

HOMELY CHILDREN.

Often Develop Into Beauties When the Face is Fully Grown.

Let no parent despair of a plain child. Beauty so far from being "skin deep" largely depends upon the proportion between the different parts of the face, and this depends upon their rate of growth.

FEAT OF A FOX.

Its Remarkable Display of Cunning In Securing a Meal.

In a field of feeding hares foxes have been observed to approach with a slow, limping motion and holding down their heads, as if eating clover, until they were near enough to secure their prey.

The following is an extraordinary instance of fox cunning: One week when the ground was frozen, but bare of snow, a farmer placed a hen under a strong, heavy chicken coop.

In the morning the hen was gone. The coop stood immediately over the depression, the laths bearing numerous impressions of an animal's teeth, and the small one at the apex was scratched by its claws.

The fox had wasted no strength on the board trying to push the coop over in an uphill direction, but he tried his best on the other side. Falling in this, he bit and tore at the laths to break them and finally drew the coop up the hill over the hollow, dugged out the hen and made off, leaving no blood, very few feathers and only three of his hairs on the laths.—Harper's Weekly.

Open Winters.

When snow covers the ground it preserves vegetable life without developing it. Snow is three times less powerful as a conductor of heat than rain; it screens the ground and prevents nocturnal radiation.

Vegetables, cereals in particular, can endure a considerable lowering of temperature if the fall of snow precedes the frost. Ground planted to wheat can pass through a period when the temperature falls far below zero if the snow covers it well.

Pliny's yarns about human anatomy were something wonderful. He tells of a race of savage men whose feet are turned backward and of a race known as Monocell, who have only one leg, but are able to leap with surprising agility.

Great Britain, or rather the British empire, owns the largest share of the earth. The figures are as follows: British empire, in square miles, 11,371,000; Russia, 8,000,000; Chinese empire, 4,248,000; United States (continental), 3,000,000; Brazil, 3,200,000. These five nations own two-thirds of the world.

A Nice Little Hint. First Lieutenant—How do you like the horse you bought from me last week? Second Lieutenant—Very much. He might hold his head a little higher, though. First Lieutenant—Oh, that will come all right when he is paid for.—London Tit-Bits.

Then She Said No. "But you are old enough to be my father." "I wish I were your father. Then I'd have his fortune without having to marry you."—Houston Post.

It matters more which way one's face is set than how fast one proceeds.—Arthur C. Benson.

LADY MARY'S DIET.

It Was Entirely Too Dainty to Suit Her Italian Doctor.

That recipe of the tallest Scotsman in London—two meals a day and live forever—would not have appealed to the Englishman of the eighteenth century nor yet to the man who lived abroad. Here, for instance, are a few trifles which Lady Mary Montagu managed to exist on in Italy:

"I wake about 7 and drink half a pint of warm asses' milk," she wrote, "after which I sleep two hours. Then come three large cups of milk coffee and two hours after a large cup of milk chocolate. Two hours later my dinner, where I never fail to swallow a good dish (I don't mean plate) of gray soup, with all the bread, roots, etc., belonging to it. I then eat the wing and the whole body of a large fat capon and a veal sweetbread, concluding with a competent quantity of custard and some roasted chestnuts."

Even then the day was not done. Lady Mary goes on: "At 5 in the afternoon I take another dose of asses' milk and for supper twelve chestnuts, one new laid egg and a handsome porringer of white milk." In these degenerate days it would be thought that the patient had done very well.

The eighteenth century Italian was not so easily satisfied. The parish doctor marveled how Lady Mary managed to survive with such a flinching appetite.—London Chronicle.

THE COUNTRY LAWYER.

A Legal View of Him as the Slave of His Clients.

"A professional baseball player in part bases his claim for a large compensation upon the theory that in accepting service he surrenders in a great measure his liberty and becomes the property of his employer," writes Almond G. Shepard in "Case and Comment."

"If this was the basis of compensation for the lawyer in the rural districts he would speedily become a millionaire. For he is the property not only of one individual, but frequently of a whole community, and the greater his success, the wider his reputation, the more abject is his slavery. His clients are tyrannical. They know and recognize no office hours. The month hand on a farm has at least a few hours between late dusk and early dawn for repose, but even these are frequently denied the country lawyer."

"Some of his clients are prone to consult him at his residence late at night, when none of the curious minded villagers can see them, and speculate and gossip on the question and of the nature and purpose of the call. Another class, believing in the adage that the early bird catches the worm, at early sunrise interrupts his slumbers to make sure that they retained the 'best' lawyer in the county to represent them in some present or expected trouble."

Gallant Unto Death. When Sir Ralph Abercromby was mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir he was carried on a litter on board the Foudroyant. To ease his pain a soldier's blanket was placed under his head. He asked what it was.

"It is only a soldier's blanket," he was told. "Whose blanket is it?" he persisted, lifting himself up. "Only one of the men's."

"I want to know the name of the man whose blanket this is," the dying commander insisted. "It is Duncan Roy's of the Forty-second, Sir Ralph," said his attendant at last.

"Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night," commanded the brave man, who did not forget even in his last agonies the comfort and welfare of his men. Of such unselfish stuff are true soldiers made.—Youth's Companion.

Black Opals. Black opals seem almost misnomers, for while some of the stones are actually black and all of them have a dark body or underground they are really wonderful, flashing, changing masses of color. All the colors of the solar spectrum vibrate through them, some in small pinpoint markings, others in harlequin, peacock and formal designs. Some of them show broad flashes of red, blue, green or purple, which change rapidly from one to another on the slightest change of angle or light. Others exhibit cloud effects and sunsets such as Turner painted and only Ruskin could describe.

A Rare Film. "Madam, I understand that your daughter helps you daily with your housework." "It is true." "What royalties would you charge me for a moving picture reel of this most unusual sight?"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

The Helpful Man. Any man who, by sound thinking and hard work, develops and carries on a productive industry and by his good judgment makes that industry both profitable and stable confers an immense benefit on society.—Charles W. Eliot.

He Told Her. She—I wish I knew how I could make you extremely happy, dear Karl. He—Well, write to your father and ask him to double your dowry.—Meg-gendorfer Blatter.

An Old Joke Retold. Friend—The public will miss you now you have left the stage. Actor—That's why I left. I dislike being hit.—London Standard.

RARE BEN JONSON.

He Was Fat and Coarse and a Worse Bully Than Dr. Johnson.

"Rare Ben Jonson," who is admired by everybody and read by nobody, was a distinctly unpleasant individual who had few real friends during his lifetime. A good many people pretended to like him and enjoy his society because they were afraid of him. He was not only vindictive with his pen, but he was quick to imagine insults or slights and was prone to resent them with his fists.

Originally a bricklayer, he was big and burly and strong as a government mule until so weighed down by fat that he could scarcely navigate. After recovering from a sickness once he said he had been at death's door, whereupon some forgotten humorist remarked that death didn't have a door big enough to admit him.

Jonson had a powerful frame and huge, hairy hands; his face was heavy and florid, the lower part covered with reddish whiskers, and he was extremely slovenly in his dress. He was a worse bully than Samuel Johnson. The latter, with all his faults, never raised a rough house.

Jonson fought two duels and killed his man on both occasions. His first was with a soldier during wartime, and he was not brought to account for that. Later he killed an actor with whom he had some trifling quarrel and for this was sentenced to death. The sentence was commuted, but he was branded upon the hand before being given his liberty.

His life was stormy, and when he departed there was no overwhelming grief. The fact that his name remains a household word is strange, for not one man in a million has ever read his works.—Chicago News.

THE TROOPER'S PORTRAIT.

And the Conditions Under Which It Was Painted by Detaille.

M. Jules Claretie, who was a friend of Edouard Detaille, tells a charming anecdote of the famous painter in the Paris Temps. One day a young trooper rang at his studio door and asked if M. Detaille would mind taking his likeness.

"Who sent you to me?" asked Detaille. "My good comrades of the regiment, who say that you are jolly good at catching a likeness, and as I wanted to send a Christmas present to my people I thought I would have my portrait done by you. How much will you charge me?"

"How much have you in your pocket?" asked Detaille. "Twenty-six francs." And the trooper pulled out the money, tied up in his handkerchief, adding, "Perhaps that won't be enough?"

"Oh, yes, lots," said Detaille. "Sit down." And he had soon painted the soldier's portrait on a small wood panel. "There you are. I hope your people will like it."

"I think they will," said the trooper. "It isn't bad at all." And he untied the four corners of the handkerchief to pay Detaille his 26 francs.

But Detaille stopped him. "No. Keep your money. But you must do two things—first of all, spend it all in drinks to my health, and secondly, don't send me your comrades to have their portraits done. I should be overworked."

Big Trees of Oregon. "In the forest reserve between the headwaters of the west fork of Hood river and the Bull Run lake are some larger trees, bigger than any I have ever seen anywhere else in the north-west," says George T. Prather, a pioneer of the Hood river valley.

"The trees are said to be several hundred feet high and to stand on the flat of a hidden canyon. Steep bluffs on either hand shut in the gorge in which they rear themselves, and this reason is given for failure of those who fish in the Lost lake district to have found the trees. There are two species of the great trees.

"One has a yellowish and not very rough bark and is straight and as round as a candle. It has no limbs to a great height and has a beautiful crown. The second species is cedar."—Portland Journal.

Thence to the Woodshed. Little Willie, four and a half, had been very bad. He had forgotten his table manners before "company," so his father was called into service to administer reproof.

"Willie, you have been a very bad little boy," said he. "You have shocked your mamma, your grandma and your aunts by your conduct, and I want you to know that I do not approve of your actions. It may be that I shall have to chastise you. Do you understand what I am saying?"

"I got you, Steve," said Willie.—Indianapolis News.

The Real Boss. "I doubt if Kitty will be happy when married. She's always had her own way too much." "Oh, but Jack will let her do anything." "I'm not thinking about her husband, but about her cook."—Boston Transcript.

Both Alike. "I don't understand why my watch will not go," said Staylate. "I'm sure it's wound up." "Dear me," yawned his hostess, looking toward the clock, "what a remarkable coincidence!"—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Joy never ceases so high as when the first course is misery.—Simmons.

LIFE IN MACEDONIA.

It is Very Much In the Open, With Little or No Privacy.

We arose early one February morning and left our fairly clean hotel in Neapolis for four hours of travel over the modern road near the Via Egnatia, which should take us to ancient Philippi. Our vehicle was a somewhat dilapidated hack, such as Americans are familiar with at almost every considerable railway station, but a surprisingly comfortable conveyance for this part of the world.

Early as it was, we found that the people of Kavalla were up and doing. The stalls of the fruit men were attractive with oranges, pomegranates, lemons and dates. The vegetable dealers displayed a tempting array of cauliflower, cabbages, onions, okra, leeks and potatoes.

As in all eastern cities, there was no privacy. The cook was preparing his breakfast on the sidewalk, the shoemaker was plying his awl, the tailor his needle, and the blacksmith was shoeing his horses almost in the very street.—Christian Herald.

A MOTHER'S TRIBUTE.

Pathetic Ceremony at Night on an Atlantic Ocean Liner.

Strange, perhaps, to us, but very touching, is the tender, intimate solicitude of the Latin races for their dead—"I nostri morti," as the Italians are wont to call those whom they have lost. There is a simple pathos in the incident that was related by a passenger on one of the great transatlantic mail boats.

A few days before the steamer sailed from Havre its captain received a letter from a peasant woman of Indre-et-Loire. In it she explained that her only son had been a cook on the Titanic and had gone down with the vessel. She was sending, she wrote, a cross which she begged him to drop into the sea at the spot where the disaster occurred.

The cross came in due time, a simple cross of wood, fashioned rudely enough by the mother's fingers, and one night, as the great vessel neared Newfoundland, for the space of a minute her engines ceased to pulse, and the little wooden cross, weighted with lead, sank beneath the waves of the Atlantic.—Paris Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

Stevenson on Invalidism. Robert Louis Stevenson, himself the most heroic of invalids, would have agreed with Sir George Birdwood in his contempt for the valetudinarian. "To forego all the issues of living in a parlor with a regulated temperature," he writes, "as if that were not to die a hundred times over, and for ten years at a stretch! As if it were not to die in one's own lifetime, and without even the sad immunities of death! As if it were not to die, and yet be patient spectators of our own pitiable change! The permanent possibility is preserved, but the sensations carefully held at arm's length, as if one kept a photographic plate in a dark chamber. It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it than to die daily in the sickroom."—London Chronicle.

California's Petroleum. Petroleum was produced in a small way in California very early in the history of the country—in fact, long before it was invaded by the army of gold seekers. Mr. C. Morrell, a druggist in San Francisco, is commonly credited with being the first to attempt the distillation of kerosene from crude petroleum. This was in 1857, but several years prior to that Andreas Pico made illuminating oil from petroleum which he obtained in the Newhall region in Los Angeles county. This oil was burned, so it is said, in lamps in the mission San Fernando.—Argonaut.

Not Stationary. A carpenter who had been engaged to build a cabinet for paper, envelopes and other office supplies in a local commission house was busy at his task when one of the bookkeepers inquired: "Is that going to be a stationary cabinet?"

"No. I don't think so," replied the worker. "At least I have instructions to put casters on it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Portrait. The painstaking artist, anxious to please, remarked to prospective customer: "I can paint you a portrait of your wife which will be a speaking likeness." "I'm. Couldn't you do it in what they call still life?"—Lippincott's.

A Fellow Feeling. Rector—I hope you didn't find my lecture dry last night? Old Gargle—Well, zur, I wouldn't go so far as to say that, zur, but when you stops in the middle to 'ave a swig, though it was only water, I sees to me self, "Ear, ear!"—London Tatler.

All Stars. Wiseguy—I want a dramatic sketch with forty heroines in it. Sketch Writer—Forty heroines? Wiseguy—Yes, sir. We have forty young ladies in our dramatic club, and they all want to play the lead.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Patience is the strongest of strong drinks, for it kills the giant despair.—Jerrold.

OUR MARINE CORPS.

Noted For Brave Deeds Since the Days of the Revolution.

Our marine corps was organized by act of the Continental congress in 1775, and its history continues unbroken down to the present time. It is the oldest branch of the military service and was originally created to prevent mutiny by the sailors, many of whom were "impressed."

Then, too, in the days of sailing ships, and especially in battle at sea, the sailors were largely occupied in maneuvering the vessel. Fighting was at close quarters, and a large body of men who had nothing to do but fight was of great service. The advent of steam and of long range guns made the old style of fighting impossible.

The story of the marine corps is a stirring one. The marines distinguished themselves first in 1779 in the battle between the Bonhomme Richard and the Serapis. They had previously, in 1776, taken part in the bloodless capture of 100 cannon at New Providence, in the Bahamas. They fought in Tripoli in 1803, and in 1805 they made a remarkable march across the Libyan desert and took the fortress of Derna.

At New Orleans in 1815 the marines again distinguished themselves, and they covered themselves with glory at the battle between the Chesapeake and Shannon. At Shimonoseki, Japan, in 1864; Formosa in 1867, in Korea in 1871, Panama in 1885, at Manila and Guantanamo in the war with Spain and in China during the Boxer outbreak they proved their worth.—Harper's Weekly.

BOILED COFFEE OF BRAZIL.

The Real Thing as the Natives Make and Drink It.

The Brazilian amid the marble splendors of his New York hotel slipped the tiny cup of black coffee that was to cost him 25 cents. "This isn't bad," he said, "but it isn't like the coffee we drink on my father's coffee plantation in Brazil."

"There, when a coffee craving seizes you, you take a few handfuls of green coffee berries, and after rejecting all the imperfect ones among them you place these picked berries in an iron ladle and roast them over an open fire. "You roast them till they begin to smoke. Then before they are charred you take them off, drop them into a mortar and pound them with a pestle carefully."

"Meanwhile a cup of cold pure water has been set on the fire. When it comes to a boil the ground coffee is thrown into it—a tablespoonful to a cup—and the boiling is allowed to go on for about three minutes. "Now you drink the coffee. You drink it without straining it. The grounds lie at the bottom of the cup, and if you don't shake the fluid is as clear as crystal—crystal clear, black, fragrant."

"The French can boast as they please of their filtered coffee. I tell you there's nothing like the boiled coffee of Brazil, all picked, roasted and prepared within a few minutes under the open sky."—New York Tribune.

Life at Low Temperatures. Most recent experiments show that the idea that bacteria in general are not harmed by freezing is untenable. On the other hand, the effect of very low temperatures has been greatly overestimated. It has been observed that as destructive effects are produced upon bacterial life from the temperature of salt and pounded ice as from that of liquid air. The critical point appears to be somewhat about the freezing point of water. An organism that can pass this point in safety may be proof against even absolute zero. A few individual bacteria in every culture tried were able to endure unharmed the temperature of liquid air. This is believed to have been due to the absence of water in cells.—St. Louis Republic.

Knew Her Business. A weather beaten woman, dressed in new and stylish clothing, was marching up the street one Sunday morning when down came a sudden shower. The woman had no umbrella, but quick as a flash she caught up her dress skirt and threw it over her hat. "You'll get your ankles all wet, Maria," said her husband, who was coming along in the rear. "Oh, never mind the ankles," called out the woman as she hurried along. "I've had them the last sixty years, and I only got the hat yesterday."—Harper's Bazar.

Not Amiable. "We had to let that servant go." "What was the matter? Wouldn't she work?" "Oh, she did the work all right, but she couldn't get along with the children."

"That so?" "Yes. She'd lose her temper every time one of them kicked her on the shins."—Detroit Free Press.

Library Furnishings. "You have a beautiful and complete library. I suppose your husband passes many delightful hours there." "I think so," replied Mrs. Wise. "That's the room in which he keeps his cigars and poker chips."—Washington Star.

Careless. Absentminded Professor—Dear, dear, how careless these women are! If they haven't put the gas bill in between the leaves of a treatise on explosives.—Pala Mela.

Rather than love, than money, than fame, give me truth.—Thoreau.

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