eat—that by eating vegetables we become mild and placid, but by eating meat we become savage and gross."

"Well, papa," said the lad, "if it's true that we become what we eat, why don't cannibals become missionaries?"

Fishing For Plunder.

A visitor to one of the hotels at Pekin was awakened during the night by the noise caused by the fall of a roll of paper, getting out of bed, he saw with astonishment a poie, to which were attached a fishing line and hook, moving about the room, collecting various objects and removing them through the window. Upon going downstairs he was heard by the burglarious Chinaman outside to whom the roll belonged and who escaped, leaving his fishing line behind him.

An Effectual Cure.

"She wants to be a sister to me."

"You can easily get her out of that notion."

"How?"

"Treat her as you would a sister."—Kansas City Journal.

Her Guess.

Hubby—There's another chap committed suicide because his home was unhappy.

Wife—I dare say it will be happier now.—Illustrated Bits.

A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hand oils the wheels as they run.—Ouida.

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