

Jungle Housekeeping.

The negro housewife in the West Indian jungle finds housekeeping very easy. Fruit and vegetables grow wild all about the hut and the river abounds with fish. On wash day all she has to do is to pick a few of the berries of the soap berry tree, take her clothes to the river and use the berries as she would use ordinary soap. Even her cooking pots grow on the trees, the calabash cut in halves being used for this purpose. Calabashes are used also for bowls, basins and jugs for carrying water from the river, while the small ones make excellent cups. In the afternoon, when she is ready for her cup of tea, the negress picks half a dozen leaves from the lime bush growing at her door, boils them, squeezes the juice from a sugar cane for sweetening and the cocoanut supplies the milk. Thus she has a delicious cup of tea without depending on the grocer for it. She makes the mats for her floor out of the dried leaves of the banana, plaited and sewed together as the old country people in this country make their rag mats.

Not For Himself.

"It does me good to see a pompous man get his," said a stockbroker. "I have a friend who just about believes the Lord created the earth in seven days for his especial benefit. He has a fine home on Long Island, with a retinue of servants, but his wife is a semi-invalid, and it falls to the lot of Mr. Pompons to execute various commissions for her in the city. The other day she asked him to stop at a clothing store and get a couple of white duck jackets for the butler. I happened to be with him when he entered the store. Striding majestically up to a sallow little salesman, he said, with much impressive dignity: "I wish to purchase a couple of white walters' coats." "Yes, sir," said the little salesman. "What size do you wear?" "Mr. Pompons got red in the face spluttered and gurgled, and then as if fearing to trust himself to speech turned on his heel and strode from the place. He left me at the next corner, and has avoided me ever since."—New York Sun.

An Experience at Hull House.

Even death itself sometimes fails to bring the dignity and serenity which one would fain associate with old age. I recall the dying hour of one old Scotchwoman whose long struggle to "keep respectable" had so embittered her that her last words were gibes for those who were trying to minister to her. "So you came in yourself this morning, did you? You only sent things yesterday. I guess you knew when the doctor was coming. Don't try to warm my feet with anything but that old jacket that I've got there; it belonged to my boy who was drowned at sea high thirty years ago, but it's warmer yet with human feelings than any of your confounded charity hot water bottles." Suddenly the harsh gasping voice was stilled in death, and I awaited the doctor's coming, shaken and horrified.—Jane Addams in American Magazine.

Emp., Titles.

William Jennings Bryan once joked about our American fondness for titles. "You all know of the colonel," he said, "who got his title by inheritance, having married Colonel Brown's widow? But I once met a general who got his title neither by inheritance, nor by service, nor by anything you could mention. "General," I said to him, "how do you come by this title of yours, anyway?" "Why, sir," said he, "I passed my youth in the flour trade and for seven ty-seven years was a general miller." "I know another titled man, Judge Green." "Are you, sir," I once asked him, "a United States judge or a circuit court judge?" "I ain't neither," he replied. "I'm a judge of boss racism."

Fear.

Fear causes more disease than do microbes, more deaths than famine, more failures than panics. It costs more than war, is always a failure and is never necessary, said a medical man. Fear weakens the heart's action, induces congestion, invites indigestion, produces poison through decomposing foods and is thus the mother of auto-poisoning, which either directly causes or greatly aids in the production of quite 90 per cent of all our diseases.

Simplified Spelling.

"Why did you take Elvora away from school, Aunt Mahaly?" a lady asked her cook one day. Aunt Mahaly sniffed scornfully. "Cause de teacher ain't satisfactory tuh me, Mis' Mally. What you reckon she tell dat chile yistidy? She 'low dat IV spell four when even a idiot 'ud know dat it spells ivy."

Not Strong Minded.

"Your wife, Clark, is, I should say, a strong minded lady." "There you would be wrong. I should rather describe her as brittle minded." "Brittle minded?" "Yes; she's been giving me pieces of her mind for years."

An Easy Arrangement.

Wife—Am I, then, never to have my way in anything? Husband—Certainly, dear. When we are both agreed you can have your way. When we differ I'll have mine."

An irritable man lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his own prickles.—E. P. Hood.

The Witch Finders.

Three hundred years ago the business of finding out witches was well established and accepted in courts of law as highly proper. In 1649 it is recorded that the magistrates of Newcastle, England, sent to Scotland for an expert witch finder. This gifted person proceeded to show his skill by discovering fifteen witches and securing their conviction. One Matthew Hopkins was a celebrated witch finder of that period. It was easy to discover witches when you knew how. The suspected person could be forced to weep and then detected by the well known fact that a witch could shed only three tears and those from the left eye, or she could be pricked with pins to discover the spot insensible to pain, which was a sure sign of dealings with the devil. That women were far more likely to dabble in witchcraft than men was conceded. The reason was satisfactorily explained by a famous German text book on witches published in the fifteenth century. It was simply that women were inherently wicked, whereas men naturally inclined to goodness.

The Coyotes.

The coyote is the little brother of the Indian. When the buffalo vanished from the plains the Indian shot his rifle into the air, wrapped his blanket closer about him and came into the reservation to grow fat and unpicturesque under federal auspices. When the jack rabbit and molly cottontail vanish from the plains and foothills the howl of the last coyote will sink into silence beyond the great divide. Until that far day arrives, however, hang the bacon high, for while the rabbit remains the most skillful four legged forager the world ever knew will bay at the moon by night and just keep out of rifle range by day. The coyote knows more about traps than a Canadian "voyageur," is an expert on strychnine and never falls for the deadfall. He is rather fond of lambs and calves, but rabbits are the oatmeal of this phantom highlander, and, as "Diamond Field" Jack Davis would say, "where two or three of these are gathered together there you will find the coyote, seeking to stow one of them into his midst."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

When a Burglar Calls at Night.

"If a burglar breaks into your house at night don't try to corner him," said an old headquarters policeman. "If the visitor awakens you make noise enough to scare him away, but don't go after him with a gun. Ten to one he'll get you before you can hit him. It's better to lose a few dollars' worth of goods than your life. I'm giving it to you straight. The average man, waked up in the middle of the night, always badly frightened, hasn't a chance against the man with nerve enough to break into an occupied house. Every burglar is a potential murderer and will shoot to kill if you try to catch him. And why not? He's got a big, long term in prison staring him in the face if he's nabbed, and he'll take a chance on murder every time to get away. Leave the capture of such gentry to the 'cops.' They're paid to be shot at; you ain't."—Kansas City Star.

The Normans.

The Normans were Northmen or, to be more precise, the descendants of Northmen, who had been expelled from their native Norway in consequence of an effort on their part to subvert its institutions and to make its lands hereditary instead of being divisible among all the sons of the former owner. A band of expatriated outlaws and robbers, they won and held the fair province of northern France, which they named Normandy, after their native land. When they invaded England they were Frenchmen only in the sense that they had lived for some generations on French soil. In blood they belonged to the great Germanic breed, along with the Anglo-Saxons, Danes and other Scandinavian and German peoples.—New York American.

Why She Was Silent.

A very silent old woman was once asked why it was she had so little to say. She replied that when she was a young girl she was very ill and could not talk for a long time, whereupon she made a vow that if speech were given her once more she would never again say anything unkind of anybody. And thus she was as they found her.—Exchange.

The Soft Question.

Mrs. Nuwed, Sr. (to son after family jar)—Don't forget, son, that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." Mr. Nuwed, Jr.—Well, I know a soft question of mine brought a lot of it on me.—Stuart Set.

Generous.

Tattered Terry—There goes a kind man. The last time I went to him I didn't have a cent and he gave me all he could. Weary Walter—What was that? Tattered Terry—Thirty days.—Puck.

Vain Mathematics.

Absentminded Professor—My tailor has put one button too many on my vest. I must cut it off. That's funny. Now there's a buttonhole too many. What's the use of arithmetic?—Sourire.

Mostly Before.

Prosperous Publisher—Do you write before or after eating? Poet (faintly)—Always before unless I have something to eat.—Judge.

What men want is not talent. It is purpose; not the powers to achieve, but the will to labor.—Balwer-Lytton.

Foiled the Critics.

"Beerbohm Tree," said a Philadelphia critic, "at the beginning of his career undertook the part of the blind Colonel Challice in 'Alone.' Tree was a very nervous man in those days. He was always forgetting his lines. But as the blind colonel he seemed destined to be particularly nervous, and therefore he arranged with the prompter that on the first night, whenever he forgot a speech, he should snap his fingers as a signal for help.

"The first night came, and Tree forgot his lines continually. His fingers snapped all through the show like an unending package of firecrackers. He thought his career was doomed, but the next morning all the critics said of him unannounced:

"Mr. Tree's artistic study of the blind Colonel Challice was a revelation. Never before have the habits and thoughts of the blind been so carefully analyzed and so faithfully portrayed. The entire study was perfect, even down to the nervous twitching of the fingers and the anxious listening, as though loss of sight made hearing all the more dear."

No Wonder He Was Disgusted.

It was on the Peary north pole expedition that an Eskimo came into possession of a piece of wire. Never having seen wire before, he asked Professor D. B. McMillan what it was for.

"White men string it on poles struck into the ground, and by talking into an instrument at one end the voice can be heard on the other," he was told by Professor McMillan. The next morning somebody called to Peary and the other members of the expedition to come out and watch the Eskimo. He was sticking some forked poles into the ground and hanging his piece of wire on top of them. He next held one end of the wire to his mouth and talked to it at the top of his voice. Then he hurried to the other end and held the wire to his ear, expecting to hear his own words repeated. When he failed to hear any sound he looked at his white friends in disgust.—Chicago Tribune.

Snails Are Queer Creatures.

The snail is found everywhere, over 3,000 species being known. Some of the large tropical snails, as bullmats, form nests of leaves, their eggs being as large as a pigeon's. The snail is extremely skillful in mending its shell, and some curious experiments may be made with them. Thus I have seen a helix of a yellow species attached to another shell of a reddish hue by cutting off the top whorl of the latter, when the snail will proceed to weld the two shells together and occupy both, using the addition as a door and possibly wondering at this sudden extension of its house. In the winter some of the snails hibernate or lie dormant until warm weather. A snail of the Philippine Islands has a faculty of throwing off its tail when seized. This is also true of a West Indian variety, stenophus.—London Telegraph.

A Brougham Pun.

John Brougham was celebrated for his ready wit, and a story is told of him and Pat Hearne, who was the Canfield of his day. Hearne was a big man and addicted to flashy waistcoats. In one of his parts Brougham made up to resemble Hearne and wore a particularly loud and gaudy waistcoat. Hearne's friends persuaded him to go to see the play, anticipating considerable amusement at his expense. As they were coming out of the theater he was asked what he thought of Brougham's performance. "Not a bit like me. Why, I wouldn't own such a waistcoat," Brougham, hearing this, said, "I see; he wouldn't acknowledge the Pat Hearne-ity (paternity)."—"Recollections of Lester Wallack."

Dead as a Doornail.

The phrase "dead as a doornail" originated in this way. In early days, when door knockers were common, the plate upon which the knocker struck was sometimes called a nail. In the course of years it was struck so often that all life was supposed to be knocked out of it; therefore when it became necessary to refer to anything hopelessly lifeless it was merely an emphatic expression to say that it was "as dead as a doornail."—Home Notes.

Headed For the White House.

The small newsboy was leaning up against the wall, sobbing bitterly. "Cheer up, my little man," said a passerby. "What's the use of worrying? You may be president some day." "S-s-say," sobbed the little fellow, "it s-sure do l-look as if I wuz b-headed dat way; somebody's aillers a-roastin' me!"—Chicago News.

He Wasn't It.

"My dear Miss Billmore," sadly wrote young Hankinson. "I return herewith your kind note in which you accept my offer of marriage. You will observe that it begins 'Dear George.' I do not know who George is, but my name, as you know, is William."—Chicago Tribune.

Witty.

The following epigram was written on Dr. Isaac Letson, a once well known English physician:

When folks are sick and send for me I purge, bleed and sweat 'em. If after that they choose to die What's that to me? I Letson.

A Come-back.

"Honesty, my son," said the millionaire, "is the best policy." "Well, perhaps it is, dad," rejoined the youthful philosopher, "but it strikes me you have done pretty well, nevertheless."—London Tit-Bits.

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