WOMEN IN FORTUGAL.

In the Fields and Do Laboring Work In the Cities.

good part of the farm work is ormed by the women, who see no on why they should regard dighoeing and plowing as the work men alone. The man who owns a acres of land will often le ve its vation to his wife and daughters, e he labors as carpenter, stoneon or cooper, for caskmaking is of their important industries. He likes to get a job as a waiter in of the nu gerous hotels at seaside rts, for the country has thousands ontinental and English visitors.

men share in the heavy work of cities as well. There are female ers, laborers on the docks, market ers and even women coal heavers, rmen, or, rather, fisherwomen, and s. They are as strong and hardy their husbands and brothers and to stand long hours and hard la-

as well.

course it rather takes away the our of romance when one sees a ng woman with finely chiscled ures and beautiful binck eyes digwith spade and mattock or heava basket of coal into a ship's hold as much ease as the American plays tennis and golf. Women seem v under what we would consider conditions, so the reformer would ably have his labor for his pains suggested a change in this denent of Portuguese national exce.-Christian Herald.

KILL THEM YOUNG.

Not Tolerate Weeds In the Carden of the Soul.

old man was once walking with thful companion:

Pull up the last one." e obeyed with ease. Now the next."

e obeyed, but it did not come so

And the third."

Now the fourth." vain the lad put forth all his ngth. He only made the leaves mble. He could not move the roots.

ey had gone strongly into the earth, no effort could dislodge them. hen the wise old man said to the ent youth:

This, my son, is just what happens ng and weak one may by a little if we let them cast their roots p into our souls there is no human er can uproot them. The almighty nd of the Creator alone can pluck m out. For this reason, my child, tch well over the first movement of soul and study by acts of virtue eep your passions well in check."-Louis Globe-Democrat.

nall substances, like cinders, dust simple means. Sometimes catchthe upper lid by the lashes and lling it away from the eyeball and vn over the lower lid, then letting go, so that as it recedes its under face is swept by the edge of the er lid, will clear it out. If this s not prove successful a loop made a horsehair or of a long human can be passed under the lid and ept from the outer side toward the and drawn down. Better than however, is the washing of the or flushing with the eye dropper. ery person should carry one in his reling bag, for they are invaluable. tch hold of the lower and upper lid, w them away from the eye and n fill the dropper, which is like a all syringe, with water and flush eye two or three times. This will ays remove the cinder at once .mily Doctor.

he indorsement of checks is a very ple thing; but, as the following ry will show, it, too, has its diffi-

woman went into a bank where had several times presented checks to Mrs. Lucy B. Smith. This the check was made to the order M. J. Smith. M. J. were her nd's initials. She explained this paying teller and asked what

that is all right," he said. "Just it as it is written there." ok the check and after much on said, "I don't think I can M like that."

epared For Emergency. makes you keep giving me dinner day after day?" be in-"Are you particularly fend of

> replied. "I was w read a lovely recipe abou e a fishbone when throat, and I wanted to ngton Star

nat Kind of Woman believe in making a re you enter your p Oldcastle.

replied her a bit of dust from the plano. "If I have gone-make about people I al-outside of church"—Chi-Herald.

Book Farmer. nes is what they call Bocker-Yes; be

Atlas and His Load.

Strictly speaking, "atlas" is a misnomer for a map book, since it was not the world, but the heavens, that the "atlas" of mythology upheld. Mercator, the famous Dutch geographer, who made globes for Emperor Charles V. of Germany, was the first to use the name in this connection, choosing It as a convenient and in some sort an appropriate title, because Atlas, the demigod, figures with a world upon his shoulders as a frontispiece of some early works on geography.

Atlas, it was said, made war with other Titans upon Zeus and, being conquered, was condemned to bear heaven upon his head and hands. Later tradition represented him as a man changed by means of Medusa's head into a mountain, upon which rested heaven and all its stars.

In any case, Atlas was always associated with a heavy burden strongly borne. Thus Shakespeare makes Warwick say to Gloucester:

Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight. It is not difficult to see how by an association of ideas this came to be chosen as the name for a book of maps which upholds and exhibits to us the whole world.

Marshal Tureen and His Soup. There is a quaint old shop in London which still bears the name of Samuel Birch, the first purveyor of turtle soup in the English capital. Amid all the changes of the city Birch's shop in Cornhill survives in the guise it wore when its owner was lord mayor of London in the memorable year of Waterloo. Samuel Birch achieved distinction in many fields. He was an orator and a patriot; he was colonel of the city militia and accepted with great good nature his nickname of Marshal Tureen; he was a man of letters, prottle boy. They came across four duced plays that held the stage and abs. The old man said to the books that were readable, though now seldom read. One of his plays, "The Adopted Child," was popular long after its author had killed his last turtle. His daughter married Lamartine, and one of his sons, a fine classical scholar, begat a family of scholars. Yet Birch's claim to fame rests most upon the took all his strength to move its fact that he was the man who made turtle soup popular. City merchants, templars from the inns and dandles from the west end all flocked to Cornhill, the turtle house of all London .-Argonaut.

Reign of the Dandies. In the matter of dress we have fallen upon a decline since the days when the Duke of Wellington was refused adh our passions. When they are mission to Almack's because he was wearing trousers instead of breeches chfulness over self and the help of and silk stockings. Even Almack's, ttle self denial easily tear them up. however, had to admit trousers within its closely guarded portals the following year. When Gladstone was "up" at Oxford the reign of the dandles was in full swing. When late in life he revisited the university to lecture to the undergraduates on Homer he was

dience and the men of his own time. "Yes," he replied, "in their dress an enormous change. I am told that I had among my audience some of the small chips of stone or metal, can most highly connected and richest men in the university, and there wa whom I couldn't have dressed from top to toe for £5."-St. James' Gazette,

asked by G. W. E. Russell whether be

noticed any difference between his au-

A "Fast" Train. "Speaking of railroads," said the truthful man, "the ultimate word, in my experience, was a certain 'limited' which I traveled last summer. At a point where we were making our atest speed a man stood at the side greatest speed a man stood at the side of the track with a moving picture machine. I leaned out of the window and called to him, 'How are you getting on?

"He stopped turning the crank and spoke with an expression of deep dis-

"'It don't seem to be no use,' he mid. 'Hold your head still, please. I want to get a time exposure."-Everybody's.

The Burglar's Prayer. Sir Herbert Risley, speaking of the astes of eastern Bengal at a meeting of the Royal Anthropological institute, said a curious system of religious worship prevailed among a caste who were professional burglars. They made a space in the ground, and a man then cut his arm and prayed to one of the earth gods that there might be a dark night and that he might succeed in obtaining great booty and escape cap-ture.—London Standard.

No Whiskers on His Sea Food. Two colored porters paused to rest moment on their mops in a downtown office building recently. "Boy," said one, smacking his lips, "did you ever eat mushrat?" "Mushrat?" returned the other. "No; I never eat any mushrat. The only fancy sea food I ever fussed with was lobster."-New York World.

Puzzled. Mother (at lunch)-Yes, darling. these little sardines are sometime eaten by the larger fish. Mabel (aged five)-But, mamma, how do they get the cans open?-London Ideas.

The Truth. "Truth is as clear as a bell," quoted

the wise guy. "Yes, but it isn't always tolled," added the simple mug.-Philadelphia Rec

Not Serious. "I hear there are grave charges st Senator Jinks." "What are they?" "The sexton's bills."

Your labor only may be sold; your

A WHITE HOUSE JEST.

General Harrison's Objections Monuments to "Vest."

As a general thing, one of the first duties of the wife of an incoming president and one of the things she usual ly enjoys heartily is to attend to such rearrangements and refurnishings of the White House as may be necessary or advisable according to her personal taste, the size and customs of her family, and so on.

I remember one occasion, writes Colonel William H. Crook in the Phi's adelphia Saturday Evening Post, when Mrs. Harrison had finally decided upon some slight architectural changes and had brought her architect's plans to the president and asked his opinion of them. General Harrison studied the drawings with care and noticed that several niches were left, each

plainly marked. At last he said: "Well, my dear, here is a place for Lincola, and here is a place for Grant's bust. And you have left three places for Vest." Then he added, with well assumed indignation, "I am decidedly opposed to so many monuments to Vest-in the White

Mrs, Harrison hastened to explainwhat her husband, of course, knew all the time-that the word "Vest," was the architect's contraction for vestibule, of which there were three on the plans, whereupon the president said he was satisfied and handed the drawings back to her, with a twinkle in his keen blue eyes.

A FIERCE ANATHEMA.

The Pious Wish a Woman Flung at

Jean Paul Richter. Jean Paul Richter once observed that if a lady officer wanted to give the word "Halt!" she would do it in the following strain: "You soldiers, all of you, now mind what I say. I order you as soon as I have done speaking to stand still, every one of you, on the spot where you happen to be. Don't you hear me? Halt, I say, all of you!"

Upon this a strong minded woman made the following comment: "Now, M. Jean, it was an unlucky day on which you wrote that sentence. May you never hear anything but that little, concise word 'No' from every rosy pair of lips you meet. May you halt wifeless through life. May your buttons be snappish, your strings knotty and your stockings full of holes. May your bootjack be missing, your feet corny and your shaving water cold. your collar lie down. May your beard be porcupiny, your whiskers thinly settled and your mustache curl the wrong way. May your coffee be muddy, your toast smoky and your tea water bewitched, and, with a never dying desire for affection, may you crawl through creation a meek, miserable, nasty, forlorn, fidgety, fussy, ridiculous, ruined, dejected old bachelor."

High Sounding Names. Writing in his Paris paper on the growing custom on the part of parents to give their children "high sounding" he rebels at being compelled to carry for all the time."-New York Sun. through life a name like Anacreon or Hipparchus. But he has company. know a deputy whose parents named him Franklin. The name in itself is the "sargasso fish," known to sailors not so had but he has two brothers. Voltaire and Socrates respectively. Fancy this scene in the nursery: Franklin howling because Voltaire has broken his toy, while Socrates laughs at both. The mother as peacemaker shouts, 'Stop, Socrates, or you'll be punished! In a narrow street in Marwoman spanking a child, shouting in anger, 'You naughty Epaminondes; I'll assumes a corresponding shade. teach you, Epaminondes!' I could never think of the Theban general after

To Say and to Do. "Do you wish to go to church this evening? Father is going to preach,

you know," the minister's fair daugh ter asked. The young man considered. "Um! The last time I went he rath-

that without laughing."

er fell on some of my small failings. Do you know what his text will be tonight?" "Yes; 'Love one another.' "

He regarded the round pink cheek approvingly. "Suppose," he suggested softly, "that while we sit here and practice?"-Lip-

Not Perfect.

pincott's.

A horse dealer was showing a horse to a prospective buyer. After running him back and forward for a few minutes he stopped and said to the buyer: "What do you think of his coat? Isn't he a dandy?

The buyer, noticing that the horse had the heaves, replied, "Yes, I like to smoke."-Chicago News. his coat all right, but I don't like his pants."-London Tit-Bits.

Shop Talk. "If we didn't have to give back any change think of the money we mer-

chants would make." "We all have our troubles," said the magazine publisher. "Sometimes it frets me to have to print any reading matter, but I suppose it must be done.

-Kansas City Journal.

The Ago of Competition. "How high is his temperature, doc-

"Well, he's closely crowding the rec-"Fine!"-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is generally more profitable to recken up our defects than to beget of our attrinments.-Carlyle.

What He Heard. John is his name, and he lives in are not necessary. Now, John has a wife who is not as charitable as she might be, and she has a woman friend who has domestic troubles of her own and therefore can and does sympathize with John's wife. Just what time it was when John came in the other morning deponent knoweth not, but certainly it was no sort of time for a married man to be getting home, and his wife told him so, though he knew it perfectly well without being told.

Next morning after John had gone to his office his wife called up the other woman on the telephone and told about John. The other woman was all sympathy, and what the two had to say about the kind of husband John was was more than plenty. In the thick of it a friend of John's got on the wire-not intentionally, of course, for he thought John was a model, but he got there, and it sounded good enough to him to stay and listen. But not for long. Presently he coughed, and there was a sudden silence.

"Who's that?" inquired John's wife. "It's John," responded the friend and hung up the receiver.-New York

The Waste of the Wind.

Every one who wants a cheap motive force has tried to harness the wind. Every child has made a paper propeller or a windmill. But can it be said that the possible uses of the wind have been as arduously investigated as such recently discovered forces as steam and electricity and gases? Is it not conceivable that the practical uses of the wind are underestimated just

because they are so familiar? We cannot help thinking that the wind will be more variously employed some day in the same way that probably the problem of laying under contribution the great physical fact of the tides will be solved. One would think that the wind could be used for electric lighting, yet there is no practical apparatus for the purpose. True, the wind is variable and occasionally absent, but as electricity can be stored one might suppose that this was the very case in which variability did not particularly matter.-London Specta-

The Clever Shoe Clerk.

At the cost of considerable time and labor one high grade shoe house is bound to protect its goods. On a rainy day a woman wearing wet shoes went in to buy rubbers. The clerk measyour razor dull, your hair stand up, ured the width and length of her shoes, removed them and brought a new pair of the same size to try on. Visions of a depleted pocketbook caused her to exclaim. "But I don't want new shoes, only rubbers!"

"I understand," said the clerk. "I am only slipping these shoes on to fit the rubbers over. It soils the inside of a rubber to slip it on over a wet shoe. Then if it doesn't fit and the customer doesn't take it it is spoiled for the next customer."

"And the outcome of that experi-ence was," said the woman, "that I bought the shoes as well as the rubnames, Clement Vautel says: "When bers and had them sent home C. O. D. the boy is old enough to understand Maybe that was what he was working

> Oddest of Queer Fishes. A queer fish that does not swim is as the "frogfish." It lives in that vast

mass of floating gulfweed called the Sargasso sea, in mid-Atlantic. Its pectoral fins are so modified and developed as to resemble arms, and it uses them for clinging to the weed. Very gaudily colored, it changes its bues to match the aquatic vegetation sellles one broiling bot day I saw a by which it is surrounded, and when

> the latter decays and turns brown it The fish lays its eggs in a jelly-like mass, which, absorbing a great quantity of water, becomes three times as big as the mother fish herself, assuming the form of a narrow raft three or four feet long and two to four inches wide.-New York World.

I never saw a braver man than Parnell. The story of his downfall is one of the most pathetic in history. There is a rumor that Captain O'Shea said to Gambetta: "What are we going to do with Parnell? He is getting to be a great danger to the country." And Gambetta replied, "Set a woman on his track." And the woman, instead we let the old gentleman go preach, of betraying him, fell in love with this patriot, and that was his undoing .-'Recollections of Mrs. T. P. O'Connor."

To Discourage Him.

"George," said her husband's wife, "I don't believe you have smoked one of those cigars I gave you on your

"That's right, my dear," replied his wife's husband. "I'm going to keep them until our Willie wants to learn

Confused. "She hasn't any confidence in her husband, has she?" "No. She caught him telling the

truth the other day, and now she can't

dope him out at all."-Toledo Blade. All Right, Perhaps. Patient Father-Dearle, baby's enting my glove now. Is it all right?

Dearie (from above)-Oh, quite all right-(pause)-you're sure it's yours?

Got It Right. New Reporter-The auto turned terrapin, and- City Editor-You mean turned turtle. New Reporter-Well, it was a high priced machine.-Judge.

The superior man has neither anxi ety nor fear.-Confucius.

Making a Major. John Esten Cooke, who went into Newburg. Further personal details the war as an enlisted man in a Richmond battery, was soon afterward appointed an officer on the staff of Gen Mr. George Cary Eggleston says in "Recollections of a Varied Life," he distinguished himself by a certain laughing nonchalance under fire and by his eager readiness to undertake Stuart's most perilous missions.

It was in recognition of some spe cially daring service of that kind that Stuart gave him his promotion. The delightful way in which the great boyish southerner did it is best told in Mr. Eggleston's own words.

"You're about my size, Cooke," Stuart said, "but you're not so broad in

the chest." "Yes, I am," answered Cooke. "Let's see if you are," said Stuart,

taking off his coat as if for a boxing match. "Try that on." Cooke donned the coat with its three

stars on the collar and found it a fit. "Cut off two of the stars," Stuart commanded, "and wear the coat to Richmond. Tell the people in the war department to make you a major and send you back to me in a hurry. I'll need you tomorrow."

How It Feels to Be Run Over. "When I was run over," writes a correspondent, "I had not seen the car approaching. The first thing I knew was that I was on the ground, kicking Office : Opposite Court House, upward with my legs in an effort to get from under the car. Then I felt a wheel going over my chest, which bent as it passed over. In the intervening second or two I went through several minutes' worth of feelings. I had the sensations of astonishment at being on the ground, of wanting to roll aside and away, of bracing myselfand my chest especially-stiff to resist something, whatever it might be, while a lightning flash of fear was dimly there and a subconscious query, 'What on earth next?' Yet it was hardly fear, because there was no time for such a durable sensation. It was rather a sense of being suddenly confronted with a grave reality, of doubtful, obscurely terrible import." - London Chronicle.

Origin of Coal.

Coal is of vegetable origin. When vegetable matter accumulates under water it undergoes a slow process of decomposition, giving off its nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen and some carbon, the result of which if carried far enough is the formation of a mass of carbon. Peat, found often in swampy tracts, is the first stage in the coal forming process, and the further stages are formed by the burial of these vegetable deposits under great loads of sediment, where they become subject to pressure and sometimes to heat. This effects a series of changes, consolidation and loss of oxygen and gives a series of products whose na ture depends on the degree to which the original vegetable matter has been changed. The products are known as lignite, bituminous coal and anthracite

Mixing His Dates.

there is a story of a man who was so transported with joy as he stood up at the altar rail to be married that his thoughts reverted to a day when he stood up at the prisoner's bar in a court of justice to plead "guilty" or "not guilty" to a criminal charge. Se powerfully did that, the most painful event of his life, obtrude itself upon his mind that when the clergyman put the question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" and so on, the poor distracted bridegroom answered with startling distinctness, "Not guilty, so help me!"-From Tuckerman's "Personal Recollections."

A Stubborn Opening. The head of the household was going through her husband's pockets the

"What kept you out so late last uight?" she suddenly demanded. "It was the opening of the campaign, my dear," the lesser half replied. "Well, it didn't take three cork-

screws to open it, did it?" And she drew the offending articles from his side pocket and waved them before him.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Riot of Ink.

Canon Nicholl used to tell how on one occasion he had visited the famous house of the Thrales in that suburb of London where Dr. Johnson was at home. "Johnson," said the canon in recalling his visit, "had occupied two rooms, and these were left as he last ised them. The sight was an extraordinary one, for ink was splashed all over the floor and even on the walls. It was one of the doctor's habits to dip his pen in ink and then shake it."

Teaching the Teacher. Teacher-Johnny, what part of speech is 'nose? Johnny-'Tisn't any. Teacher-Ah, but it must be. Johnny-Maybe yours is, because you talk through it, but the only part of speech I've got is my mouth.

Same Old Story.

"Does he pay his allmony promptly?" "No. He has to be urged and threatened every pay day; but, then, of course, I got used to that when we were living together."--Cleveland Plain

Masquine Perversity. Men are funny creatures to cater for. A woman will buy the things she wants, but a man will only buy the things he needs.-Exchange.

When the fight begins within himself man's worth something.-Browning.

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