

WON A SPANKING

The Woman Who Played Bridge a Trifle Too Well.

SHE CHEATED HER FRIENDS.

And When Her Daring and Heartless Rapacity in Fleecing the Ladies of Her Set Became Unbearable Something Startling Happened.

The vicissitudes of a woman who played bridge well, but not too wisely, and who suffered personal chastisement at a country house, are described by "Elizabeth of H."

Her consistent winning, it is said, was greatly commented on, and many a hint was thrown out as to the lady's fairness at the bridge tables. Two ladies of title who had been staying at a certain country house first detected this petite madam deliberately cheating. Naturally they avoided playing with her again, and what follows really sounds far more like fiction than plain fact, and yet it is absolutely true.

It so happened that these three ladies again met at another house party. The two honest dames avoided so far as possible playing at the other one's table. They congratulated themselves and (in the secrecy of confidential bedroom chats at night) each other on the deftness with which they had managed to hold aloof from the cheating one and her play and at the same time prevent their host and hostess from noting the fact. One night, however, their wrath rose at the sight of the distress this unscrupulous little person was causing a young girl who was her opponent. The two wise ladies watched the small, innocent seeming dame cheat time after time and win.

The girl was very unsophisticated. She continued playing, although her face grew white and drawn, for she was losing more than she could afford. Several times she attempted to leave the table, but each time the other three players persuaded her to play on. At length the game ended, and the girl stood up the loser of a sum that ran well into three figures. Like a thorough little sportsman, she made no outcry about her losses, but the other two—the lookers-on—knew what they meant to her. They knew the girl, and they knew her family, a great though not a wealthy one, one which even in these censorious days no scandal had heretofore touched.

After the girl had left the room and gone to bed the two who knew hastily held a secret consultation, with the result that they invited little madam to the room of one of them for a midnight chat. She was flattered at the invitation and readily accepted.

Both of them accompanied her to the room of the one guest whose rooms lay farthest from those of the other members of the house party, and something very, very like the following took place:

"You are a cheat," one haughtily contemptuous dame asserted as soon as the bedroom door was locked on their victim. "We, Lady Barbara and myself, have watched you on several occasions. For the sake of your poor, unfortunate husband's name we have remained silent, but tonight was too much. First of all, you will return to us all you have won from poor little Laura tonight and also give back to us her I. O. U.'s. We insist."

After a feeble and frightened protest the money was handed over, and the pieces of paper signed by the little dupe were quickly placed on the red-hot coals and burned to ashes.

"Now we will see that Laura receives the money which you fleeced her out of, and also we will guarantee that from us she will never learn the truth. No; you cannot go yet" (as the terrified little madam turned toward the door). "and it is useless your attempting to escape, for I have the key of the door. Painful as it is to us, we have determined to teach you a severe lesson. We are going to beat you. If you scream you may attract the attention of some other guests; if they come and demand an entrance they shall be admitted; if they inquire the reason of such drastic treatment we shall tell them the truth. I should advise you not to scream. Now, are you ready?" Without more ado one lady held the wriggling, sobbing small person, while the other administered a sound and well deserved whipping.

The little lady did not desert the house party; her two chastisers were sweetly amiable to her for the remainder of the visit, and to their delight and every one else's amazement, the cheat refused to play cards again during the remainder of her visit at that especial country house.—London Express.

Agreed.

"I have a very dear old housekeeper—she is aged, but she has been like a mother to me," said a solid citizen. "A little while ago I noticed that my silver shaving mug was slightly tarnished, and I asked the old lady to polish it for me. The next morning I found it shining like the sun. I completed my toilet and then went into the kitchen to thank her for her kindness."

"Mrs. Gorman," I said, "my mug looks a lot nicer this morning."

"It surely does, sir," she replied, glancing up at me. "You always look a lot better with a clean shave."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When you have an elephant on hand and he wants to run away, better let him run.—Lincoln.

SCIENCE IN BUSINESS.

The Way the Task and Bonus System Operates in a Factory.

The task and bonus system was introduced by me in the Bethlehem Steel works in 1901 as a means of affording substantial justice to the employee, while requiring him to conform to the best interests of his employer, says a writer in the Engineering Magazine. The employee was not told in a general way "to do better," but had a definite standard set for him and was shown how to reach that standard, for which he was awarded compensation in addition to his usual day's pay.

The system may be described in a general way as follows: A card is made out showing in detail the best method we can devise of performing each of the elementary operations on any piece of work, specifying the time needed for each of these operations as determined by experiments. The sum of these times is the total time needed to complete the piece of work. If a man follows his instructions and accomplishes all the work laid out for him as constituting his proper task for the day he is paid a definite bonus in addition to his day rate which he always gets. If, however, at the end of the day he has failed to accomplish all the work laid out he does not get his bonus, but simply his day rate. As the time for each detail operation is stated on the instruction card, the workman can continually see whether he is earning bonus or not. If he finds any operation which he cannot do in the time set he must at once report to his foreman, who must show him how to do it or report to the man who made out the instruction card. If the latter has made an error he must make out a new instruction card, explaining the proper method of working and allowing the proper time. If, however, the instructor contends that the work can be done in the time set he must show the workman how to do it.

COLORS AND VISION.

The Human Eye and the Mystery of Distinguishing Hues.

It is a curious fact that while there are seven colors in the rainbow—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet—only three of them are primary—red, green and violet. That is to say, these three appear to be simple colors, while all the others may be produced by various combinations of these three. Red and green combine in certain proportions to produce yellow. In a different proportion the two produce orange. Again, green and violet combine to produce blue. It is said all shades of color are merely different combinations of the three primaries.

In keeping with this fact some of the ablest writers have held that there are three nerves, and but three, in the human eye—one to respond to the color red, another to green and yet another to violet. Other authorities present a different explanation. In the eye of the frog in the act of seeing there is a visible chemical action. There is a chemical substance exuded or spread over the retina or interior of the eye of the frog, called purpurine because of its purple color. Under the action of light this substance bleaches white.

Many today believe that the human eye has truly but a single optic nerve, for surgeons seem able to find but one. They hold, however, that in our act of seeing a chemical substance is exuded or spread over this nerve and that this substance has three different constituents, one element in it responding to the color red, another to green and yet another to violet. These latter authorities dispense with the three special optic nerves by providing our eyes with a threefold chemical substance. The act of vision and its effect upon the brain are one of life's great mysteries.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He Was Wise.

"Now," said the intrepid explorer after he had shown the guileless native the inside workings of the brass watch and had noted his naive wonder at the mysteries of the mechanism, "I will let you have one of these for two tusks; then you can be the envy of the whole tribe."

The native gentleman yawned. "I traded a secondhand warclub for a bushel of those things when I was at the world's fair in St. Louis," said he, "and there was not one of them that ran for more than a week. Got any chewin' about your clothes?"—Indianapolis Journal.

An Odd Habit Among Rooks.

Among the odd habits of rooks is the way that members of the same rookery have of intermarrying generation after generation. The males always choose their wives from among their near neighbors, and if one should be so bold as to bring home to his rookery a bride from a distance the other rooks will invariably refuse to receive her and will force the pair to build some way off. In the neighborhood of big rookeries outlying nests of this kind may always be found.

Silent For Once.

"Did your wife jump on you when you got home late last night?"

"No. For once I was in luck. The people in the flat next door were having a spat, and my wife was busy listening."—Kansas City Journal.

Somewhat Wooden.

A popular soprano is said to have a voice of fine timbre, a willow figure, cherry lips, chestnut hair and hazel eyes. She must have been raised in the lumber regions.—Lippincott's.

Man cannot live exclusively by intelligence and self-love.—Merckley.

ELEPHANTS AS NURSES.

Children in India Often Cared For by the Big Brutes.

It is by no means uncommon in India for the children of a mahout to be cared for by the mahout's elephant. The whole family of the mahout become, as it were, parasites to the elephant by which they earn their living. Instances are not wanting of a mother's systematic placing of her baby in an elephant's care and within reach of its trunk while the mother goes to fetch water or to get wood or materials to cook the family meal.

No jackal or wolf would be likely to pick up and carry off a baby who was thus confided to the care of an elephant, but most people who have lived in the jungles know how very possible it is for a jackal or a wolf to carry off a baby when it is lying in a hut or when the mother is unprovided with means to fight off the marauder.

Children thus brought up in the companionship of an elephant become ridiculously familiar with the big pachyderm and take all kind of liberties with him—liberties which the elephant seems to endure on the principle that it does not hurt him, while it amuses the child. One may see a little native child, quite naked, about two feet high, standing on an elephant's bare back and taking it down to the water to bathe, vociferating all the time in most unbecoming terms of native abusive language. On arriving at the water the elephant, ostensibly in obedience to the child's command, lies down and enjoys himself, leaving just a portion of his body, like a small island, above the water. Upon this part of the elephant the child will stand and shout, shouting all the more if he has several companions of his own age also in charge of elephants, all wallowing in the water around him. If the child should slip off his island the elephant's trunk promptly replaces him in safety. These urchins as they grow up become first mates to mahouts and eventually arrive at the dignity of being mahouts.—New York Press.

FUN WITH ROYAL INITIALS.

A Pun That Pleased Victoria and One That Hit Albert Edward.

Caroline Fox in her memorials under date of May 24, 1837, Queen Victoria's birthday, jots down an egregious pun reported by her famous kinsman, Charles James Fox. "Uncle Charles dined with us today. He was delighted and dazzled by the display on the queen's day and mentioned a right merry quibble perpetrated by my Lord Albemarle, who on her majesty's saying, 'I wonder if my good people of London are as glad to see me as I am to see them?' pointed out as their immediate cockney answer to the query 'V. R.'"

Jokes run in cycles. Sixty-five years later Edward VII. was on the English throne. Sir Walter Parratt, professor of music at the University of Oxford, was practicing with part of his band in the music room at Windsor palace, where all the furniture was covered with sheets bearing the royal cipher. Suddenly he turned to the musicians and said, "We all know that the king is king, but why is he?" The men looked astounded, but said nothing. "Because E. R., of course," chuckled Sir Walter as he pointed to the initials around him.

A more humorous jest of this sort is found in the "Life of Richard H. Barham," author of the "Ingoldsby Legends." On the night of Jan. 25, 1842, the late king of England was christened Albert Edward. Barham, going out to see the illumination and observing in almost every window the initials A. E., heard some one say (most likely it was himself, "Ah, he'll make acquaintance with the other three vowels before he comes of age!"—New York Tribune.

Mean Advice.

Old Gent—On the eve of your marriage let me give you a piece of advice. Remember when your wife's next birthday comes and give her a handsome present.

Young Man—Yes, of course. "Give her the best your pocket can buy every birthday, but at Christmas, New Year's and such times give her only inexpensive little tokens. Form that habit."

"Yes, but why?"

"It will pay."

"I presume so."

"Yes. In a few years you can begin to forget the birthdays and she won't say a word."—New York Weekly.

Fully Informed.

"Is this Mr. Walsingham's office?" asked the gentlemanly solicitor as he paused before the dignified old man who sat at the only desk in the room.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you Mr. Walsingham?"

"No. I'm just an inquisitive young scamp who has come in to paw over his papers, read his private correspondence and smoke a cigar that I have taken out of his vest pocket."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Needed a Bookkeeper.

Golfer (who has at last holed out)—How many is that, seventeen or eighteen? Superior Caddie (wearily)—I dinna ken. Golfer—What! Haven't you been counting? Superior Caddie—Mon, as fer counting, it's no a caddie yer wantin'; it's a clerk!—London Answers.

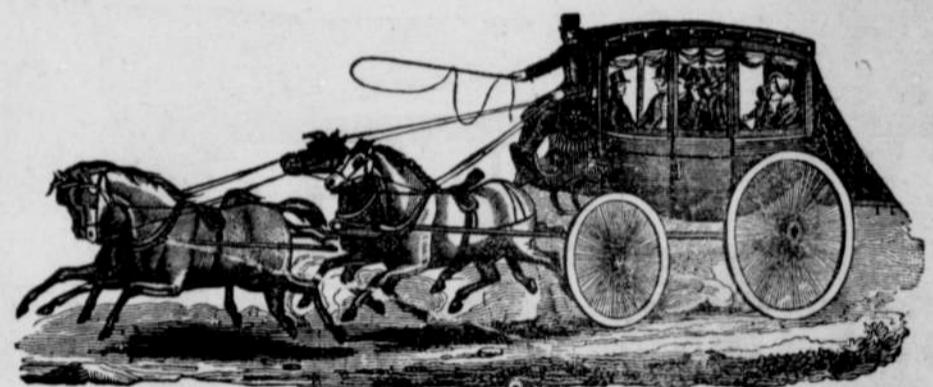
Sharter and Uglier Word. Solicitor (cross examining)—Now, didn't you tell the prisoner that you doubted his veracity? Witness—No; I merely told 'im 'is was a bloomin' liar.—London M. A. P.

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