

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Even the World's Most Ancient Book Laments That They Have Fled.

A priceless manuscript of eighteen ages, found in an Egyptian monument and published in facsimile in France about the year 1847, is thought to be the oldest book in the world. Procured at Thebes by Prisme Aveunes and presented by him to the national library at Paris, it is usually called the "Papyrus Prisme," from the name of the donor. As the manuscript was found in a monument of the eleventh dynasty, it must be anterior to the shepherd kings and therefore older by many centuries than the time of Moses—older even than the late usually assigned to Abraham—and so of all existing books it would be the most ancient. The words of every page, though believed to have been written 4,000 years ago, are as lucidly black to this day and in a bold, round hand.

By a curious irony this echo from the very childhood of the world laments the good old times that had passed away. The author, who was a prince of the royal blood, gives warning to the young and declares that the words of ancient wisdom should be the daily food of children and grown men alike. Humility and obedience he makes to be the foundation of all virtue.—Christian Science Monitor.

PATTI STOOD PAT.

The Diva Wouldn't Cut Her Rates, but Suggested an Alteration.

Patti once was waited upon at her hotel by a famous minstrel magnate, Colonel J. H. Haverly, whose ambition had been aroused to secure the diva for a concert tour under his direction. Madame received him most graciously, and the two began discussing the details.

"May I ask your terms for fifty nights, Mme. Patti?" Haverly asked.

"For concert or for opera?" the diva asked.

"For concert," Haverly replied.

"Four thousand a night, or \$200,000 for fifty nights, one-half to be deposited on signing the contract," was Patti's deliberate response.

Haverly tried to appear composed, but it was too much of an effort.

"Two hundred thousand for fifty nights! Heavens, madame, that is just four times as much as we pay our president of the United States!" he cried.

"Well," the diva answered, "why don't you get the president to sing for you?"

Haverly fled.—Robert Grau in Musical America.

Seeing is Doubting.
"Seeing is believing, eh?" said an oculist. "Well, no saw was ever more absurd than that. You see a horse's head and a flour barrel, and you believe the barrel is longer than the horse's head, don't you? Well, it isn't. The horse's head from the tip of his ears to the end of his nose is longer than the barrel by a considerable distance. Architects have to deceive the eye in order to make it appear that their buildings are symmetrical. They make walls lean in that they may appear vertical. They make windows wider at the top. They make columns thicker in the middle than at the summit or base. And the top lines of a building, in order to appear plumb to the silly eye of man, must be raised up quite a lot in the center.

"Seeing is believing, indeed!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Apple Pie Without Apple.
A guest at an old-fashioned home dinner was eulogizing apple pie and her hostess when another guest, who had been a California pioneer, recalled the "apple" pie given the children of 1852 to appease their homesick cravings when apples were a dollar a pound. It was made by breaking four soda crackers into an earthen bowl and pouring over them a pint of cold water rendered very tart by citric acid. When soft the crackers were laid on a pie plate on the undercrust. Over them were sifted two tablespoonfuls of light brown sugar and a little allspice and cinnamon. A pretty perforated top crust was added, and in a few minutes a perfect apple pie was taken from the oven to delight young and old.—New York Sun.

The Difference in Speed.
The professor of shorthand in a local business college adduced this unanswerable argument in an address to a new class the other day:

"We are told that it took Gray, author of the well known 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' seven years to write that famous poem. If he had known stenography he could have done it in seven minutes. We have graduates who have done that same poem in that length of time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Would Indeed.
"What's this word, pa?" asked Willie, pointing it out in his book.

"Phenomenon," replied pa.

"Well, what is that?"

"That, my son, is exactly what you would be if you never disturbed your father with questions."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Disappointed.
Mr. X.—Oh, I've been doing quite a round of calls, and I've been so unfortunate! Mrs. X.—What, everybody out? Mr. X.—No; everybody in!—London Opinion.

Imagination causes more aches and pains than all other ailments.—Bacon.

FRIED POTATOES.

Sold on the Streets From Pushcarts in Parts of France.

The street vending of pommes frites, or French fried potatoes, is peculiar to the northern part of France. Pommes frites take the place of peanuts and popcorn and are sold in much the same fashion. Not only is this trade carried on in some instances as a regularly established business, but workmen wishing to increase their earnings come out on the streets in the evening and sell these fried potatoes from pushcarts. Their profits often exceed their day's wages.

The pushcarts are of the ordinary type, but covered. A coke brazier is inserted through the flooring, over which is placed the large iron caldron holding the fat obtained from beef suet. Raw potatoes, after being pared, are pressed through a special cutting machine, coming out in long, narrow, four sided pieces. These are immediately put into the boiling fat and in several minutes are thoroughly cooked. They are then salted and sold in small paper cornucopias holding 1 or 2 cents' worth.

Pommes frites have the advantage that they supply a satisfying and nutritive meal for a few cents. This is especially appreciated by the mill employees during the noon hour, as they are thus enabled to have something hot with their otherwise cold lunches. Rather than go to the trouble of preparing the dish, to say nothing of filling the house with the odor of boiling fat, many families prefer to purchase the freshly cooked tubers from the nearest vender. These fried potatoes are not sold merely at mealtimes, but during the day, and are eaten like popcorn.—Consular Reports.

BULL ANTS OF AFRICA.

Elephants, Lions and Even Man Himself Flee From Them in Terror.

In the vast equatorial forests of Africa the most dreaded of animals is the great bull ant. Unlike other ants, it carries nothing away; everything is eaten on the spot. Every kind of beast and reptile—elephants, lions, gorillas, snakes and man himself—flees before this terrible insect.

These ants march through the forests in a long thin column, two inches wide and miles in length. If they come to an open space where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun they burrow underground and form tunnels, through which they march on. It often takes as long as twelve hours for one of these armies to pass.

Any creature overtaken is at once attacked with irresistible fury and instantly devoured. The strongest and the weakest, the most fierce and the most timid of creatures are alike their prey.

Natives overtaken by them seek refuge in the nearest river or pond. Yet even when the ants themselves are drowned their strong pliers refuse to relax their hold upon any flesh they may have attached themselves to, and, though their bodies are torn forcibly away, their heads remain.

Certain barbarous tribes, when a man is condemned for witchcraft, fasten him to a tree and leave him to the ants. When they have passed a skeleton alone is left to tell the tale.—Pearson's.

Spoiled Her Romance.

I was blessed with a romantic brain, and a quiet, even state of things could not satisfy me for long. So the thought suddenly entered my head to have my husband madly in love with me. One evening as we were promenading the bank of the Vistula, under those venerable trees which shaded the less sophisticated loves of the beautiful Marie d'Arquia, I brought round the conversation to sentiment. I maintained that no happiness was possible on this earth except in a reciprocal attachment, both lively and enduring. My husband, after listening to me indulgently for a little while, looked at his watch, called my attention to the lateness of the hour, observed that our cousins were becoming very tiresome and that it was time to go in!—From Countess Potocka's Memoirs.

Explained in Italian.

A woman approached a policeman on Fourth avenue the other day and said, pointing to a wisened, forlorn looking Italian, "This man has asked me the way to Fourteenth street, but I can't make him understand how to get there."

"Sure, I'll explain to him in Italian," said the policeman. "Look-a-here, Michael-a, you walk a right on-a this street-a two block-a till-a you come-a to a beeg-a, wide street-a, and that is eet."

"Grazie!" acknowledged the Italian gratefully. "Me find-a beem!"—New York Press.

The Sensitive Jester.

"De Woose seemed to get mad because I didn't laugh at that wessened joke of his."

"Humor him when you can. You see, De Woose is the sort of humorist that expects somebody to smash the bass drum every time he chortles a pun."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Time and Money.

The counterfeiter was in prison for ten years.

"What are you doing here?" asked a visitor.

"Passing time."

"Ah! What for?"

"Passing money." And the visitor passed on.

Virtue is like a rich stone—best plain set.—Bacon.

STOPPING A NOSEBLEED.

By This Method It is Simply a Matter of Imagination.

In many experiments carried on during the last few years it has been ascertained that the mind controls to a wonderful extent the flow of blood to any particular part of the body. The following experiment has been tried as many as ten times by me and has not failed once.

When the nose starts to bleed, immediately persuade yourself to believe that you are running with all your might up the steepest flight of steps you can think of or up a high hill; that is, just think of doing either of these things and doing it fast. Think at the same time that you are carrying a heavy piece of baggage with both hands and add thoughts of any other bodily exertion. You will be surprised at the quickness with which your trouble ends.

The explanation is that when we really start to run more blood is given to the arteries supplying the muscles of the legs than they were receiving while at rest. This has been proved. As the same thoughts in the mind produce approximately the same bodily effects, if one merely thinks to run, but does not run, the blood will go to the legs anyhow and away from the head, as desired.

There are many common experiences of secretions started by thoughts. If one looks at a lemon and thinks of sucking it his mouth immediately waters, and I have no doubt that many people who read this will have their mouths watering from the simple reading.—Lawrence Hodges in Chicago Record-Herald.

BUFFALO TONGUES.

The Blackfoot Indians Used to Turn Them into Hairbrushes.

"Walrus whisker toothpicks and buffalo tongue hairbrushes!" the explorer cried.

And he displayed a packet of black toothpicks tied with a strip of red rawhide and a flat black hairbrush that seemed molded out of rubber.

"These two articles," said the explorer, "are of strictly native manufacture—native American manufacture. Take the toothpicks first. They are made by the Indians of Alaska. The Indians, whenever they kill a walrus, pluck from his face his long and stiff whiskers, cure them and ship them to the Chinese. At every fashionable Chinese dinner you will see the stately mandarins between each course picking their teeth with these walrus whisker toothpicks.

"It's the Blackfoot Indians who use buffalo tongue hairbrushes. A buffalo's tongue is rough. The spines on it make very good hairbrush bristles. And these bristles in a Blackfoot brush don't come out, for the Blackfoot simply skins his buffalo tongue, cuts it in hairbrush shape, cures it, and there you are.

Every Blackfoot in the past had his buffalo hairbrush. But those days are gone—gone with the buffalo herds—and where in the fifties you could buy a good buffalo tongue brush on the plains for a ladle of puppy dog stew I doubt if you could get one now for a keg of firewater."—Washington Post.

When Empress Eugenie Was Young.

I was so lost in admiration of this wonderful Empress Eugenie that in dancing in the royal quadrille with the Russian consul I forgot to make the usual steps. Everything was symmetrically perfect in her, the slender, graceful figure with the beautifully modeled shoulders, which were enhanced by the white dress she wore, profusely embroidered with pearls and silver. Her exquisite shape attracted me perhaps even more than did the classically beautiful head, with the noble regular features and the auburn hair, upon which sparkled a royal diadem. Her charming smile bewitched me as much as did the few friendly words she addressed to me in her melodious voice.—Princess von Racowitz's Autobiography.

The Torpedo Fish.

The torpedo fish, known to scientists as the Torpedo electricus, are the electric catfish of the Nile. They can give an electric shock similar to that of an electric Leyden jar. This is useful to the fish in stunning prey and in confounding their enemies. This shock, like any other electricity, may be conducted through a metallic substance and is often unpleasant, though not dangerous. It is conveyed through an iron spear or knife, so that the person holding either of these implements may receive a shock when it comes in contact with the fish.—St. Nicholas.

Giving Them Their Due.

"It was simply a question of veracity between us," said the oldest inhabitant. "He said I was a liar, and I said he was one."

"Humph!" rejoined the village postmaster. "That's the first time I ever heard of either of you telling the truth."—London Mail.

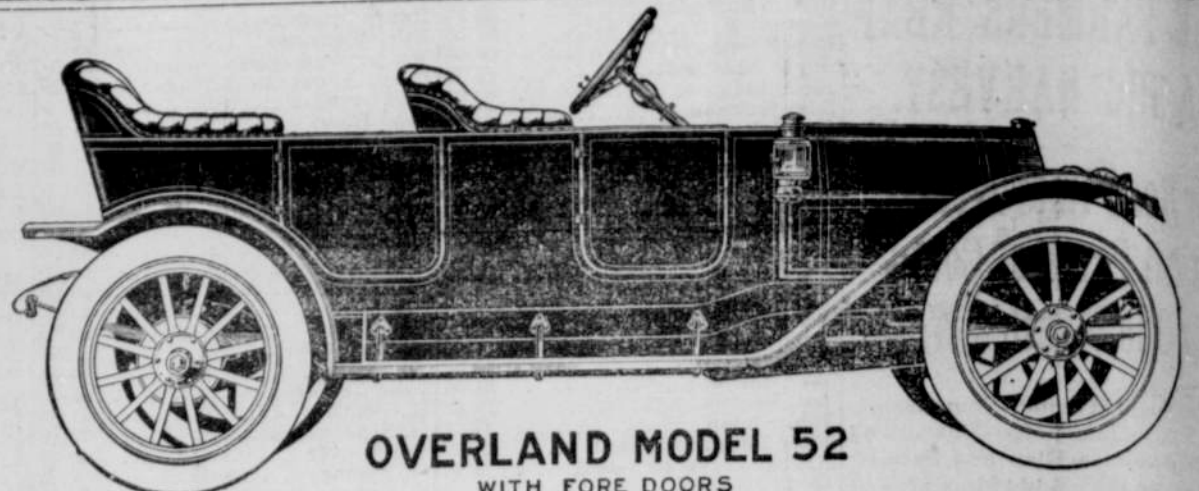
Their Views of It.

He—Did you see the pensive expression on her face when I told her she didn't look any older than her daughter? She—No; I was looking at the expression on her daughter's face.—Detroit Free Press.

When He Buys Chips.

It isn't always patriotism that prompts a man's interest in the red white and blue. Sometimes it's poker.—Philadelphia Record.

Distinction is the consequence, never the object, of a great mind.—Washington Allston.

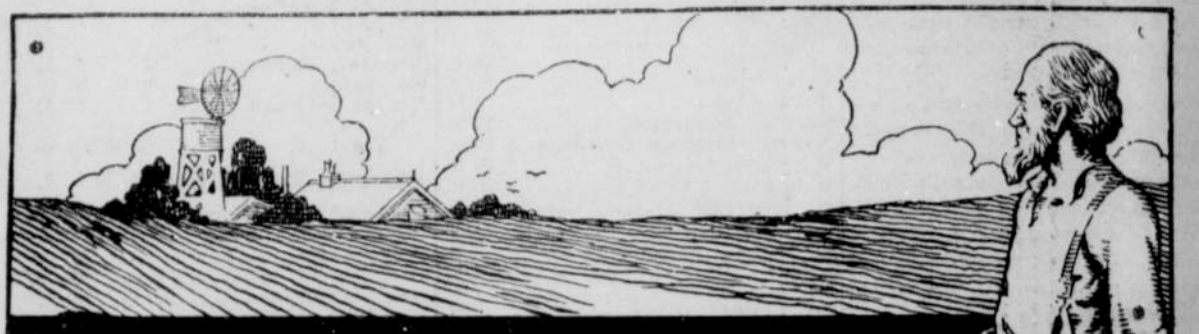


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