

ANIMALS THAT COUNT.

Maggies, Rooks and Apes Can't Get Past the Number Four.

There are human beings, such as inhabitants of the Murray islands, in the strait of Torres, that cannot count further than two. But, most surprising still, most animals possess calculating abilities, and several have a distinct appreciation of number.

A close observer has definitely established the fact that magpies and rooks cannot count further than four. A rook never returns to its nest until it is quite satisfied that there is no danger near.

Similarly apes do not count further than four, and the Boers of the Transvaal when they want to hunt these animals hide in numbers exceeding four.

FIRST PRINTER'S DEVIL.

He Was a Young Negro Slave Employed by Aldus Manutius.

Aldus Manutius, who in 1488 set up his office in Venice, has long been famous as the first of the publishers of the modern classic, which today are so highly prized by book collectors.

He is also said to be responsible for the name of "printer's devil," almost worldwide in its application to the youngest boy in the office.

"I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the holy church and the doge, have this day made public exposure of the printer's devil. All who think he is not flesh and blood may come and prick him."

Don't Call It Slang.

A Cleveland man who has lived for a number of years recently got it into his head that he might die one of these days and that it would be well if he wrote his autobiography early that sad event occurred, as one might say.

"Who's B Jones?" came the reply. "B Jones, you know—B Jones of East Umph street, whose autobiography you are publishing. Ah—I'm a little short this week. Could you let me have something in advance?"

Split Infinitives.

To sometimes in an emergency or when laboring under a great mental stress split an infinitive may be excusable, but to deliberately or wantonly or with malice prepense tear its parts asunder or to cruelly divorce the helpless and dependent "to" from her verbal spouse is severely condemned by purists.

A Fighting Chance.

"So you think the author of this play will live, do you?" remarked the tourist. "Yes," replied the manager of the Frozen Dog Opera House. "He's got a five mile start, and I don't think the boys kin catch him."

Including the Wedding Fee.

Mrs. Chubb (with newspaper)—I see several persons are petitioning to have their names changed. What does it cost to have a name changed? Mr. Chubb—It cost me a couple of hundred to have your name changed to mine.—Boston Transcript.

A Remedy.

Lodger—I wish you would put a better mattress on my bed. Landlady—Better mattress? Why, that is a genuine hair mattress! Lodger—Oh, that being the case, perhaps a bottle of hair restorer is all that's necessary.—London Tribuna.

When death consents to let us live a long time it takes successively as hostages all those we have loved.—Mime Necker.

HORSE TAILS.

We Import Them From All Over the World and Also Export Them.

An item that seemed odd in the manifest of a steamer lately arrived from Japanese and Chinese ports was this in the list of her cargo from Tientsin: Fifty-five cases of horse tails.

As a matter of fact, horse tails or the hair thereof are a common article of importation into this country from China and from pretty much every other country on earth.

From various causes the supply of horse tails, like that of anything else, may be in one country and another vary from year to year, and there may be years when the world's supply is short and years when it is plentiful.

Horse tail hairs are sorted for length and colors, and they are used either alone or mixed with other fibers in the manufacture of various sorts of brushes and mixed with other materials in the manufacture of haircloth.—New York Sun.

A VERSE FOR THE BEGGAR.

Victor Hugo's Response to the Old Blind Soldier's Appeal.

A Frenchman, writing recently upon "The Mendicants of Paris," recalls a pretty anecdote of Victor Hugo and a blind beggar. The beggar was an old soldier, very feeble and quite sightless, who was led every day by his little granddaughter to a certain street corner, where he waited patiently for such scanty arms as the hurrying public might drop into a small box that hung from his neck.

One day a group of gentlemen halted near him, chatting, and he heard the name by which they called the one who lingered longest. Reaching forward as he, too, was about to go, he caught him by the coat.

"What do you want, my good man?" asked the gentleman. "I have already given you 2 sous."

"Yes, monsieur, and I have thanked you," replied the veteran. "It is something else that I want."

"Verses!" "You shall have them," said the gentleman, and he kept his word. The next day the blind soldier bore on his breast a placard with a stanza to which was appended the name of Victor Hugo, and the aims in the box were quintupled.

Like Belshazzar and like Homer blind, Led by a young child on his pathway dim, The hand that aids his need, pitying and kind, He will not see, but God will see for him.

How One Word Was Born.

The two friends had been dining on divers and sundry strange dishes at the Cedars of Lebanon cafe, in the Syrian quarter of New York. They were drinking their coffee, thick with coal black grounds, and wondering whether they really enjoyed it, when Smithers suddenly cried out:

"Pataug! Pataug!" The waiter hurried away and came back presently bringing an ordinary corkscrew.

"I was just testing," said Smithers to his companion, "the truth of the story that the first corkscrew seen in Beirut was brought there by a Yankee. It was a patented American contraption, and the Syrians were amazed at its convenience. They spelled out on it the mystic words, 'Pat. Aug. '76,' and took that to be the name of the implement. Now, I believe the story that pataug is its name all over the Levant."—New York Sun.

The First Quarantine.

From all accounts the custom of quarantine originated in Venice somewhere about the beginning of the twelfth century. All merchants and others coming from the eastern countries were obliged to remain in the house of St. Lazarus for a period of forty days before they were admitted into the city. Taking the idea from Venice, other European cities, especially port towns, instituted quarantine during seasons of plague, and well down into modern times most nations adopted the system, applying it when it was deemed necessary.

Youthful Wisdom.

Father—Why did my little boy send his papa a letter with only a capital T written on the page while he was away? Little Son—Because I thought you'd go around among your friends with it and say, "My boy is only four years old and just see the capital letter he writes!"—Judge's Library.

A Better Figure.

"In your sermon this morning you spoke of a baby as 'a new wave on the ocean of life.'" "Quite so; a poetical figure." "Don't you think 'a fresh squall' would have hit the mark better?"—Boston Transcript.

Pretty Big.

"My new hat is pretty big." "I thought so, too, but when I got the bill for it it made your hat look like the head of a pin."—Rochester.

CHAIN CABLES.

Severe Tests to Which They Are Subjected Before Being Used.

One weak link in a cable may mean the loss of a great ship worth a million pounds or more, so before being used every one of the great chain cables used in the navy or merchant service is carefully tested. The apparatus employed is a most ingenious one.

The cable is laid in a sort of long trough, one end being fastened to an enormous steel hawser, which is passed round a revolving drum, the other attached to a hydraulic ram.

The machinery is worked from an adjoining building, no one being allowed in the cable shed while the testing is in progress. If a chain does break under the terrific strain to which it is subjected it simply smashes everything near it and may bring the whole roof down.

The operator in the next room has before him an ordinary looking pair of scales, but the small weights which he places upon it represent as many tons as they actually weigh pounds.

While the weights go into the scales a loud creaking and groaning is heard through the thick partition as the seventy-eight foot length of cable, which is the amount tested at one time, stretches under the enormous pressure. A new cable stretches about two inches, an old one a good deal more.

The ordinary cable of steel, two and one-eighth inches in diameter, is subjected to a pull of over eighty tons.—London Answers.

MARK TWAIN'S TRAMP.

And His Quaint Introduction In the Enterprise Office.

"It was the afternoon of a hot, dusty August day in 1862," says Albert Row, low Paine in Harper's, "when a worn, travel stained pilgrim drifted languidly into the office of the Territorial Enterprise, then in its new building on C street, and, loosening a heavy roll of blankets from his shoulders, dropped wearily into a chair.

"He wore a rusty slouch hat, no coat, a faded blue flannel shirt and a navy revolver. His trousers were hanging on his boot tops. A tangle of reddish brown hair fell on his shoulders, and a mass of tawny beard, dingy with alkali dust, dropped halfway to his waist.

"Aurora lay 130 miles from Virginia City—hard, hilly miles. He had walked that distance, carrying his heavy load. Editor Goodman was absent at the moment, but the other proprietor, Dennis E. McCarthy, signified that the caller might state his errand. The wanderer regarded him with a faraway look and said absently and with leisurely reflection:

"My starboard leg seems to be unshipped. I'd like about a hundred yards of line. I think I am falling to pieces. Then he added: 'I want to see Mr. Barstow or Mr. Goodman. My name is Clemens, and I've come to write for the paper.'"

Too Late.

Daniel Webster used to tell a story about an old woman who was very ill and went into a trance. They all thought she was dead, and when she opened her eyes her husband said in a surprised tone, "Why, Mandy, we thought you was dead." The poor old woman looked at her husband a moment, and then she burst into tears. "And ye never bawled a bit," she sobbed. "Ye thought I wuz dead, and yer eyes wuz dry. Couldn't ye have bawled a little bit, Jabez?" The old man was deeply moved, and he did actually bawl then. But his wife said sadly: "It's too late now. Dry yer eyes. If I'd really been dead and ye'd bawled 'twould have done me some good. But it's too late now."

Insulting.

"Could you sing a ragtime song?" asked Mr. Lobrow. "Why, sir," spluttered the musician who takes himself seriously, "c-c-found your b-b-bone headed impudence!"

"That's a good start," was the complacent rejoinder. "You have a fine idea of the words. Now see if you can put a melody to them."—Washington Star.

Unreasonable.

"Emma has such a sweet disposition?" "Has she? There isn't a shoe clerk in town that doesn't hate her." "Why?" "She thinks they are all in a conspiracy to prevent her from wearing a No. 3 shoe on a No. 5 foot."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Conversational Strategy.

"I observe that you never contradict any theory that Mr. Heftybrance advances." "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "he's likely to get through talking much sooner if you don't break in and suggest new topics."—Washington Star.

Serious Drawback.

"I suppose every woman would like to be a Venus de Milo in figure." "Not at all." "How can you say that?" "The Venus de Milo couldn't wear the present styles."—Washington Herald.

Her Chance.

Husband—You look badly today, my love. Is it that you are ill? Wife—No, John it's this last year's hat I'm wearing.—Harper's Bazar.

Men, like cattle, follow him who leads.—Byron.

PARIS HAS A SWEET TOOTH.

A Poet to Whom Candy Brought Better Results Than His Rimes.

The best business in Paris is said to be that of the well established and popular confectioner, and this fact has been recognized. It is said, since the days of Napoleon III, and his natural brother, the Duke de Morny, "The duke," says Le Cri de Paris, "had a weakness for writing vaudevilles and often asked the counsel of Siraudin, who was a skillful collaborator of Clairville.

"But the theater brought no riches to Siraudin. One day Morny said to him: 'My friend, I want to see thee in a better situation. The idea comes to me to put thee in commerce. What dost thou say to it?'

"Siraudin received this proposition joyfully, but what line of trade should he choose? Morny and Siraudin set out on the principle that the best business was evidently the one in which there were fewest failures. They conscientiously scanned the bulletin of declarations of bankruptcy. All the trades were represented there—all except one; that was the confectioner, and Morny gave to Siraudin the necessary capital to establish himself as a merchant of bonbons. Siraudin ingeniously conciliated the lyric muse. He wrapped his pralines, his sugar plums and his chocolates in kiss papers, each inclosing his printed verses. Morny did better than establish him. He frequented his shop. As the duke was the king of the world of fashion, he drew all Paris by his example, and the fortune of the poet-confectioner Siraudin was made."

THE STARS APPEARED.

He Only Wanted to See One, but He Was Introduced to a Cluster.

He had been collaborating, not only, but too well, and getting obstreperous and noisy and looking for a fight he was tackled by a policeman who in plain clothes was on his way home. The drunken one showed fight and was indignant that an apparently private citizen should try to arrest him. "Show me your star!" he demanded. "Don't believe you're a cop at all. Won't you with you till I see your star," and he aimed a maulin blow at the policeman.

There was a scuffle and a fight, short lived, but strenuous, and the drunken man was landed in the police station, where he stayed all night. In the morning it was a disheveled and torn wreck that appeared before the magistrate and who listened to the policeman relate the trouble he had in getting him to the station house.

"He wanted to fight me all the way to the station, your honor. He kept pulling back and trying to trip me and yelling: 'Show me your star! I won't go unless you show me your star.'" "And," asked the magistrate gently, "did you show him your star?" "Your honor," interrupted the prisoner, "he clouted me on the head, and I saw the star—I saw several of them, enough to go around the entire force."

Lion's Head Fountains.

Perhaps you have noticed that the water in a great many public fountains, whether for man or beast, comes out of a lion's mouth. Did you ever stop to think why a lion's head should be selected in preference to any other design? Among the ancient Egyptians the rising of the waters of the river Nile was the most important event of the year as it meant life and prosperity to the whole nation. This rising of the waters always took place when the sun was in the constellation of Leo, or the lion, so they adopted the shape of a lion as the symbol for the life giving waters of the Nile and all their fountains were carved with a lion's head. The Greeks and Romans copied this symbol and so it has come down to us.—New York Sun.

Various Cats.

A schoolboy, asked to write an essay on cats, made the following amusing and original statements: "Cats that's made for little boys and girls to maul and tease is called Maltese cats. Some cats are known by their queer purrs; these are called Purr-sian cats. Cats with very bad tempers is called Angoric cats. Sometimes a very fine cat is called a Magnificent. Cats with very deep feelings is called Feline cats."

A New Start.

"I told him there were dozens of people right here in town who had never heard of him." "I guess that took him down a peg or two." "I guess it didn't. He started right out to find them and borrow money from them."—Houston Post.

Mighty Mean.

"She's the meanest woman I know!" "What's the matter now?" "I offered to give her servant \$2 a week more to come to work for me, and, would you believe it, she met the rise and kept the maid herself!"—Detroit Free Press.

All Feel Like Peals.

He—The bridegroom always looks like a fool during the ceremony. She—How about the bride? He—Oh, the bride, being a woman, is able to dissemble!—Boston Transcript.

Raised the Ante.

"Tommy," said a visitor to a bright little five-year-old, "what would you do if I gave you a penny?" "Wish it was a nickel," was the reply.—Chicago News.

Half the truth will very often amount to absolute falsehood.—Whately.

THE BEGGAR'S LEGACY.

It Clothes a Number of Poor People In England Annually.

Gifts of clothing are made annually in many market towns and villages of Surrey to the poor from a bequest left for the purpose by Henry Smith, or "Dog" Smith, as he was more generally called, having earned the sobriquet from the fact that he was never seen without a dog at his heels.

This remarkable character lived about two and a half centuries ago and was one of the best known figures in Surrey. He was originally a silver smith in the city of London and, prospering in business, acquired estates in different parts of England.

Developing eccentricities as he grew old, he adopted the life of a beggar. His wanderings were confined almost entirely to Surrey, and he is said to have begged his way through every town and village in the county. At his death in 1681 he left all his wealth to the market towns and parishes of Surrey, and the endowment enabled each town to spend \$250 and each village about \$30 on the purchase of clothing for its poor.

Mitcham, however, was excluded from his benefactions. Smith's explanation being that on one occasion the inhabitants of Mitcham whipped him through the village as a common vagrant.—London Chronicle.

A BABEL OF TONGUES.

Half a Hundred Languages, Perhaps, In the Philippines.

The natives of the Philippines are known to have at least twenty-five languages, and some students of the ethnology of the islands have expressed the belief that they have more than double that number of distinct tongues. For purposes of study they are generally divided into two groups.

First—The languages of the Negritos, supposedly descendants of the aboriginal population of the islands, who are distributed in scattered tribes in the interior of the larger islands.

Second—The languages of the various Malay tribes which make up the bulk of the population—Christian, Mohammedan and pagan.

It cannot be said that the Philippine languages possess any very considerable literary value. The old native manuscripts inscribed on leaves or strips of cane have practically all been lost. American students of the islands have found the scanty native literature in religious writings, indifferent poetry and primitive newspapers. The natives themselves are profoundly ignorant for the most part as to their own literature.—New York Times.

A Good Word For Caviar.

Caviar receives a clean bill in the London Lancet, despite the fact that it is regarded by many medical men as "ulky, indigestible and unwholesome." Numerous analyses have been made of this sturgeon roe delicacy, which, according to the writer, when averaged, appears to be as follows: Water, 59.92 per cent; protopl., 27.92 per cent; fat, 13.50 per cent, and mineral salts, 7.57 per cent. It differs sharply from the flesh of fish by containing a much larger quantity of fat. Moreover, this fat contains the peculiar oily phosphorus compound known as lecithin, which is a stimulant to metabolism, affecting favorably the processes of nutrition. Caviar is, in fact, highly nutritive, and its digestibility has been determined, the time taken for its absorption being relatively short. If there is anything to be said unfavorably of caviar it is that its constituents err slightly on the side of richness.

Flogging.

The Jewish rabbis had a legend which carries corporal punishment back to the days of our first parents, which is quaintly reflected in that modern schoolboy's play upon names, "Adam Beth Eve Cain Abel."

Of course there is, too, the warning of Solomon, "He that smareth the rod hateth his son," or the old Egyptian proverb, "The back of a lad is made that he may hearken to him that beats it," but if we must go on history alone the earliest records belong to the Romans, who practiced flogging in several degrees of severity.

There were the ferula, a flat strip of leather, a comparatively mild persuader; the scutica, a harsher instrument of twisted parchment, and the flagellum, a cruel scourge of leather thongs.

Books in the Middle Ages.

In the middle ages books were exchanged for a horse or half a dozen sheep. When anybody needed stock or other property he often pawned the books that he owned, and in the town of Oxford were at one time twenty chests filled with valuable books. Later the book fairs helped to relieve the situation. No doubt there is a golden mean somewhere between the scarcity of the middle ages and the overproduction of today.—Argonaut.

The Quarrel Discreet.

"Why do you employ such elaborate circumlocution when you tell a man that you doubt his veracity?" "I find it better to use the longest words possible. If I can compel a man to consult the dictionary to ascertain just what I mean both our tempers get a chance to cool."—Washington Star.

Seedling Not Successful.

Many women have attempted to scold affection into the hearts of men, but we have never heard of one who succeeded.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The heart of the wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any.—Confucius.

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