

DEAD SEA WATER.

Density is More Than Double That of the Red Sea.

The Dead sea contains 23 per cent of solid matter and is bulk for bulk heavier than the human body.

Many believe that it is impossible to swim in this sea, and even in Jerusalem ridiculous fables are told as to the impossibility of bathing there and that no animals or vegetation can exist near its shores.

As far as swimming is concerned, the excessive buoyancy of the water simply renders it difficult to make much headway, but a swim is both feasible and enjoyable. Care should be taken, however, not to let the water get into the eyes.

Indeed, did Palestine belong to any power but Turkey probably the northern shore of the Dead sea would be a popular bathing station. No doubt the chloride of magnesia which enters so largely into the composition of the water would be found to have medicinal and curative properties.

Perhaps a better idea of the density of the water of this inland sea may be realized from the following statistics: In a ton of water from the Caspian sea there are eleven pounds of salt; in the Baltic, eighteen pounds; in the Black sea, twenty-six pounds; in the Atlantic, thirty-one pounds; in the English channel, seventy-two pounds; in the Mediterranean, eighty-five pounds; in the Red sea, ninety-three pounds; in the Dead sea, 187 pounds.—World's Work.

JOHN BANISTER.

An English Violinist Who Won Fame in the Seventeenth Century.

Public concerts owe their direct encouragement to John Banister, who had won fame by his playing on the violin and who succeeded the celebrated Baltzar as leader of Charles II's band of twenty-four violins. Fezzi, in an entry in his diary for February, 1667, tells us the court gossip of the day—"how the king's violin Banister is mad that the king hath a Frenchman come to be chief of some part of the king's musique."

Banister's concerts at the close of the year 1672 were advertised in the London Gazette as follows: "These are to give notice that at Mr. John Banister's house (now called the musick school), over against the George tavern in White Fryers, the present Monday will be musick performed by excellent masters, beginning precisely at 4 of the clock in the afternoon, and every afternoon for the future precisely at the same hour."

Four years later on we read again, "At the academy in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields will begin the first part of the parley of instruments, composed by Mr. John Banister." The admission was at this time as a rule a shilling, and these concerts seem to have been held pretty regularly down to within a short time of Banister's death, which took place in 1679.—London Graphic.

The Peanut.

The common peanut originally came probably from tropical America. Peanuts were introduced into the United States in the days of the colonies. Botanically the peanut belongs to the same group of plants as beans and peas, but the peanut matures its fruit not under the surface of the soil, but above ground, as do most other leguminous plants. Properly speaking, the peanut is a pea rather than a nut, the term "nut" having been added on account of its flavor, which is similar in that of many of the true nuts. The peanut is known under the local names of goober, goober pea, pindar, groundpea and groundnut.

Reasonable Request.

"Ladies and gentlemen," appealingly said the village handy man, advancing to the front of the stage and addressing the few patient persons who remained to witness the beautiful drama, "The Mad Miller's Daughter," written by the hamlet's distinguished authoress and presented by the talent performers. "I am requested by the members of the company to ask you to remain until the close of the play. In the next act, which I can only assure you is the last, the villain gets his due and is slain with a sword, and we want witnesses."

They Might Do Worse.

A German proprietor of a Brooklyn delicatessen store has got far from alone to pun in English. A headline in the New York Sun reports that in the window of the little delicatessen this advertisement: "The best you can do is to buy our..."

A Borrower.

"Dinguss any occupation?" inquired Dinguss.
"No," said Shadbolt. "He's a son of a gun."
"For what?"
"For unsecured loans."—Chicago News.

A Surprised Poet.

"What is the matter, dear? Why do they published your poem?"
"Yes, that's all right, but they're actually selling the paper at a price as though there was nothing wrong in it."—London Tit-Bits.

Chickled With a Feather.

"I never knew any one who could be chickled with a feather as my wife," said the man.
"Is she?"
"No, but this was an ostrich feather bought at a bargain sale."—Philadelphia Ledger.

TALE OF A NAIL.

The Queer Way in Which a Crime Was Brought to Light.

Dr. John Donne, the famous English divine and poet, who lived in the reign of James I., was a veritable Sherlock Holmes. One of his famous exploits was as follows: He was walking in the churchyard while a grave was being dug, when the sexton cast up a moldering skull. The doctor idly took it up and in handling it found a headless nail driven into it.

This he managed to take out and conceal in his handkerchief. It was evident to him that murder had been done. He questioned the sexton and learned that the skull was probably that of a certain man who was the proprietor of a brandy shop and was a drunkard, being found dead in bed one morning after a night in which he had drunk two quarts of brandy.

"Had he a wife?" asked the doctor.
"Yes."
"What character does she bear?"
"She bore a very good character, only the neighbors gossiped because she married the day after her husband's funeral. She still lives here." The doctor soon called on the woman.

He asked for and received the particulars of the death of her husband. Suddenly opening his handkerchief, he showed her the telltale nail, asking in a loud voice, "Madame, do you know this nail?" The woman was so surprised that she confessed, was tried and executed.—London Tit-Bits.

ART OF JUGGLING.

A Means of Recreation For the Sedentary or Bedridden.

Speaking of conjuring, the allied art of juggling is one of the most amusing and valuable of diversions, especially to the sedentary. Many physicians become expert in juggling, but it is to their patients that it is most useful.

The bedridden, if they retain the use of their hands, may beguile many a weary hour in learning to keep three or four tennis balls in the air at once and in balancing sticks and other simple objects on the forefinger or on the chin.

For the brain worker who does not care for walking there is no better recreation. It has often occurred to us that in cases where there is any reason to fear some form of paralysis the educating of disused cerebral, cerebellar and spinal centers by the rapid and complex movements required in juggling might serve to act as an efficient preventive.

We do not wish to claim too much for manual education of this kind, but we may point out that it tends to perfect nervous poise and that no juggling trick can be properly done if the performer indulges in dissipation even so mild as beer and cigarettes.—American Medicine.

Talking to the Doctor.

While making some professional calls in a sparsely settled district I came upon a little plump, rosy cheeked girl trudging toward home with her slate and dinner pail in her hand. I asked her to ride with me. I could see that she was a very timid child, and efforts to engage her in conversation were unavailing. She would meekly answer "Yes" or "No," but not another word would she speak.

A few weeks later I was called to the little girl's home to attend another member of the family for a slight ailment. When about to leave the mother spoke up smilingly and said: "Do you remember my little girl riding with you a few weeks ago? Well, when she got home she said, 'Mamma, I rode from school with the doctor, and he kept talking with me and talking with me, and I just didn't know what to do, for you know doctors charge you when you talk with them, and I didn't have any money.'"—National Monthly.

A Story of Longfellow.

In Longfellow's journal, in which he chronicled daily things that came under his observation, he notes that upon a certain occasion he attended a church where the minister took as his subject "Progress." He was very flattered when the latter quoted about half of the "Psalm of Life." After repeating the verses the minister said, "I could never read that poem without feeling the inspiration with which it was written." To this incident Longfellow adds: "But I had the conceit taken out of me on the evening of that day, when I happened to meet a lady at Prescott's and in our conversation she referred to the sermon in the morning and added, 'He quoted some beautiful verses, but nobody knew from whence came the quotations.'"

Wanted to Come Back.

"You won't make any mistake in buying this car, Mr. Juggins," said the agent. "It is the best in the market. There isn't any come-back to our output."
"Then I don't want it," retorted Juggins. "There wasn't any come-back to the last car I had, and I had to walk back. Haven't you anything you can show me with a few return attachments?"—Harper's Weekly.

Domestic Economy.

Husband—Excuse me, dear, but don't you cook much more for dinner than we can use?
Wife—Of course! If I didn't how could I economize by "utilizing leftover dishes?"—Toledo Blade.

If You Have Money.

"That fellow Gotrox is a multimillionaire. He has more money than brains."
"Well, what does he want with brains?"—New York Times.

TOMBS OF SAND.

Cape Cod's Treacherous Shoals and the Prey They Grip.

Secrets of the sands of Cape Cod are constantly being disclosed by the sea. In the many storm tides that flood the desolate beaches the hulks of staunch ships lost along the coast on the half hundred miles of beaches between Monomoy at Chatham and Wood End at Provincetown are frequently exhumed from tombs of sand.

Sometimes a wreck appears that has been buried a century or more, as in the case a few years ago of the bones of the British frigate Somerset, whose timbers of oak were disclosed to view back of Provincetown, near the life saving station in Dead Men's Hollow. The Somerset was lost on Peaked Hill bars Nov. 2 or 3, 1778.

Once a vessel is gripped by the sands the process of entombing her goes on with great rapidity, the craft appearing to sink steadily in the yielding beach. All around the doomed vessel the sand piles up in great drifts, like snow. Every crevice of the hull is quickly filled. The sand rises in a solid barrier outside it and flows about it as the tides flood the shelving beaches. Finally it sweeps over the wreck, and the process of entombing goes on until the entombed craft is covered many feet deep.—Boston Globe.

SURE TO BE MISSED.

A Famous Cook's Lament on the Death of His Royal Master.

The most successful book that was published by William Harrison Ainsworth during his first year of business, says Mr. S. M. Ellis in his biography of the English author and publisher, was the cookbook. It was "The French Cook," by Louis Eustache Ude, "the Gil Bias of the kitchen."

This unique study of the culinary art brought in a handsome sum to the astute young publisher who had purchased the copyright, and the book was in the hands of every gourmet in London.

Ude had been chef of Louis XVI., of Mme. Letizia Bonaparte and then of the Earl of Sefton, at a salary of 300 guineas a year. At another time he presided over the culinary department of the Crockfords, but his favorite master was Frederick, duke of York. When the royal gormand died his bereaved chef pathetically ejaculated: "Ah, mon pauvre duc, how much you will miss me, wherever you are gone to!"

Odd Word Survivals.

Far away back in the days when the English language was in its infancy there were poets who wrote of the blossoms on the trees in the spring. They didn't write "blossom," however, but used the word "blow" and made it rhyme with snow and flow. When they wished to sing of the beautiful mass of apple or hawthorn flowers they called it the "blowth." This word is found in the dictionaries, which assert that it is obsolete, but it is very much alive in Rockingham county, N. H., and York county, Me. The orchardist thereabouts speaks of a "full blowth" or "light blowth" on his trees in May and predicts a good or poor "set" of the fruit in consequence. "Orts" are supposed to be refuse of some kind, but in the valley where the Piscataqua river mingles with the sea "orts" is the name for "swill."—Exchange.

Tricking the Bobby.

A Dublin eccentric a short time ago entered a purveyor's shop and bought a ham. Having paid for his purchase, he requested that it should be hung outside the shop door, saying that he would call back for it. The customer then paced up and down outside the shop till a policeman came in sight, and just as the man in blue caught his eye he grabbed the ham and bolted. The constable, however, soon collected the thief, as he thought, and hauled him back to the shop. Having explained the nature of the alleged crime to the shop assistant, he asked the latter to charge the offender.

"But," said the assistant as he realized the joke, "it's his own ham. He was quite at liberty to take it in any circumstances he chose."—London Answers.

Weatherwise Birds and Fish.

The seagull makes a splendid living barometer. If a covey of seagulls fly seaward early in the morning sailors and fishermen know that the day will be fine and the wind fair, but if the birds keep inland, though there be no haze hanging out toward the sea, to denote unpleasant weather. Interested folk know that the elements will be unfavorable. Of all weatherwise fish the dolphin is the most remarkable. During a fierce gale or a storm at sea the mariner knows that the end of it is near if he can see a dolphin or a number of that fish sporting on the high sea waves.

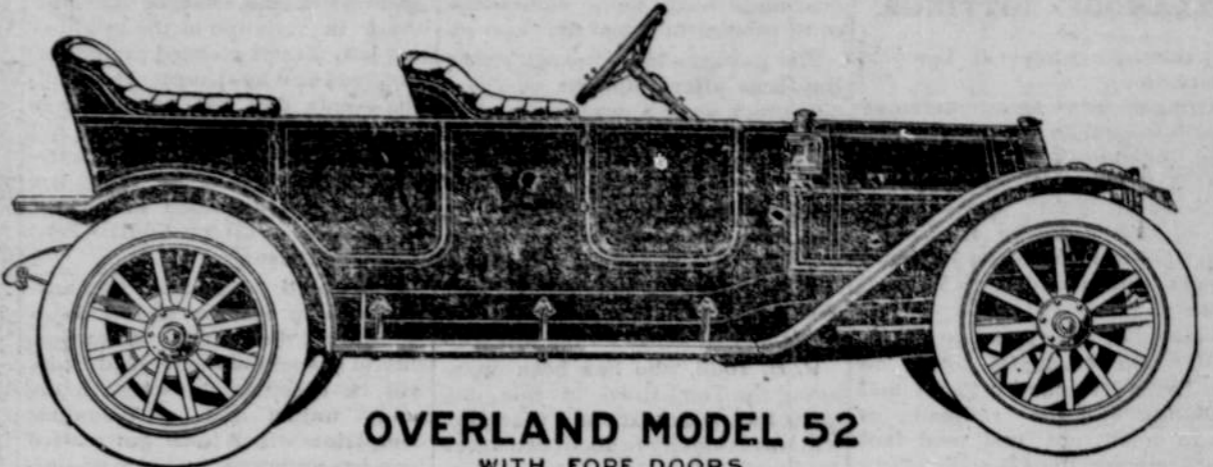
Faith Destroyed.

"I'll never believe in phrenology again."
"Why?"
"We had a phrenologist in our house the other night and got him to feel the cook's head. He said her bump of destruction was small."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Easy.

"Women," remarked the grocer, "are not hard to please."
"So?" interrogated the bachelor.
"Yes," continued the grocer. "All you have to do is to let them have their own way."—Chicago News.

That which comes after ever conforms to that which has gone before.—Marcus Aurelius.



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Vote of Condolence.
Whereas, it has pleased Our Almighty Father to take from the family of our members, Harry Oscar and Miss Emma Swenson, a loving sister,
Therefore, be it resolved, That we, the members of the Invincible Literary Society, extend this testimonial of our sincere sympathy to the above named members and their family in this their bereavement and
Be it further resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the Tillamook papers.
E. G. Munson,
I. Honey,
E. J. Clausen,
Committee.

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