

THE KICKER.

An Entirely Different Sort of Man From the Growler.

There is a world of difference between the man who kicks and the man who growls.

The man who kicks—who truly, earnestly and honestly kicks—is a good kind of man to have about. He kicks because things are not as they should be, and he proposes to correct them.

The man who growls is merely a negative quality. He may know that things are not going right, but he hasn't any idea of trying to do anything about it. He just sits round and complains.

You remember Mark Twain's story about the kicker and how successful he was in securing everything that belonged to him. He was a producer in the best sense of the word, just as every man who kicks in the right way is certain to be.

Let anything go wrong and they go "up in the air" in a minute, but you can depend upon it that that particular thing will never go wrong again if they can prevent it.

A kicker may not be the most agreeable person to have around, yet he is a healthful factor in almost any establishment. He has his faults, but it is possible to overlook them for the sake of the productive value that he represents.

As to the growler—there seems to be no place for him in the work of the world. He may complain loudly and whine and talk about other people, but he remedies no faults, he repairs no leaks—he just makes trouble.

That is the difference between the kicker and the growler.—Business.

WEB OF THE SPIDER.

Thousands of Strands in Each of Its Silky Threads.

For a long time the web of the spider was supposed to be a simple strand of wavy silk, but later it was found that such was far from being the case.

Under the microscope we can get at the secret of the spinning very nicely. We see that there are either four or six teats on the spider near the lower part of the abdomen, almost exactly similar to the teats of a cow. From these issue four or six strands, as the case may be. But these strands themselves are not simple, but are composed of at least a thousand fibers each, for it has been proved that in each teat there is a sieve of at least a thousand holes, through which the silky matter is strained. Thus we see that, fine as is a spider's web, it is yet composed of from 4,000 to 6,000 fibers.

Leuwenhoek states that it would take at least 4,000,000 of the completed threads to make a thread as strong as a silk thread of the size of a hair.

As to the color of the thread, our ordinary spiders spin one of a uniform gray color. But in the riotous tropics there are found spiders that spin varicolored webs. One particularly produces red, yellow and black threads, which it binds together with a pleasing color effect.

In the thread of the spider lies dormant a great industry once it is properly studied.—Popular Magazine.

Struck a Coincidence.

It was the hour of family confidences Mr. Buggins had finished his evening papers and in slippers and dressing gown was toasting his toes before the asbestos fire log, while the wife of his bosom was putting a few stitches in the table cover she was doing for Aunt Mary.

"I did something today that I've been screwing up my courage to do for a long time," said Mrs. Buggins.

"Yes?" said Mr. Buggins, mildly interested. "What was it?"

"You know that odious Mrs. B Jones?" replied Mrs. Buggins. "Well, I paid her a call that I have owed for nearly a year."

"My dear, I can sympathize with you," said Mr. Buggins. "Today, by a strange coincidence, I paid that odious Mr. B Jones a bill I had owed him for quite as long."—New York Times.

Throne Jewels.

In the "gold pantry" at Windsor castle, one of England's chief royal palaces, is the gold tiger's head taken from Tipu Sahib's throne in 1789. It is of size, and the teeth and eyes are of rock crystal. Another relic captured at the same time is the jeweled bird called the uma, shaped like a pigeon, with a peacock tail. The feathers blaze with precious stones, and a great emerald hangs from its breast.

According to an old Indian legend, whoever owns this bird will rule India.

It Depends.

Bill—They tell me that a goat eats twelve times its weight in a year.

Jill—Does that represent much food, do you suppose?

"Well, it all depends whether what a goat eats happens to be paper-covered novels or lead pipe!—Youth's Messenger.

An Exception.

Emerson says there is always a beauty of doing everything."

"Is there? I wonder if he ever found best way of wearing a pair of shoes at were about a size too small?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

No Chance.

"Do you always do a little more than expected of you?"

"No; my boss always expects a little more than you can do."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Talent.

"Is he a great artist?"

"No."

"But he gets good prices for his stuff."

"Yes. He's a great salesman."—Exchange.

The Past.

The past, like an inspired rhapsodist, fills the theater of everlasting generations with her harmony.—Sheilley.

UNEXPLORED CANADA.

Vast Areas Where the Foot of a White Man Has Never Trod.

There are vast areas in Canada of which even the government has no definite knowledge, and there are thousands of square miles where the foot of a white man has never trod. Practically all knowledge of this big wild country has been secured again and again along a few chosen and well worn routes, outside of which investigation has seldom gone.

Imagine a dozen or so well beaten vehicle highways traversing a country one-fourth as large as Europe—narrow highways hemmed in by impenetrable wilderness—and one may form some sort of idea of the little that is still known of 600,000 square miles of the North American continent.

Along these routes nearly all "explorers" have gone. Among them are situated most of the fur posts, and beyond their narrow lines but little is known. And in this world of forest and ridge mountains and eternal desolation, still buried in the mystery and silence of endless centuries, are its "people."

Approximately there are from 15,000 to 25,000 human souls in an area fifteen times the size of Ohio, and there are no more than 500 of these who have not some Indian blood in their veins. On the other hand, fully one-half of the total population has its strain of white blood.—Leslie's Weekly.

RAILWAYS IN SPAIN.

Their Methods Are Not Those of the Strenuous Life.

A Spanish railway seems an excellent place for a rest cure. "I remember," writes Mr. S. L. Bensusan, "when going on a short journey in Andalusia, the train that carried me stopped at a short junction. While we were at rest here, after some hours of travel at the rate of at least twelve miles an hour, the driver uncoupled his engine and proceeded down the line with it in the direction we were not to take.

"The passengers walked contentedly up and down, smoked countless cigarettes, ate oranges, resisted the importunities of beggars. At last I became uneasy and asked where the driver had gone. 'Pedro has run down the line on his engine to take a birthday gift to his mother, who lives over there,' explained the station master; 'he is indeed a good son and will not trust his parcel to the post. Spain is full of thieves.' And when the good son had come back from his mission he restored the engine to its proper position and we re-entered the train, which went on its journey after three-quarters of an hour's delay."—London Graphic.

The Monkey and the Book.

A story is told of an eminent naturalist (I forget his name) who was hoping to develop the intelligence of a monkey to whose education he was devoting himself. One day he saw with delight that the monkey was sitting at the other end of the room turning over the leaves of a valuable book on entomology and looking at the plates with apparent interest.

But on going nearer he saw, with dismay, that the monkey was turning over the plates in order that when he came to a particularly large beetle or butterfly he might pick it out and eat it. As the paper could not have had a nice taste, I think he may have been actuated rather by the fun of the thing than by a mere depraved appetite.

Perhaps he was verifying the like method of learning among the philosophers of Laputa.—London Spectator.

Fame and the Editor.

Fame, so difficult a possession to obtain, lies oftener than one usually thinks in the power of the press.

Oscar Browning in his interesting "Memories of Sixty Years" tells how Fox, then editor of the Monthly Repository, settled the fate of Robert Browning's "Pauline" when it first appeared by the mere word "balderdash."

The explanation given is that "a single line was required to complete the page, and the editor, taking up the first book on which he could lay his hand and thinking it insignificant and pretentious, described it as I have stated above."

Oscar Browning declares that the poet said "that by this accident his public recognition had been delayed for twenty years."

Napoleon's First Love.

The little French town of Auxonne is not associated in the popular mind with Napoleon; but, as Miss Betham-Edwards reminds us in "Unfrequented France," he spent some years of his childhood there. "In the Saone he twice narrowly escaped drowning, and here, too, as narrowly, so the story runs, marriage with a bourgeoisie maiden called Manesca. Two ivory counters bearing this romantic name in Napoleon's handwriting enrich the little museum."

Could Be Useful.

"Mamma says that if you could make up your mind to go into papa's business, Arthur, he would very likely consent to our engagement."

"But, my darling girl, I'm a poet."

"That doesn't matter. You could write advertisement rhymes for our stuff."—Fliegende Blatter.

His Talent.

"Is he a great artist?"

"No."

"But he gets good prices for his stuff."

"Yes. He's a great salesman."—Exchange.

The Maggie Ceiling.

One of the apartments in the ancient royal palace at Cintra, Portugal, is known as the Hall of Magpies. Painted in the arabesque ceiling is to be found a swarm of magpies. Each has in the mouth a scroll, on which, painted in red on a white ground, are the words, "For bem." The story runs that King John of Portugal was making love to one of the maids of honor in this chamber and was surprised by the queen. His majesty made the best of the circumstances and explained to the queen, "E por bem minka sacre" ("Oh, it is nothing at all. It is quite right. There is no harm in it"). As to whether the queen was satisfied the legend is silent, but the ladies of the court were deeply interested and were constantly saying to one another with a smile, "For bem! For bem!" The king thought it time to act, so he commissioned an artist to paint on the ceiling as many magpies as there were talkative ladies about the court, each holding in the beak the ribbon with the words, "For bem."—London Globe.

Fate of Portugal's Homer.

"The Lusiad" is one of the noblest records ever written of national glory and success. Camoens, its gifted author, determined to do for Portugal what Homer had done for Greece. The great poem was written in the sixteenth century, which has been called the heroic age of Portugal, and its main feature is the rounding of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco da Gama, while a most interesting episode is the crowning after death of Inez de Castro as queen of Portugal. "The Lusiad" took its name from Lusius, who was said to have founded Lisbon. Its author was born about 1520, and his career, which began brilliantly, was blighted by the death of a broken heart of the lady of his love, for whose sake he was banished from the land.

He wrote "The Lusiad" in his banishment and was recalled in 1571, losing on the way all his property except his poem. Pensioned at first by the king, this great epic poet of Portugal died in great poverty in 1570, when his patron was also dead.

Down in a Coal Mine.

To the ear accustomed to the constant sound of a living world the stillness of a coal mine, where the miles of crosscuts and entries and the unyielding walls swallow up all sounds and echo is a silence that is complete, but as one becomes accustomed to the silence through long hours of solitary work sounds become audible that would escape an ear less trained. The trickling murmur of the gas, the spattering fall of a lump of coal loosened by some mysterious force from a cranny in the wall, the sudden knocking and breaking of a stratum far up in the rock above or the scurry of a rat off somewhere in the darkness strike on the ear loud and startling.

The eye, too, becomes trained to penetrate the darkness, but the darkness is so complete that there is a limit—the limit of the rays cast by the pit lamp.—Joseph Husband in Atlantic.

Portuguese and Codfish.

It is an interesting fact that the fishermen of northern Portugal started and developed the fishing industry on the "banks" off the northern coast of America, and, though they now send fewer ships, their taste for salt cod from Newfoundland is unabated.—In fact, it is a national Portuguese dainty. It is found in every little grocery shop, hard and brown as a board. A number of Portuguese have made their home on the islands to the south of the mainland of Massachusetts, and there the dark eyes of the Iberian maiden, raven locks and a certain picturesque element in dress are not infrequent. This connection with Portugal dates back many years, the ships of Marthas Vineyard bridging the distance over sea and returning with Portuguese crews.—Exchange.

Adam and Eve.

"I hope this expulsion of ours is not going to injure our social position," said Eve ruefully.

"I guess not," replied Adam. "They can't stop us from being one of the very first families, whatever they do."

"I don't find our names here in the 'Social Register,'" said Eve, looking the volume over.

"Look under 'Dilatory Domiciles,' my love," said Adam as he went out and named the jackass after himself.—Harper's Weekly.

A Pithy Sermon.

Here is the pithiest sermon ever preached: "Our ingress into life is naked and bare, our progress through life is trouble and care, our egress out of it we know not where; but, doing well here, we shall do well there. I could not tell more by preaching a year."

Wanted It Well Hidden.

Little Bobby was too polite to say he wanted a big piece of the turkey, but he said he would like a piece of the chest, where the wishbone was, only he didn't want to find the wishbone too quick.—Browning's Magazine.

It Was This Way.

"I suppose the father gave the bride away."

"Not exactly. He gave a million away and threw her in."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Excluded.

"Ancon—Well, well! I congratulate you, old man. And how is the baby to be named? Popley—By my wife's people, it seems.—Exchange.

A long, slow friendship is the best; a long, slow enmity the deadliest.—Merriam.

Saves Two Lives.

"Neither my sister nor myself might be living to-day, if it had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery" writes A. D. McDonald, of Fayetteville, N. C. R. F. D. No. 8, "for we both had frightful coughs that no other remedy could help. We were told my sister had consumption. She was very weak and had night sweats but your wonderful medicine completely cured us both. It's the best I ever used or heard of." For sore lungs, coughs, colds, hemorrhage, la-grippe, asthma, hay fever, croup, whooping cough, all bronchial troubles—its supreme. Trial bottle free, 50c, and \$1.00. Guaranteed by Chas. I. Clough.

Foley Kidney Pills

Are tonic in action, quick in results. A special medicine for all kidney and bladder disorders. Mary C. Abbott, Wolfeboro, N.H., says: "I was afflicted with a bad case of rheumatism due to uric acid that my kidneys failed to clear out of my blood. I was so lame in my feet, joints and back that it was agony for me to stop. I used Foley Kidney Pills for three days when I was able to get up and move about and the pains were all gone. This great change in condition I owe to Foley's Kidney Pills and recommend them to anyone suffering as I have."—C. I. Clough.

A Reliable Cough Medicine

Is a valuable family friend. Foley's Honey and Tar fulfills this condition exactly. Mrs. Charles Kline, N. 8th St. Easton, Pa., states: "Several members of my family have been cured of bad coughs and colds by the use of Foley's Honey and Tar and I am never without a bottle in the house. It soothes and relieves the irritation in the throat and loosens up the cold. I have always found it a reliable cough cure."—C. I. Clough.

Look for the Bee Hive

On the package when you buy Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs and colds. None genuine without the Bee Hive. Remember the name, Foley's Honey and Tar and reject any substitute.—C. I. Clough.

Foley's Kidney Remedy An Appreciation.

L. McConnell, Catherine St., Elmira, N.Y., writes: "I wish to express my appreciation of the great good I derived from Foley's Kidney Remedy, which I used for a bad case of kidney trouble. Five bottles did the work most effectively and proved to me beyond doubt it is the most reliable kidney medicine I have ever taken."—C. I. Clough.

When buying a cough medicine

for children bear in mind that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is most effectual for colds, croup and that it contains no harmful drug. For sale by Lamar's Drug Store.

Compare Our Prices

With those you have been in the habit of paying, and you will see that we offer you a substantial saving on all work and you cannot get better business work anywhere, no matter how much you pay.

Table with dental services and prices: Silver Crowns \$5.00, 22k Bridge Teeth 4.00, Gold Fillings 1.00, Enamel Fillings 1.00, Silver Fillings .50, Good Rubber Plates, Best Seal Rubber Plates, Painless Extractions .50.

Wise Dental Co., Inc. Painless Dentists. Falling Building, Third and Washington PORTLAND, ORE. Office Hours: 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. Sundays, 9 to 1

Foley's Kidney Pills

What They Will Do for You

They will cure your backache, strengthen your kidneys, correct urinary irregularities, build up the worn out tissues, and eliminate the excess uric acid that causes rheumatism. Prevent Bright's Disease and Diabetes, and restore health and strength. Refuse substitutes.

Sold by Chas. I. Clough

A Morning Reminder.

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.

S. VIERECK,

Tillamook Bakery, OPPOSITE THE ALLEN HOUSE.

Corner Stillwell Ave and First St. West, and both Phones.

SPECIALTY IN ALL KIND OF CAKES

ALL KIND OF BREAD.

The Fast Steamer

GOLDEN GATE

Leaves Tillamook for

Astoria and Portland,

THURSDAY of Each Week.

Freight and Passengers.

FOR RATES—ADDRESS J. R. GLADDEN, Agent.

THE TODD HOTEL,

TILLAMOOK, OREGON.

New Furnishings—Modern Fixtures. Centrally Located.

Hot and Cold Water on Each Floor. Meals 35 and 50c.

Beds 35 cents and up according to Room.

Large Office, Dining Room and Ladies' Parlor. Best Hotel in Tillamook County.

P. W. Todd, Prop. R. H. Todd, Mgr.

Steamer

"Sue H. Elmore"

(CAPT. P. SCHRADER)

MOTOR STEAMER OSHKOSH

(CAP. T. LATHAM)

Tillamook & Portland.

Sail Every Tuesday and Saturday.

Couch St. Wharf, Portland.

"That's All."

HARNESS, COLLARS, etc.

You Use Them. We Sell Them.

W. A. WILLIAMS & CO.,

Next Door to Tillamook County Bank.

WEINHARD'S COLUMBIA BEER,

EXPORT BEER,

KAISER BLUME,

Unsurpassed, Non Intoxicating.

MALT TEA.

STAR BREWERY

Hop Gold Beer, Special Brew.

BOTTLED BY THE Columbia Bottling Co., Astoria, Oregon.

Soda Waters, Siphons, Bartlett Mineral Water.