

VICTIMS OF HUMOR.

Proctor Knott and "Sunset" Cox bewailed their funny tags. The late Proctor Knott seems to be remembered chiefly as the author of the facetious Duluth speech, says the New York World. Yet he was a great lawyer, and as chairman of the house committee on the judiciary he had to do with serious and vastly important affairs. Mr. Knott's single appearance as a humorist fixed his reputation for all time, and no amount of profoundly serious work could change it. Samuel S. Cox had a similar experience with greater reason, for in early life he had cultivated the risibles quite devotedly. Mr. Knott lived long enough to perceive that he was to be identified not with learning or public service, but with an oratorical exaggeration, and Mr. Cox found in his maturity that the speakership, the goal of his career, was denied him because it was no place for a funny man. Although never a humorist, Proctor Knott accomplished something with satire and irony in which most men fail. He made himself understood, everybody knew that he was joking, nobody ever demanded an explanation of his remarks on Duluth or a retraction or an apology. From that viewpoint, therefore, he was one of the successful men of his generation.

MARK ANTONY'S TRICK.

Worked Like a Charm Till Cleopatra Learned the Secret. According to Plutarch, Cleopatra was a votary of the piscatorial art, and she keenly did the rivalry between her and Antony that he resorted to the meanest artifices to insure victory. Mortified and irritated by the queen's superiority, he engaged divers to take live fish and place them in his hook. This was done so expertly that he pulled up fish after fish in rapid succession. Learning in some way the secret of his sudden success, Cleopatra pretended to congratulate him and to admire his dexterity, and at the same time she devised a cunning means of revenge. Another match was arranged, and the fishing began in the presence of a large company of friends. Antony had a bite and pulled up a large salted fish to his great disgust and amid the loud laughter of all present. The secret was out; Antony's tricks were exposed, and once more woman's wit had proved too much for man's ingenuity. A diver, specially instructed by the queen, had got the start of Antony's and attached the salt fish to his hook.—Mathews in "Angling."

The Yellowstone Wonders. Dr. Arnold Hague shows that there is a strong contrast between the general conditions connected with the geysers of Iceland and those of the Yellowstone park. Volcanic eruptions may be said geologically to be still going on in Iceland, while in the Yellowstone such action ceased many thousands of years ago. The Yellowstone phenomena as seen today represent a phase in the evolution of thermal springs. The tendency of a geyser is to develop a hot surface pool, after which explosive action may cease and the geyser, as such, become extinct, but this is a very slow process. Dr. Hague rejects the idea that the cessation of activity in a geyser indicates the dissipation of the original force of heat and ascribes it simply to a shifting of the channel of the ascending waters.

Money in the Laundry. Three little heaps of silver and copper coin lay on the laundryman's counter. "That is money that I have just and tied in the corners of custom-made handkerchiefs," he said. "It is money that with all the purses and bags manufactured for the accommodation of women so many of you will still tie their money up in a handkerchief. Sending it to the laundry is funnier still. Every day we get out a little pile of unsuspected wealth, and many a careless customer has her laundry back with nearly enough money in the package to pay her bill."—New York Sun.

Protected Against Boredom. To save himself from loss of time caused by callers who are a long time in coming to the point, a Paris stationery has had put on his office a card bearing the words: "Be good as to abstain from speaking your health or the weather or the usual quotations, three subjects which I am perfectly well acquainted. Start at once on the matter which brings you here."—London Telegraph.

Philip's Reminder. Philip, father of Alexander, had a servant whose sole business it was to remind him that he was human. It was accordingly that he never went to the house and, having returned, he gave audience to any one without first this servant would say to him in a loud voice, "Philip, you are a man but a man!"

Awfully Agonizing. He told me my operation would be absolutely painless. "And wasn't it?" "Yes, it cost me a hundred dollars!"—Boston Post.

Reduced Rate. "Please, mister, a dime for a blind man. Old Gentleman—But he's only blind in one eye. Beggar right, make it a nickel then.—Change.

The price of true success is patient. Never give up until you have every means to attain your end.

A CITY IN THE SEA.

Ruins of an Ancient Town on the Bed of the Adriatic. Near Rovigo, on the peninsula of Istria, in the Adriatic sea, the ruins of a large town are said to exist at the bottom of the sea. It had been observed for some years that fishermen's nets were sometimes entangled in what appeared to be masses of masonry, of which fragments were brought up from the sea bed, says the Pall Mall Gazette. A diver declared that he had seen walls and streets below the water. The city authorities decided to investigate. They sent down a diver, who, at the depth of 851 feet, found himself surrounded on the bottom of the sea by the ruined walls, undoubtedly the work of man. Continuing his explorations, he traced the line of walls and was able to distinguish how the streets were laid out. He did not see any doors or window openings, for they were hidden by masses of seaweed and incrustations. He traced the masonry for a distance of 100 feet, where he had to stop, as his diving cord did not permit him to go farther. Some people think that they identify this lost town with the island mentioned by Pliny the elder under the name of Cissa, near Istria. This island cannot be found now, and it is thought the submerged town may have been a settlement on the island that so mysteriously disappeared.

LIGHT REFLECTION.

The Reason Why Foam Always Appears White in Color. When water or liquid of any color is violently agitated small bubbles of air are mixed up, with it, and thus foam is formed, and its whiteness is due to the fact that when light passes from one medium to another of a different refractive index it is always reflected, and this reflection may be so often repeated as to render the mixture impervious to light. It is, then, this frequency of the reflections of the limiting surfaces of air and water that renders foam opaque, and as each particle reflects light in all directions so much light is reflected that the mixture appears white. To a similar cause is due the whiteness of transparent bodies when crushed to powder. The separate particles transmit light freely, but the reflections at their surfaces are so numerous that the resulting effect is white. Thus glass when crushed is a white powder and is opaque, but when it is put under water it once more becomes transparent, because the water fills up the interstices between the particles and the reflections are destroyed. Salt and snow are also common examples of this condition.

How Roots Penetrate Hard Ground. The extreme tips of a delicate root are protected by a sheath set with minute scales, which as it is worn away by friction against the soil is constantly replaced, so that it acts as a wedge and the root thread is carried down uninjured. Another aid to penetration lies in the provision whereby the root as it pushes downward in search of nourishment exercises a slightly spiral, screwlike motion which worms its tip into the ground. Another important agent is the acid cell sap, which exudes on to and dissolves to some extent the rock or hard soil. This may be tested by placing a small piece of polished marble in a pot in which a plant is set and covering it with earth. After some weeks the marble will be found to have been corroded by the continuous action of this acid.

Why the Spider Was There. When Mark Twain in his early days was editor of a Missouri paper a superstitious subscriber wrote to him saying that he had found a spider in his paper and asking him whether that was a sign of good luck or bad. The humorist wrote him this answer and printed it: "Old subscriber—Finding a spider in your paper was neither good luck nor bad luck for you. The spider was merely looking over our paper to see which merchant is not advertising, so that he can go to that store, spin his web across the door and lead a life of undisturbed peace ever afterward."

Nursery Windows. If the nursery window is not protected by outside bars hammer a large screw or nail into the groove of the lower sash, so that the window cannot be raised more than six inches. If the top sash is drawn down this is quite enough for ventilation, and, no matter how ingenious or venturesome the little ones may be, they cannot wriggle through the lower opening.—Philadelphia Press.

Maybe Mary Was Too Sedate. Mrs. Nuwed—Mary, for dinner I think we'll have boiled mutton with caper sauce. Are there any capers in the house? Mary—No, ma'am. Mrs. Nuwed—Then go out in the garden and cut some.—Harvard Lampoon.

Putting in a Sting. Maud—Jack is telling around that you are worth your weight in gold. Ethel—The foolish boy. Who is he telling it to? Maud—His creditors.—Denver Times.

How He Escaped. "What do you think. A fellow stole a drum from the orchestra yesterday." "Did he get off?" "Yes, saw a cop coming and beat it."—Exchange.

Let us be kind if we wish to be regretted.—Pierre Loti.

NAPOLEON LOVED SNUFF.

And He Pinched the Boxes as Well as the Pungent Duct. Napoleon loved snuff; not only on the battlefield, but at home in the council, he had recourse to the dust, especially when his schemes were unfavorably received and he wished to hide his uneasiness or impatience. Unable to sit still in his elbow chair, he would try in a thousand ways to divert attention from himself, and among other devices, as soon as he saw a member's eye fixed on him would hold out his arm and shake his thumb and forefinger, to signify that he wished for a pinch of snuff. Not less than four, and even six, snuffboxes appeared in this manner during a single sitting, and it was not till he had left the council chamber that he became aware of the larceny. So confirmed was this habit that some of the councilors, whose snuffboxes were heirlooms or presents from foreign princes, hit upon the expedient of carrying cheap papier mache or wooden boxes for the emperor to pocket. The snuffboxes, however, always returned to their owners and in doing so were often found to have undergone a very pleasant metamorphosis. By some necromancy a wooden or tortoise shell box, on coming out from the imperial pocket, was usually transformed into one of gold, set around with diamonds, or bearing the emperor's miniature on the lid.—William Matthews, "Hours With Men and Books."

NOISY BUTTERFLIES.

One Species Produces a Sound Like the Snap of a Whip. One does not think of butterflies as making any sounds, nor of caterpillars as noisy creatures, yet according to the late Samuel Hubbard Scudder in "Fossil Children of the Air," the careful student will find some use for his ears when observing the habits of both. Says the author: It is a fact that certain butterflies produce sound during certain movements. The "whip" butterfly when surprised makes a noise like the snap of a lash by opening and shutting its wings in quick succession. Some hibernating butterflies when disturbed make a faint hissing sound by slowly depressing and raising their wings. The noise thus produced resembles that made by blowing slowly through closed teeth. Other sounds resemble the friction of sandpaper. A large number of caterpillars make sound by striking the head against the leaf on which they are resting or by swinging the head from side to side, catching the mandibles in the roughness of the leaf or on the silken threads spun on it. It is said that a certain kind of chrysalis when disturbed emits a slight, sharp chirp or clicking noise.

A Hard Face. Bobby's papa, who is a naval officer, took him to call upon the family of a brother officer who had just returned from a cruise to the tropics. Among the treasures exhibited was a large red and blue parrot, whose appearance and conversational powers proved most fascinating to the little boy. While the grownups were engaged in talking over old times Bobby, left to his own devices, drew nearer to the parrot's cage, bent on making friends. Presently there was a squawk from the parrot and a little frightened cry from Bobby, who ran to his father, exhibiting a bleeding forefinger. The little man was brave, though, as he fitted the son of a sailor. He brushed away his tears and said: "Gee, papa, but that bird has a hard face!"—Harper's Magazine.

Tips to Travelers. Take a candle in your bag and a box of safety matches. When they are wanted you will be glad they were put in. The space required for them is small. A passenger on a steamer that was wrecked had a small candle, which enabled her to collect some of her most valuable possessions when the lights went out after the collision. Carry a few pens in your bag if you do not use a fountain pen. You will find that it is worth while, as the pens provided at some hotels and other public places are often so bad that it is impossible to use them with any satisfaction.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Test For Butter. Here is a test for butter so simple that any housewife can put it into successful practice: A clean piece of white paper is smeared with a little of the suspected butter. The paper is then rolled up and set on fire. If the butter is pure the smell of the burnt paper is rather pleasant, but the odor is distinctly tallowy if the "butter" is made up wholly or in part of animal fat.—Chicago News.

Butter in Pie. A bit of butter about the size of a large bean improves the filling of a lemon pie, making it richer and smoother. Sometimes as much as a spoonful is used. A Frenchman often adds a tiny bit of butter to a cherry pie, and an apple pie is also improved in the same way.

She Knew! Dentist (to old lady who wants tooth pulled)—Do you want gas, madam? Old Lady—Well, I should say so. I don't propose to stay in the dark with you or any other man.

Yes, indeed. Robbs—The average wife tells her husband everything she hears. Robbs—And a lot she doesn't.—Philadelphia Record.

SOUTH SEA FASHIONS.

The Dusky Native Belles Have Queer Ideas About Dress. It would be hard to find a spot where the subject of dress does not sway the feminine mind. To the world at large its observance causes either a great deal of pleasure or a good store of amusement. In the category of amusement may be placed the proceedings of the dusky belles described by Beatrice Grimshaw in her book, "In the Strange South Seas." A lace trimmed garment of mine, usually worn at night under the shelter of sheets and quilts, went to a Sunday morning church as a best dress in full daylight on the person of the laundress intrusted with my wash. The funny side was so conspicuous that she never got the reproof she deserved. A certain flower toque made of popples, a bloom unknown in the Pacific, first drove the women of the island half distracted with excitement, then led thirty-six native ladies to appear simultaneously at a dance wearing excellent copies of my Paris model done in double scarlet hibiscus from the bush. A wedding from which unfortunately I was absent furnished the finest display of native dress that took place that year. The bride wore fourteen silk dresses, not all at once, but one after another, changing her dress again and again during the reception until the white spectators were fairly giddy.

JOY IN THE SCHOOL.

How Infant Classes in Some Foreign Countries Are Handled. The man in the club had been talking politics with the school inspector until that gentleman declined to discuss the subject any more. "We'll talk about the youngsters themselves for a change," he said. "Do you know that both in France and Belgium reading, writing and arithmetic are being omitted from the subjects taught in infant schools? The children are simply taught to be happy instead. And when they bring their dinners to school the food has, under the official regulations, to be put into a basket, which must be labeled at the school and set on a special shelf in a clean, airy place. Fancy such regulations in England! Any old newspaper and any cupboard is good enough for our children. "In Germany toys are provided for play time, and all little children are compelled to bring clean pocket handkerchiefs to school, and they must have a bath once a week. "In Finland the tiniest children are taught to wash dolls, dust, sweep, look after flowers, and so on, and in some Japanese schools a resting room, with a bed, is provided, so that overtired children may have a nap!"—London Answers.

Bill and His Watch. "Bill, can you give me the correct time?" says one of Bill's friends. "Sure," says Bill, dragging out his watch. "My watch was just seven seconds slow at twenty minutes of 4 day before yesterday afternoon, and I don't believe it's varied more than a quarter of a second since. It's now twenty-two minutes and seven seconds past 5."

Caught Her Secret. Old Podkins lay back in his chair in calm content, and, though his wife was quite near him, he was happy, for she had not broken the silence for nearly five minutes. He had been married for five and twenty long years, and Mrs. Podkins almost daily during twenty-four of them had disturbed the domestic peace by a too full exercise of her tongue. "My dear," broke in Mrs. P., thinking it time she said something to interrupt the quiet. "I see by the papers that a petrified jaw two yards long has been found in Cornwall."

Painted Advice. There was a traveling man once who found himself short of funds. His first thought, of course, was to wire his firm, which he did. In a night letter he explained the situation and asked: "How shall I act?"

The Uplift. "Is she a help to her mother?" asked one woman. "Yes, indeed," replied the other. "She has taught her to say 'culinary art' instead of 'cooking.'"—Exchange.

The Division. He—So young March and his father are carrying on the business? She—Yes. The old man runs the business, while young March does the carrying on.—New York Globe.

The most changeable things in the world are the course of waters and the humor of women.—Pittacus.



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