

**OLD NEWSPAPERS.**

**Their Usefulness is Not Gone Just Because You Have Read Them.**  
The mere fact that moths cannot read is no reason why they should devour newspapers, but they do nevertheless. It isn't exactly the newspaper or its editorial policy that moths dislike. It's the ink used in printing the type that makes the moths stay away. That is why, in the absence of mothproof bags and cedar chests, some housewives pack their furs and woollens away wrapped in newspapers at the end of the winter season and find that is a satisfactory way of preserving them against the ravages of moths. There is nothing better than old newspapers for use under the carpets for the same reason.

Old newspapers have many other uses as well. Wet in water they serve to clean out the stove splendidly. Crushed newspapers are excellent to clean lamp chimneys. They can even be used for an iron holder for an emergency.

Newspapers dipped in lamp oil are useful for cleaning windows. Irons not much soiled can be rubbed on old newspapers and thus made fit for use. Dipped in lamp oil they are splendid to rub the outside of the dishpan. They keep it bright and shining. Torn in shreds, slightly dampened and scattered over the carpet, they keep down dust when sweeping. They clean the sink of its grease and sediment. Nothing is better, for the greasy paper can be at once burned after use.

Many times folded newspapers will serve as a mat to stand hot and blackened pots or kettles on and save soiling the kitchen table. The kitchen stove is kept bright after the cooking of each meal with old papers, and this saves many polishings.

**LIFE BUOY AND OAR.**

**Putting on the One and Supporting Yourself With the Other.**

Very few persons know how to get into a life buoy, and, as in this uncertain world one never knows when one may need to make use of a buoy in real earnest, a little practice might prove of great value in an emergency.

Now, when the buoy is thrown into the water the temptation is to try to lift it over one's head and shoulders or to dive through it. This, however, is impossible. The correct thing is to grasp the two sides of the buoy with fingers of the hands uppermost, lower yourself under the buoy and come up through the center, then rest your arms upon the sides, and you will be comfortably supported as long as it is necessary.

More often than otherwise, in case of accident, a life buoy is not at hand. In such an event an oar may be used as a substitute. Now, there is some little art in saving oneself by this means, for an average sized scull is not buoyant enough to support a person if grasped as the first impulse would direct.

There is only one way in which the oar will support a human being. It must be ridden like a hobbyhorse. The haft is put between the legs and the blade allowed to project above the surface of the water in front of one. By this means the head is kept well above the water.—Pearson's Magazine.

**Feeling For Death.**

For a week the self appointed guide to the blind on their daily walks had noticed that the two men who were her special charges felt carefully of the wall on either side of the door of the asylum when passing in and out. Since she was there to lead them, that precaution seemed not at all necessary, and she finally asked their reason for it.

"I am looking for craps on the door," one old man told her. "They don't like to let us know here in the asylum when any one dies for fear of making us feel bad, but they put craps on the door, and by feeling for it when we pass in and out we can find out for ourselves when one of us has gone."—New York Press.

**How Fielding Spelled His Name.**

The Fieldings are an ancient race, and the Denbigh earldom dates from 1622. By the way, there is a funny story as regards the family name and its spelling. The author of "Tom Jones" was one of the race, and when Lord Denbigh said to his relative: "Why don't you spell your name 'Fielding' as the rest of us do and not 'Fielding'?"

The writer made answer, "Because I am the first of the family who learned to spell."—London Gentlewoman.

**African Giants.**

There are many giants in Africa nine feet high. Some of them weigh 300 pounds and are strong enough to kill a panther at one blow. Perhaps you think such big fellows must be clumsy, but they are not. They can run faster than any horse, springing twelve to fourteen feet at a leap. This all sounds like a fairy story, but not so when you hear that these African giants are—striches.

**In New York.**

"The woman across the hall from me is dead."  
"How did you find that out?"  
"Why, I happened to see it in the paper."—Life.

**Beginning Young.**

Parent—Is my boy precocious, do you think? School Principal—Very. He told the teacher he had been sitting up with a sick friend.—Puck.

Sincerity is the basis of all true friendship. Without sincerity it is like a ship without ballast.

**PLAYING A WITNESS.**

**Methods of Two Famous Cross Examiners of the Irish Bar.**

Two famous cross examiners at the Irish bar, says Francis L. Wellman in "The Art of Cross Examination," were Sergeant Sullivan, afterward master of the rolls in Ireland, and Sergeant Armstrong. Barry O'Brien in his "Life of Lord Russell" describes their methods with perjured witnesses.

"Sullivan," he says, "approached the witness quite in a friendly way, seeming to be an impartial inquirer seeking information, looked surprised at what the witness said, appeared even grateful for the additional light thrown on the case."

"Ah, indeed! Well, as you have said so much perhaps you can help us a little further. Well, really, my lord, this is a very intelligent man."

"So playing the witness with caution and skill, drawing him stealthily on, keeping him completely in the dark about the real point of attack, the 'little sergeant' waited until the man was in the meshes and then flew at him and shook him as a terrier would a rat."

"The big sergeant (Armstrong) had more humor and more power, but less dexterity and resource. His great weapon was ridicule. He laughed at the witness and made everybody else laugh. The witness got confused and lost his temper, and then Armstrong pounded him like a champion in the ring."

**LONDON STREET CRIES.**

**They Must Have Made the City a Babel in Olden Days.**

London must have been a lively city in the days when the street crier joined in competition with the bell of the postman and the mufin man. The boy who goes round the streets with the early morning cry of "Hot rolls!" still lingers in the outer suburbs, but the old street crier has long been silent in the land.

Some of the ancient cries have been collected by Frederick W. Hackwood in his book, "The Good Old Times." They include "Cherry Ripe, O!" "Baking or Boiling Apples;" "Green hasting" (these were early peas); "Lavender, sweet lavender, six bunches a penny," or perhaps "Rabbits, wild rabbits," and when there was a good catch of fish it might be "Mackerel, O!" or "Herrings, alive, all alive!"

"Some of the cries," writes Mr. Hackwood, "would sound strange to the ear now, as 'Bandboxes,' 'Baskets,' 'Buy a broom,' 'Hair brooms,' 'Hot spiced gingerbread,' 'Brick dust,' 'Sand, O!' 'Bellows to mend,' 'Chairs to mend,' 'Bill of the play.' More familiar perhaps were 'Old clothes,' 'Cats and dogs' meat' and 'Dust O!'"

"Now we are reduced to little more than the shriek and howl which are supposed to represent milk and coals."—London Chronicle.

**Deceived by a Cloud.**

The instinct of animals is sometimes supposed to be more infallible than human reason, but a scientist's observations of the katydid rather contradict that opinion. The katydid, with its musical membranes, produces two distinct "songs," one peculiar to the night and familiar to everybody, the other a daytime tune, which is rather a rasp than a melody. According to the scientist mentioned, it is sometimes quite comical to hear the singers suddenly change their tune when a dark cloud obscures the sun, immediately resuming their daytime song when it has passed. This recalls the hens that go to roost during a solar eclipse.

**The Chatham Chest.**

Carefully preserved at Greenwich (England) hospital is the famous Chatham chest. It is a great box curiously wrought, its iron body being crossed and recrossed by strengthening bands of steel. It was the nearest approach the artificers of Elizabeth's age ever made to the modern iron safe and was worked with special care, since it was the repository of the funds of the great naval charity. In 1683 it was felt that something should be done for England's disabled sailors who had so nobly upheld her prestige on the sea against practically the whole world. So the Chatham chest was instituted.

**Strictly Business.**

"To whom do you wish to make your benefit certificate payable?" asked the officer of the fraternal order.  
"To my sweetheart," said the candidate for initiation.  
"According to the laws of our order you'll have to marry her first."

"Say, hold up this initiation about fifteen minutes and I'll go and attend to that."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

**Wonderful Financing.**

First Sport—Dickson is a wonderful financier.  
Second Sport—How?  
First Sport—He borrowed a nickel from me this morning to take him up town to see a man that he could borrow \$5 from, and with that \$5 he blew off another man that he borrowed \$50 from.

**An Old Delusion.**

Father of the Fair One—How can you possibly think of marrying my daughter? You say that by the strictest economy you can save only \$10 a month! Poor but Worthy Post—Oh, yes, but if we both save it will be \$20!—Neggendorfer Blatter.

**Base Ingratitude.**

Father (to his son, a doctor)—If this isn't the limit! I pay all that money for you to study medicine, and the first thing you do is to cut me off my drink.—Fliegende Blatter.

**Slaves of the Russian Passport.**

A peasant leaves his home to seek for work as a field laborer wherever he can find work to do, and, like every Russian, male and female, he takes his passport with him, which is quite as much a part of him as his soul is. It is always a half yearly passport, which he must renew at the end of six months, sending it home in a registered letter to an official at his native place and inclosing the legal fee and something over for the trouble. The time of renewal draws near; the workman gets a demand for a new passport. Through official neglect or other reason the passport fails to come in time. The honest workman, who is earning his bread in the sweat of his brow and by the practice perhaps of exceptional sobriety is trying to earn a pittance for his family, is arrested suddenly and sent home—that is, is flung into a forwarding prison, whence he emerges to join a convict party, which contain the cream of criminality, and is made to suffer torments before he gets home. When he arrives he gets his passport and is a free agent—once more a loyal subject.—E. B. Lanin.

**Fixing Up the Horse.**

If you had a highly intelligent thoroughbred horse to which you were greatly attached, what would you do for him in order to bring him to the highest point of efficiency?

Would you teach him, at great inconvenience and after many repetitions, to smoke from ten to fifteen cigars a day, and would you mix with his oats all the way from a pint to a quart of alcohol? Would you re-enforce this by overloading his stomach with highly spiced food and add all the narcotics that were in the market, such as tea, coffee, etc.? Would you keep him in a heated stable without any fresh air, make him sit up at all hours of the night and permit all the veterinarians in the neighborhood to hold consultations and operate upon him as often as they needed the money?  
And if you did all this, what sort of a race would you expect that horse to win?—Life.

**Ancient Football.**

Philip Stubbes wrote in 1583 in his book on "The Anatomie of Abuses:"

"For as concerning football I protest unto you it may rather be called a friendly kinde of fight than a play of recreation; a bloody and murdering practice than a felowly sports of pastyme. For dooth not every one eye in waight for his Adverserie, seeking to overthrow him and to picke him on his nose, though it be on hard stones, so that by this meanes sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their arms, sometimes one part thrust out of joint, sometimes another; sometimes the noses gush out with blood, sometimes their eyes start out—fighting, brawling, contention, quarrel picking, murther, homicide and great effusion of blood, as experience dayly teacheth"

**Relics of the Incas.**

The Inca period has left us remarkable traces, especially in the magnificent roads. Broad, beautiful turnpikes, now only partially preserved, run for a distance of over 2,000 miles from the coast to the plateau and the foot of the highest peaks. We marvel at the skill of the Inca engineers, especially in the magnificent stairways hewn in the rock, in the filling up of deep ravines, in the paving with ponderous flags. In several places have been found the remains of a former asphalt covering to these roads. At certain intervals are found the ruins of custom houses and laid out grounds and fortifications, of which the most interesting specimen is the fortress of Cuzco, built about the year 1000, and plundered and destroyed by Pizarro in 1543.—Century Path.

**The Club.**

An exclusive dining society in London is the one bearing the arrogant title the Club, which since its foundation has been limited to thirty-five members. Johnson, Burke, Reynolds and Goldsmith were among the original members. Garrick and Boswell joined in 1773 and Gibbon and Fox in 1774. Of the eighteen premiers in the nineteenth century until were members of the club, Fox, Liverpool, Canning, Russell, Aberdeen, Gladstone, Salisbury, Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour.—London Spectator.

**The Orator's Fate.**

"Some orators," said Senator Sarghram reflectively, "make me think of our parrot."  
"The one whose head you chopped off?"  
"Yes. He had to take all the blame for what somebody else insisted on his saying."—Washington Star.

**Asking Too Much.**

"My dear," said Mr. Clarkson, "I don't want you to think I have any desire to criticise you for the way you manage, but really we must try to live within our income."  
"Within our income? Goodness! And be regarded by everybody in our set as eccentric?"—Judge.

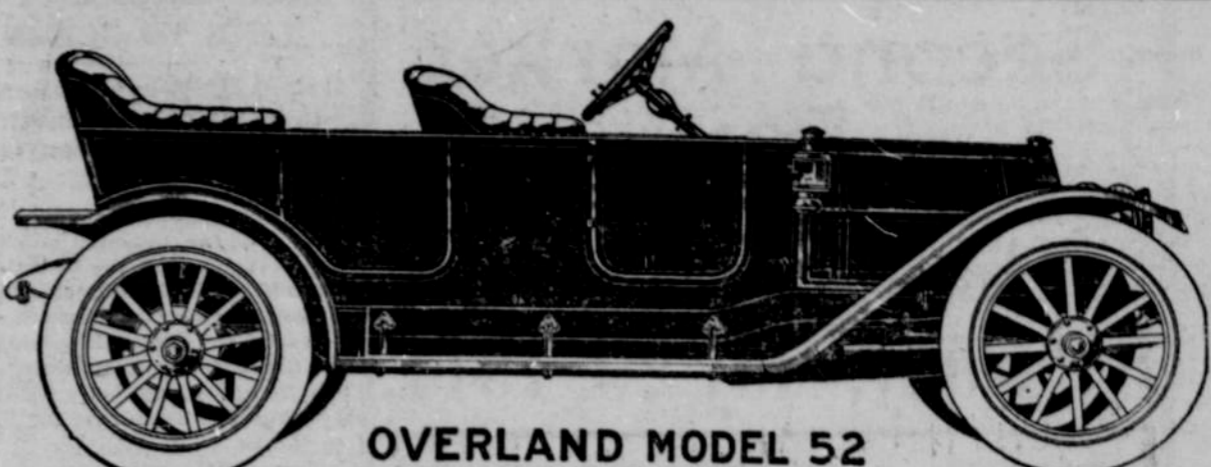
**Doubled Her Capacity.**

"Mrs. Garber fell downstairs and bit her tongue in two."  
"I feel sorry for her husband. She was a terror when she had only one tongue!"

**Vice Versa.**

Teacher—I would like some one in the class to define the meaning of vice versa. Bright Boy—It's sleeping with your feet toward the head of the bed.

Good deeds ring clear through heaven like a bell.—Bichter.



**OVERLAND MODEL 52 WITH FORE DOORS**

A guarantee on Tires, Springs and Car. This car for \$1,750.00, 40 horse power, 4 doors, top and glass front. The easiest riding car in this or any other town. Other cars selling from \$775 and up.

Come and take a ride before buying.

**A. K. CASE, Agent.**

**Resolutions of Condolence.**

Whereas, one of the members of our N. Y. P. class, Mr. Fred Minick, is in sorrow on account of the sudden death of his father; and has been compelled to leave us for a time. Be it therefore resolved that we as a class hereby extend to him our sincere sympathy and hope that he may be sustained, kept and comforted by the Grace of God.

And that as a class we wish to assure him of our love and sympathy in his bereavement.

Be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be printed in the Tillamook City newspapers.

(EDGAR MUNSON, WHITMAN LAMB, ESTHER LOWRY, (Committee.)

**Ship By the Anvil.**

The Twin Screw ship Anvil is now making regular runs to this port from Portland, with passengers and freight.

She is under good clean management, and the patronage of the public is solicited, and courteous treatment will be shown to one and all. Have your shipments consigned care Str. Anvil, Albers Dock No. 3, Corland, Ore. For information inquire of D. L. Shrode, Tillamook, Or

**It Startled The World.**

when the astounding claims were first made for Bucklen's Arnica Salve, but forty years of wonderful cures have proved them true, and everywhere it is now known as the best salve on earth for Burns, Boils, Scalds, Sores and Piles. Only 25c at Chas. I. Clough's.

J. M. Howell, a popular druggist of Greensburg, Ky., says, "We use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in our own household and know it is excellent." For sale by Lamar's Drug Store.

**Cattle to Pasture.**

Wanted, cattle to pasture at the Netarts sand spit. Enquire of Hodgdon Bros., Fairview.

**FAMILY RECIPES.**

The valued family recipes for cough and cold cure, liniments, tonics and other remedies have as careful attention here as the most intricate prescriptions.

Our fresh, high grade drugs will help to make these remedies more effective than ever.

Right prices are also assured.

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- Dry Granulated Sugar, per sack . . . 5.00
- Extra C. Sugar, per sack . . . 5.00
- Leach's Best Lard, 10 lb. pail . . . 1.80
- Leach's Best Lard, 5 lb. pail . . . .90
- Diamond "C" Lard, 10 lb. pail . . . 1.50
- Diamond "C" Lard, 5 lb. pail . . . .80
- Rex Lard, 10 lb. pail . . . . 1.35
- Rex Lard, 5 lb. pail . . . . .70
- Cottolene, 4 lb. pail . . . . .60
- Cottolene, 10 lb. pail . . . . 1.50
- Breakfast Bacon, Rex per lb. . . . .22
- Breakfast Bacon, C.B. per lb. . . . .20
- Heavy Bacon, per lb . . . . .16 1/2c.
- Snow Drift Flour, per bbl. . . . . 5.40
- Light House Flour, per bbl. . . . . 5.00
- Elaine Coal Oil, per case . . . . . 2.90

**The Ray Feed Co.**  
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**The Reliable Route Steamer**

**"Sue H. Elmore"**  
(CAPT. P. SCHRADER)

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