

MANY KINDS OF FLEAS.

About 400 Different Species Are Known to Naturalists.

One of the first naturalists who devoted himself to watching fleas, with such microscopes as were then available, was Leeuwenhoek, a Dutchman, who lived at the end of the seventeenth century. Leeuwenhoek discovered that a small mite fed on the flea, and it was this discovery which inspired Swift's familiar lines: So, naturalists observe, a flea Hath smaller fleas that on him prey, And these have smaller still to bite 'em, And so proceed an infinitum.

OLD TIME HAT STAMPS.

Death Used to Be the Penalty in England For Forging Them.

Hats have in England been subject to very severe protective enactments. The blacked beaver hat, for instance, imported by Sir Walter Raleigh from the Low Countries, won its way so rapidly that in 1571 Queen Elizabeth passed an act to protect the making of "thrummed" caps, made from wool, for the advantage of the lauded proprietors, whose sheep furnished the material. The statute provided that every male person "shall on Sundays and holidays wear on his head a cap of velvet wool made in England, penalty, 2s. 6d. per day.

An English Sanctuary.

Beverley minister, 180 miles north of London, is the shrine of St. John of Beverley, who died in the year 721. In 938 Athelstan, king of England, gave several privileges to the monastery, one being the privilege of sanctuary. This was not merely for man slaying; it was open to all wrongdoers except those who had been guilty of treason. For ordinary offenses, such as horse stealing, cattle stealing, being backward in accounts or being in receipt of suspected goods, a man came into sanctuary about a mile from the monastery or church. There used to be four crosses on the main roads leading to Beverley marking the limit of the area. In cases of manslaughter and murder it was not sufficient to be within one of these crosses. Before the fugitive could claim sanctuary he must enter the church and seat himself in a stone chair known as the "frid stool" or "freed chair." To this place many fled for refuge from all parts of the country.

Appropriate.

The worshippers in a certain chapel had some trouble to keep their faces straight a short time ago. During the service some commotion was caused by a gentleman who accidentally ignited a box of wax matches in his pocket and was trying to put them out, while his alarmed neighbors struggled equally hard to help him. The minister, being shortsighted, could not make out the reason of the disturbance, and, thinking to diplomatically cover the incident, he innocently said: "Brethren, there is a little noise going on. Until it is over let us sing 'Sometimes a Light Surprises.'"—London Answers.

A New Reason.

Annette, aged three, has two very talkative little sisters, and sometimes she finds it difficult to make herself heard at the table. One day when the others had been monopolizing the conversation longer than she liked Annette raised her finger with a warning gesture and whispered half aloud: "Everybody keep still. My foot's asleep."—Delineator.

True Charges.

She—Did you see where some man declares that women are not honest? He—Well, he's right in saying so. She (sincerely)—When did you ever know me to do a dishonest thing? He (tenderly)—When you robbed me of my peace of mind and stole my heart, you dear little thief!—New York World.

The Language.

"This is a pretty state of affairs, isn't it?" "Yes, it is a very ugly matter, but somebody will have to pay handsomely for it."—New York Journal.

A good way to be happy is to try to be useful and helpful.

A QUICK CHANGE.

The Sweet Taffy That Came After the Cold Roast.

"Say, Jen," said Katie, the brunette, with white side combs in her hair. "I see Mamie has bleached her hair again. Ain't it terrible?" "Yes, perfectly awful!" replied Jennie. "She asked me if I would do it if I were she, and I said 'yes.' Don't she look perfectly dreadful—and it's getting streaked already. You could tell in a minute it was bleached, the roots are so dark." "Sure, I noticed that," responded Katie. "And, say, did you see the rag of a dress she had on yesterday? And it's fit-gracious! Looked perfectly dreadful, didn't it?" "Perfectly dreadful," echoed Jennie. "Well, she wanted a pattern, and I gave her the one of that dark fine silk I had three years ago," said Katie. "You did?" "Yes, I did."

PROCRASTINATION.

The Habit of Putting Off Doing the Serious Things of Life.

Much of the unhappiness and improvidence in life is caused by early habits of procrastination—habits contracted unconsciously perhaps when character is in its formative stage and at the very time when most attention should be given to the untold nature. It is so easy to fall into a happy-go-lucky way of living, so easy to jog along unconcernedly, doing the things which suit us best and perhaps which count for the least and leaving undone all the acts and unspoken all the words and unexpressed all the thoughts and unupped all the advantages which are really so essential to a better understanding of ourselves and the wonderful life being lived about us.

What a bright world of promise fulfilled this would be if responsibility could only be made half as attractive as some of the minor diversions which seem to furnish so much pleasure to their partakers! If the hard places could be made soft, the rocky roads smooth and difficult undertakings easy, there would be small need for putting off from day to day the task of fulfilling any task whatever. As it is, with the certainty that happiness unalloyed is not within the grasp of man and with the knowledge that sorrow and trouble must come at some time into each of our lives, it seems strange that for all our weak human nature we cannot learn the lesson that procrastination teaches and benefit thereby.

An Office Business Only.

A young man called at the office of a justice of the peace and with some hesitation made known his business, which was to be married. The justice replied that he thought he could perform the service and asked if the young man had his license. "Yes, sir," the youth replied. "Well, where is the young lady?" "She—she's at her father's."

"Well, bring her here."

"She'd rather be married at home, squire."

"And you expect me to go there and marry you?"

"Yes, sir, if you please."

"Young man," said the justice, "this office of mine is like a department store. We sell matches here, but we don't deliver them at the house."—Youth's Companion.

Cats and Dogs.

According to a French investigator, domestic animals have a certain amount of reasoning power, often act upon reflex notions and can associate ideas from which they draw inferences. Dogs, and still more so cats, he says, learn to imitate the voice and movements of their masters or mistresses. He has noticed old watchdogs which when they barked had peculiar intonations which resembled the voices of their masters. Cats try by the way in which they cry to make their mistresses understand exactly what they want.

Appropriate Styles.

"That elocutionist believes in dressing the part for any recitation."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, when she read the story about the sailors deserted on the lonely island she wore a costume of maroon, and at her lecture on Celtic wit her dress was trimmed with Irish plaid."

—Exchange.

Bad Combinations.

Rambo—I have a pair of glasses at home that make me see double. Baldwin—Yes, I've seen you using them. One is a beer mug and the other is a whisky tumbler.—Chicago Tribune.

The Particular Sex.

A blind girl lately discarded her affianced lover because a confidential friend informed her that the young man squinted.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Never quit when failure stares you in the face. A little more energy often changes a failure into a great success.

A BANANA TREE.

The Fruit Grows Small and Up and is Cut While Unripe.

Contrary to popular belief, bananas do not grow on the tree as they hang in the grocery, but with the small end of the fruit pointing upward—to all appearances upside down. There is probably no other fruit of such universal consumption about which so little is known to the average person as the banana. Scarcely one man in a thousand not connected with the business knows what a banana tree looks like. The fruit is never allowed to ripen on the tree, but is cut half or three-quarters full—that is, half to three-quarters developed, according to the distance it is to be shipped—and comes to maturity by feeding from the stalk, which contains a large amount of sap. Bananas cut in this way attain practically the same size as if allowed to remain on the tree, in which case the bunch becomes too much of a burden for its support and either falls or breaks the tree and ripens on the ground.

After the cutting the plantation is "cleaned," which merely consists of severing the standing trunks within a few feet of the ground, and a new tree comes forth from the remains of its predecessor, so that the fruit in all stages of growth is to be found at the same time, and the yield is continuous.

FREAKS OF A GENIUS.

The Man Who Smashed Glasses in a London Tavern.

One day a bulky, tall, pale faced gentleman with bushy, restless eyebrows entered a London tavern. The waiter did not ask him for his order, but immediately brought him a plate of bread and cheese and a glass of ale. Having consumed his lunch, the guest sat upright in his chair for a while, leaning his hands on a heavy walking cane and staring blankly at the opposite wall as if in a dream. Of a sudden he gave a start. He seized the empty glass and dashed it to the floor with all his might, smashing it to atoms. He then reflected for a moment, laid a coin on the table, got up and left the inn without a word to any one. After his departure another guest had the curiosity to ask the waiter whether the gentleman who had just gone out was not wrong in his head. Quoth the waiter:

"Oh, no, sir! That's nothing unusual with 'im, sir. 'E's broke maybe a hundred glasses since 'e's been a-comin' to this 'ouse. 'E don't seem to know it when 'e does it. 'E just gits a-thinkin' and seems to git hungry at somethin' 'e's thinkin' about. It's the great Lord Macaulay, sir."—St. James' Gazette.

The Name Cuba.

Cuba is the name by which the island was originally known to the Lincayan Indians, who were with Columbus when he discovered it. One of its villages or cities was called by them Cubanaqua, and it is reported that from the similarity of sounds Columbus, still supposing himself to be on the coast of Asia, imagined that this must be a city of Kublai Khan, the Tartar sovereign celebrated by Marco Polo. The survival of the original name for Cuba is a remarkable instance of persistence, as the island has been baptized and rebaptized many times since its European discovery. Columbus first called it Juana in honor of Prince John, the son of Ferdinand and Isabella. After Ferdinand's death it was called in his memory Fernandina. Subsequently this name was changed to Santiago, after St. James, the patron saint of Spain. Still later it was named Ave Maria, in honor of the Virgin Mary. But none of these names held, and the Indian name is still preserved.

Rice in the Orient.

Rice is kept for use in the orient in its husk, just like horse oats or unthrashed wheat. It is called "paddy" and is beaten or thrashed for daily use. But pure husked rice is too rough and unattractive looking for world markets, so it is polished in revolving cylinders with French chalk to make it pretty, pearly and smooth. But this robs it of its outer layer and most valuable food qualities. Polished rice is regarded as poison in Japan and is known to produce the dreadful epidemic disease beriberi in Japanese who live too exclusively on a rice diet and eating little or no meat.—Exchange.

Well Supplied.

An inebriate wit and punster asked the captain of a craft loaded with boards how he managed to get dinner on the passage. "Why," replied the skipper, "we always cook aboard." "Cook a board, do you?" rejoined the wag. "Then I see you have been well provided with provisions this trip, at all events."—London Hit-Hits.

Getting Even.

Howard—When Dr. Lucison operated on me he left a pair of surgical scissors in my anatomy. Can I sue him for damages? Lawyer—Better just send him a large bill for storage.—Life.

Malicious.

Youngleigh—Which is the better way to propose, orally or by letter? Cynicus—By letter, certainly. There's a chance that you might forget to mail it.—Exchange.

Why, indeed?

She—Why does woman take a man's name when she marries him? He—Why does she take everything else he's got?

When death comes it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—Ellet.

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