

**VERBAL PITFALLS.**

**Traps That Await English Speaking Tourists in Portugal.**

**THERE ARE NO TOES THERE.**

**But, Then, One Has Twenty Fingers to Make Up the Loss, Fingers of the Hand and Fingers of the Foot—Oddities of the Verb "to Walk."**

The Englishman or American in Portugal who thinks in his own language and tries to speak in the language of the country he is visiting is a great smile producer.

For instance, you never marry anybody in Portugal unless—strange paradox—you happen to be a priest. You marry "with" your beloved Maria, and the priest marries you both. In the same way you never dream about anybody, but always "with" them.

When the landlady at your boarding house is ladling out your soup you call out, "Arrive." You are telling her to arrive at the stopping point—in other words, that you don't want more than she has put out. When you see a child that you want to fondle at the other side of the room you say to her, "Arrive here." And the child promptly "arrives."

In England when we speak of walking we refer to a certain use of the legs. But the Portuguese verb "to walk" has many more significations. In Portugal not only do the people walk, but also the carts and cars walk, the trains walk, a balloon walks, and a boat walks. Stranger still, the hands of a clock walk round the face! A clock, by the way, never goes; it "works."

Unless you are very intimate or very rude you never say to your fair partner at dinner, "Will you have some bread?" etc. You inquire, "Will your excellency have some bread?" or, "Will the lady have some bread?" the "lady" meaning not some other lady, but your fair partner herself.

In spite of winter you are never cold in Portugal unless you are a corpse. You are "with" cold. In the same way you are occasionally "with" heat, "with" headache, "with" hunger or "with" thirst. When you have occasion to discuss the weather you say, "It makes cold," "It makes fog," etc. On your way home from an entertainment you tell your companion that it "makes" dark.

If speaking of her husband a wife says he is a "tame" man. She merely means that he is a man of peace and justice.

The word "house" means more than with us. Your buttons share your own privilege of living in a house. The buttonholes are called "houses of the buttons." The squares on a chess-board are also "houses." You don't say, "I'm going to shave." You say, "I'm going to do the beard." Neither do you say on the way to the barber's, "I'm going to get my hair cut," but you say, "I'm going to cut my hair."

When you are in Portugal you have twenty fingers, but no toes. If you want to make a distinction you say "fingers of the hand" or "fingers of the foot." Instead of telling the servant to set the table you tell her to "put" it. When you go to the theater you "assist." You don't mean by that that you "come on" nor even that you do a little scene shifting. You mean that you are there.

Residents in flats who meditate taking a holiday in Portugal will be relieved to hear that no one plays the piano there. They merely "touch" it. Neither do they ring bells. They "touch" them also. But they "play" stoves, meaning that they throw them, and a ship at sea "plays" when it pitches and tosses.

Be careful how you tell your landlady that you intend to dine out or she may think, with a shrug of the shoulders, that you intend dining "outside"—i. e., in the garden. In answer to the kind inquiries of your friends don't say that you are well; say that you are "good." Be careful in your use of words. Some words similar in form are widely different in meaning, as an American missionary once discovered to his cost when preaching in Brazil, once a Portuguese colony. His subject was "The Prodigal Son," and he gravely informed his hearers that when the young man returned home his father killed for him the fatted beetle! But he had merely made a mistake in one solitary vowel.

A "sleeping" bridge means a bridge that is immovable (not a drawbridge). Stagnant water also "sleeps." So do trucks or trains that wait anywhere during the night. When they laugh in Portugal they "untie themselves to laugh," and when they cry they "unmake themselves in tears." A persistently unfortunate man says, "I am so unlucky that if I fell on my back I should break my nose!"—London Answers.

**Hopeful Names.**

Two bright looking colored boys about seven years of age laughingly accosted a lawyer on the street. The man stopped and asked the boys their names.

"Johnsing," was the reply. "We're twins."

"Well, what are your first names?" insisted the amused questioner.

"Mah name," answered one, "is Soda, and his name," pointing to the other, "is Sateratus. Mah done lose all de others, and she give us names she find successful in raisin'!"—Newark Star.

Greatness is its own torment.—Theodore Parker.

**BREAKING A CUSTOM.**

**How the Salt Shaker was Introduced to the Spaniard.**

Until a few years ago no Spaniard had on his dining table any other receptacle for salt than the old style open cellar. An enterprising Briton saw this, noted that the salt was always dirty and gummy and determined to introduce a certain famous salt shaker from which clean salt would run freely in the dampest weather. Bravely he started to tour Spain for the company.

"No, señor; no est costumbre usar mas quo esto" ("No, sir; it's not customary to use more than that"—the old cellar), was the answer of every dealer to whom he presented the novelty. Again and again he was rebuffed. He began to despair when, standing one day gazing into a jeweler's window, a brilliant idea struck him. He entered. Realizing the childlike curiosity and impressionable character of his quarry, he persuaded the jeweler to display a shaker in his window and coached him about selling it. A Spaniard came along, looked in the window, saw the curious object, investigated.

"It is very pretty for the toilet table," he remarked after prolonged scrutiny, "perhaps useful for the children. What goes in it—perfume?"

Indifferently the jeweler glanced up from some scribbling. "No, sir; only salt."

"Man, salt!"

"Yes. Possibly I could get you a little—the kind that doesn't get sticky—to try. But I don't know."

The simple gentleman was amazed, angry, affronted, by the novelty, but he took it and an ounce or two of the special salt home with him. The jeweler ordered another shaker and more samples of salt. By and by the gentleman had used all his salt and wanted more of the same kind. The business of that company today is worth many figures in Spain every year, and more than that, as it is "costumbre" now to use that particular sort of shaker and brand of salt there is virtually no competition.—Arthur Stanley Riggs in Century.

**INSULTED THE KING.**

**The Joke a Printer Turned on Louis Philippe and M. Thiers.**

One morning during the reign of Louis Philippe there appeared in the Constitutionnel the following startling paragraph:

"His majesty the king received M. Thiers yesterday at the Tuilleries and charged him with the formation of a new cabinet. The distinguished statesman hastened to reply to the king: "I have only one regret, which is that I cannot wring your neck like a turkey's!"

A few lines lower down there was another paragraph running to the following effect:

"The efforts of justice have been promptly crowned with success. The murderer of the Rue du Pot-de-Fer has been arrested in a house of bad reputation. Led at once before the judge of instruction, the wretch had the hardihood to address the magistrate in terms of coarse insult, winding up with the following words, which amply show that there remains not a spark of conscience or right feeling in this hardened soul:

"God and man are my witnesses that I have never had any other ambition than to serve your august person and my country loyally to the best of my ability."

The printer had just cleverly managed to interchange the two addresses. The cream of the joke was that it was universally known how very little love there was lost between the king and the minister.—Strauss' Reminiscences.

**Last of the Old Orators.**

The late Senator John Warwick Daniel of Virginia may be said to have been the last of the old fashioned orators in the house of the conscript fathers. His fame will rest not on his lawbooks, which were excellent; not on his speeches in house and senate, which were strong, but on two masterly orations on Lee and Stonewall Jackson delivered before his entrance into congress. It may well be doubted whether anything superior to them, considered simply as orations, can be found in the literature of the world. They would have delighted Cicero himself.—Champ Clark in Century.

**Flogged For Bathing.**

On an island in the Cam, at Grantchester, is a mill pond known as "Byron's pool" because it was here that the poet as an undergraduate enjoyed his favorite recreation. Even in his day Edward Conybeare tells us in "Highways and Byways in Cambridge" that bathing was a practice somewhat frowned on by the academic authorities. A century or so earlier any student found guilty of it was publicly flogged in the hall of his college and was again flogged on the morrow in the university schools by the proctors. A second offense meant expulsion from the university.

**Novelty For New Yorkers.**

"That sunrise effect is all wrong!" said the stage manager of a New York musical show.

"What's the difference?" replied the scene painter. "Nobody who goes to a musical comedy in New York knows what a sunrise looks like."—Washington Star.

**Holding a Wake—Ditto a Girl.**

Miss Loveligh—the professor was telling us today about the moon. He says the moon is a dead body. Jack Spooner—That so? Then suppose we sit up awhile with the corpse.—Boston Transcript.

**HER HOMEMADE HAT.**

**It Brought a Proposal That She Promptly Turned Down.**

The bohemians were making merry in the dim lit studio discussing the latest novel that one of their number was trying to write, the brutal editor who had refused the best article ever written—a masterpiece of the best—be-moaning the nonintelligence of the art critics, execrating the mercenary theatrical manager and utterly repudiating the general public—the vast horde of the Philistines. By way of diversion the painter of pastel portraits said to the bachelor maid:

"That's a charming hat you have on. Who else would know enough to combine turquoise and old rose? You have a genius for color. What a pity you only write!"

"Glad you like my hat, anyway. I made it myself. I trust it will only enhance its merit in your eyes to know that it cost me but 50 cents."

"Impossible!" screamed all the bohemians with one breath, ceasing their arguments in order to take notice of the vastly becoming creation which capped the bachelor maid's brown hair.

"Fifty cents, did you say?" asked the man who once wrote a poem—aye, and had it published. Then rising, placing his hand above his heart, bowing low and solemnly, he said: "Fair one, will you be my wife? All my life I have been looking for a woman who could trim her own hats for nothing. Pray be mine."

"Nixie!" scoffed the bachelor maid cruelly. "All my life I have been looking for a man who would be willing and able to pay \$50 for my hats."—New York Press.

**FIGHTING LIFE'S BATTLE.**

**Of Things That Must Be Done Tackle the Hardest First.**

I know a very successful man who early in life resolved that no matter how hard anything might be or how seemingly impossible for him to do he would do it if the doing would prove of value to him, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. He made this the test and would never allow his moods or feelings to stand in the way of his judgment. He forced himself in the habit of promptly doing everything, no matter how disagreeable, if it would further his advancement.

People who consult their moods, their preferences or their ease never make a great success in life. It is the man who gets a firm grip on himself and forces himself to do the thing that will ultimately be best for him who succeeds. The man who goes through life picking out the flowers and avoiding the thorns in his occupation, always doing the easy thing first and delaying or putting off altogether if possible the hard thing, does not develop the strength that would enable him to do hard things when necessity forces them upon him.

It is pitiable to see young men and women remaining far below the place where their ability ought to have carried them just because they dislike to do disagreeable things until compelled to. The best way always is to tackle the hardest things first.

**Too Public For Him.**

He was a mild mannered little man, short, with gray hair and spectacles. It was noon on Washington street, and, as usual, the crowds were shoving and pushing to get somewhere. The little man was trying to worm his way through the crowds.

A well dressed woman, accompanied by a small boy, was mixed up in the crowd. She wanted to cross the street. The boy stopped to look in a window. The lady reached down and grasped a hand, saying, "Take my hand, dear."

"Not right here on the public street," she was started to hear some one reply.

Looking down, she saw that she was clasping the hand of the very inoffensive little man, who seemed to be much confused and embarrassed.

"Sir," she said haughtily, "I don't want you. I want my son."—Boston Traveler.

**The New and Old Geology.**

In its early history geology presented two schools—one insisting on a doctrine of "catastrophes," the other on a doctrine of "uniformity." The former regarded the changes which have manifested taken place in our planet as having occurred at epochs abruptly, while the other school, reposing on the great principle of the invariability of the laws of nature, insisted that affairs had always gone on in the same way as they do now. It is hardly necessary to say that the latter theory has driven the old theory of catastrophe completely from the field.—New York American.

**All Fixed.**

"I think I'll propose at the party to-night."

"No, you won't."

"Why won't I?"

"My sister knows the young lady in question, and it has been arranged for you to propose at the ball next week."

—Kansas City Journal.

**Restaurant Repartee.**

"Tea or coffee?" demanded the bustling waitress.

He smiled benignly. "Don't tell me, let me guess," he whispered.—Brooklyn Life.

**Where the Shoe Pinched.**

Crawford—Does your conscience trouble you for losing that money? Trabelshaw—No, but my wife does. You see, it was her money.—Judge.

The fewer desires the more peace.—Wilson.

**A CUP OF TEA.**

**It Plays a Curious Part in Chinese Business Etiquette.**

When a salesman or person seeking a business interview presents his card at the entrance to a Chinese merchant's place of business the possibility of an audience depends altogether upon how he deports himself while awaiting the return of the card bearer. Should he be so indiscreet as to put one foot over the twelve inch railing that intervenes between the step and the doorway no manner of persuasion can prevail upon the merchant to grant him an interview.

In case he waits patiently in the space allotted to unknown callers this fact is noted, and he is usually ushered in.

Once in, there is still a more delicate matter to be disposed of, and in case the newcomer is ignorant of the custom he fares ill with his errand. Immediately upon the caller's entering and taking a seat a servant brings a serving of tea, which includes a small cup for each person present. The point of etiquette demands that this tea shall not be touched until the guest is ready to depart. In case the interview has been a pleasant one, in which case the caller is supposed to take up and drink his tea at parting, and at this signal all the others do likewise. However, should it so happen that the Chinaman is not pleased with his caller and is in any way annoyed by him the merchant takes up the tea and begins to drink at once, which act is a direct and decided hint that the interview is ended and has not been to the pleasure of the merchant. The caller is then expected to take his immediate departure.

When a caller has become well acquainted some of the formality is broken by the Chinese, and on a cold day a cup of tea is served immediately to the guest in a social way. But the "formal" tea is still to be observed and partaken of at parting. Irrespective of the cup given to warm and greet the caller on his arrival. This, however, is done only after many visits, when the business dealings have been of such a nature as to warrant friendship and hospital.—Youth's Companion.

**FRENCH FISH STORY.**

**Three Days' Carnival of Marpignon's Intrepid Anglers.**

Though their lakes and ponds are few and their rivers comparatively destitute of fish, the French people are extremely fond of angling. Indeed, nervous and excitable as the average Frenchman may be, he is content to sit by a stream with a pole and wait all day for a bite.

In a certain country town not far from Paris there existed a fishing club named the Intrepid Fishers of Marpignon. A pretty stream goes through Marpignon, but for many years not one fish had been seen in this stream, from which circumstance, it followed, the Intrepid Fishers had little to do, says Harper's Weekly.

The excitement may be imagined, therefore, when the word ran through Marpignon that a large barbel—a tough and gamy fish—had been seen in the stream. The Intrepid Fishers turned out and, having ascertained that there was indeed a barbel in the stream, immediately stopped the water some little distance above and below him with gratings so that he could not get away.

Then they ranged themselves joyfully along the stream with hook and line, and all went to fishing for the one fish.

By and by one Intrepid Fisher caught him and immediately threw him back into the water. In the course of time another caught him and did the same.

For three days one voracious account has it the Intrepid Fishers kept at work catching this one barbel, and at the end of that time the fish died of exhaustion and loss of blood. Then the Intrepid Fishers counted up the notches that they had made on their fish poles, and the man who had caught the barbel the most times was declared the champion fisherman of Marpignon and received great honors.

**Fishskin Tartars.**

The skin of the fish does not suggest itself as a suitable material for the making of clothes, yet it is used for this purpose by a tribe of Tartars in Manchuria. They inhabit the banks of the Peony river and live by fishing and hunting. During the past 100 years they have become nearly extinct owing to the invasion of their domain by agricultural Chinese. They are known as Fishskin Tartars. The fish they use is the tamara, a species of salmon. Both the flesh and the skin of the fish are supposed to possess wonderful heat giving properties.—Chicago Journal.

**Cruel.**

Two elderly belles were talking at the ball.

"What a fatterer Wooter von Twifler!" said the first belle.

"Why, did he tell you you looked nice?" said the second.

"No," was the reply; "he told me you did!"—Exchange.

**Sure to Get It.**

"There is one kind of game that no one has to carry a gun to hit when he is hunting it."

"What game is that?"

"Trouble."—Baltimore American.

**An Enjoyable Occasion.**

"Was your chafing dish party a success?"

"Great. We spotted all the food early in the evening and then went to a regular restaurant."—Buchanga.

**FEATS OF MARKSMANSHIP.**

**Wonderful Shooting of Captain Bogardus and Dr. Carver.**

Old gentlemen of the period just after the war will tell you sadly that there are no such shots as there used to be. In this connection it is interesting to note that \$1,000 was wagered against \$100 that the champion of the world could not hit a hundred consecutive birds. Many amateurs, not to speak of professionals, frequently make such a score without arousing comment in these days. Captain Bogardus was to be allowed three trials. If he lost the first two and made the third the money was his, and, by the way, he used a twelve gauge, full choke, ten pound gun, and his load was five drams of black powder with No. 9 shot. He loaded his own shells or had them loaded according to his directions.

While shooting in England his load was challenged by one of his defeated rivals, who asserted that the champion's phenomenal scores were the result of his superior shells. The captain suggested that in their next match both contestants should use his ammunition, to which the Englishman eagerly consented. The captain was delighted, for well he knew what would happen to the action of the light and delicate English gun under such a charge. Before the match had proceeded very far the Britisher withdrew—for massage.

With the invention and success of the ball tossing machine a craze for ridiculously high scores swept the country. Five thousand balls in 500 minutes, 5,194 out of 5,500, in seven hours and twenty minutes—these were some of the stunts that delighted the hearts of the gun people of that day. One man, the English crack, Dr. Carver, shot for six consecutive days, breaking 60,000 balls out of a possible 64,881. The wonder is that there remained of his shoulder anything more than pulp. True, it is on record that after the three-thousandth shot at such an exhibition in Gilmore's Garden, New York city, the contestant had to pry open his trigger fingers by main force and only succeeded in continuing in the match by frequent immersions of arm and shoulder in hot water.—Outing.

**EDITING AN ENCYCLOPEDIA.**

**Strenuous Times in Getting Out an Early French Work.**

Many adventures befell the French eighteenth century encyclopedia. More than once the production of that work, regarded by authority as revolutionary, had been stopped, eight days of imprisonment in the Bastille for the printer being one incident. At the very last moment, after Diderot had corrected the final proofs, the printer and his foreman secretly slashed the articles right and left, cutting out everything that seemed even possibly dangerous, and burned the manuscript. Diderot discovered the atrocity too late when referring to one of his own mutilated articles. But the most remarkable point is that for years very few persons knew of what had happened, even the contributors remaining in ignorance. They had had enough of their own articles when writing them.

Voltaire tells a pleasing story of Louis XV's conversion to the merits of the encyclopedia, according to the London Chronicle. The talk one night at a Trionon supper turned on sport and thence to gunpowder, as to the composition of which the party could not agree. Mme. de Pompadour lamented their all round ignorance. For instance, she herself did not know what her rouge was made of or how her silk hose were manufactured.

"'Tis a pity," said the Duc de la Valliere, "that his majesty confiscated our encyclopedias, which cost us 100 pistoles."

**Bearded Women.**

The bearded woman is not a fiction. A bearded woman was taken by the Russians at the battle of Poltava and presented to the czar. Her beard measured over a yard. The great Margaret, governess of the Netherlands, had a very long, stiff beard. Mile. Boes de Chene, born at Geneva in 1834, was exhibited in London in 1853 in her eighteenth year. She had a profuse head of hair, a large mustache and a strong black beard. There are other instances of bearded women about the authenticity of whom there is no room for doubt.—New York American.

**Women Without Names.**

"Womankind in Korea," says E. G. Kemp in "The Face of Manchuria," "suffers from a strange lack—the absence of names. A woman may possess a pet name; otherwise she has none. Frequently she does not even know her husband's name. If she becomes a Christian and receives baptism she acquires a name, and this must give her quite a new sense of dignity."

**Nothing to Do but Leaf.**

The most unfortunate man is the one who gets up in the morning with nothing to do and all day to devote to it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sincerity is the way to heaven. To think how to be sincere is the way of man.—Mencius.

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