

LONG ON SPECTACLES.

Pierpont Morgan Took No Chances When Changing Waistcoats. A story of J. Pierpont Morgan, illustrative of the scale of his domestic affairs, reaches me. My correspondent was in a London optician's shop when another customer entered and, striding up to the counter, brusquely inquired, "Can you make me another pair like that?" presenting spectacles of the "goggles" type in tortoise shell rims and gold frames. "Yes," said the optician, "I can." "Send them up to my place as soon as they're ready. You know who I am," were the laconic instructions given as the customer strode out of the shop as quickly as he had entered. The optician explained that that was Pierpont Morgan. The spectacles were silvered, and my friend, making inquiries in the matter, heard the end of the affair from the optician. Pierpont Morgan returned to the shop and, speaking more effusively than on the first occasion, said: "Those spectacles were very good—very satisfactory indeed. I shall want some more of them. I'm always missing my specs after a change of clothes. Let me see"—pausing and looking down on his waistcoat as if to interrogate it—"I've eleven waistcoats—yes, eleven. Better make me a dozen pairs." So a dozen tortoise shell rimmed and gold framed spectacles were supplied to the millionaire, much to the satisfaction of the optician and rimmaker, who between them pocketed 60 guineas.—Manchester Guardian.

MANY USES FOR EGGS.

They Are Valuable in Numerous Ways Apart From Cooking. We know that eggs are almost indispensable for cooking, but they are just as valuable for other things as well. A mustard plaster made with the white of eggs will not blister the tenderest skin. The fragile white skin that lines the shell of an egg is a fine application for a boil. The white of egg beaten with loaf sugar and lemon juice relieves a cough and hoarseness. A teaspoonful every hour is the dose. If a fish bone lodges in the throat beyond the reach of the fingers a raw egg swallowed (without being beaten) will in most instances carry the bone along. A good remedy for stomach and bowel trouble is a raw egg taken every six hours. The egg should be partly beaten, though not to froth. A little white of egg spread over a scalded burn will prevent the air from getting to it and hastens the healing. For preserving jelly in glasses paper should be cut to fit at the top and smeared with the raw white of eggs, the egg side down. A little white of egg curdled with a bit of powdered alum will stop a sty if used as soon as the sty appears. Be careful not to get the mixture inside the eye. It will do no injury, but it stings and is unpleasant.—Journal of Agriculture.

A Thing to Be Waded.

In the capitol at Washington one day a California congressman got to talking about tuna fishing off the coast of California. The tuna fishermen, he said, go out in small motorboats with a long line lilted with flying fish, and to catch anything less than a hundred pound was not considered good sport. At this juncture he was approached by a colored messenger who had overheard him. "Scuse me, sah," said he, with a wry expression in his wondering eyes, "but did yo' say dey went fishin' for 'nated poun' fish in a little motob'at?" "Oh, yes!" smiled the congressman. "They go out very frequently." "Golly," exclaimed the messenger, as he pictured the scene, "ain't dey fened by might ketch one?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Babies and Walking.

While many mothers are proud of a child that can toddle around the room when ten months old," said a doctor, "they should do everything to keep it from walking at that age. It is young, and the bones of the legs and back are weak. Bowlegs and in the cases spinal curvature always result to the lifelong regret of the mother. Many mothers take the child that is just beginning to walk and exhibit to the neighbors and relatives. The reason is one of rejoicing, but dire results are sure to follow if the child has been permitted to walk too soon."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Didn't Make a Hit.

Young Mr. Sissy got his pretty cousin— I say, Maude, how did my song come again from a foreign shore, to impress the company? Pret-Cousin—Well, some of them, Char- looked as if they were sorry that it ever came back.—London Telegraph.

A Strong Inducement.

Prospective Buyer—Is it a healthful neighborhood? Salesman—Healthful? "If you've got any relatives you don't want to inherit money from don't live here.—Judge.

Keeping Pace With the Service.

Patron (angrily)—Bring me some fresh restaurant waiter—But you've already ordered a breakfast, sir! Pat-—Yes, but it was breakfast time.—

To Make Things Better.

It's good to be cheerful, but one way to make this old world better is for the fellow that can't sing to stop trying.—Washington Post.

Use of the Left Hand.

Of just how much value, daily value, is your left hand to you aside from it being a natural appendage of your left wrist? It is estimated that hardly one person out of ten uses his left hand 5 per cent of the 100 per cent of its usefulness from getting up in the morning until going to bed at night. In this respect the left handed person, although often made the butt of the "lefty" stigma, is far superior to his right handed neighbor. There is hardly a left handed man or woman who cannot use the right hand much more freely and with stronger grip than the right handed man or woman can use the left. So weak is the left hand of many men and women that, although not crippled in any way and perfect as to shape and size, nevertheless it is held back and guarded and restricted as though it were an injured member. In lifting weights or grasping objects with the firmness necessary for moving or shifting the right handed person makes the right hand do three-fourths of the work.—New York Sun.

A Woman at Greenwich Observatory.

"When we visited Greenwich observatory," said the traveler, "I set my watch by the observatory clock. Since everybody else who has a watch does that, nobody paid any attention to me, but my wife created a big enough sensation for both of us. "She had done a little shopping before we went down to Greenwich. In her hand bag she carried a remnant of lace. Far more attractive to her than the observatory's wonderful clock were the little iron pegs driven into the observatory wall, which represented the true measure of the British yard, two feet, one foot, six inches and three inches. "Just at 1 o'clock out came her bit of lace, and at the minute when everybody else stood impressed with the fact that standard time for a large part of the civilized world was being set within those walls my wife stood before the iron pegs calmly measuring lace."—New York Times.

Outguessing in Baseball.

Whenever you see a pitcher strike out a batter who doesn't swing at the ball you can know either that the pitcher is outguessing the batter—serving him "strikes" when the batter expects "balls"—or that the batter has been instructed to "wait all you can," in order to tire the pitcher. Of course, if he takes enough time and gets the pitcher to throw three balls and two strikes, he may still be fooled on the last ball and strike out, but in that case the real fault will lie in the orders given him beforehand. When you see a man swing stupidly at the ball and miss it he is either outguessed by the pitcher and is swinging at balls he can't reach or else the pitcher is fooling not his mind, but his eye—is throwing perfectly good strikes, which nevertheless curve or "jump" so that the batter is powerless to "connect with them."—C. H. Claudy in St. Nicholas.

The Chilling Reply.

According to a Washington legal light, there are times when a lawyer regrets the use of an illustration which a moment before has appeared especially felicitous. "The argument of my learned and brilliant colleague," said counsel for the plaintiff in a suit for damages from a railway company, "is like the snow now falling outside—it is scattered here, there and everywhere." Whereupon opposing counsel improved his opportunity. "All I can say," he hastily interposed, "is that the gentleman who has likened my argument to the snow now falling outside has neglected to observe one little point to which I flatter myself the similarity extends—it has covered all the ground in a very short time."

Crabs' Shells.

The shell of a crab when once hardened cannot grow, and the crab is forced to moult or cast off his outgrown shell from time to time and grow a new one a little larger. A crab when growing this new shell is known as a soft shell or "soft" crab, and at such times he is, of course, especially subject to attack from his enemies, as the shell, which is his natural armor, is wanting. In museums there are exhibits of as many as fourteen castoff shells of a single crab, beginning with a very tiny one and each one just a size larger than the last.

In a Safe Place.

Master (who is trying to make a good impression on his strait laced aunt from whom he has expectations)—Mary, have you seen a letter anywhere about marked "private"? Mary—You mean the one from the man who I can't get 'is money out of you, sir? I put it be'ind the mirror, sir.—London Punch.

Putting it Nicely.

Smith's little boy swallowed a farthing, and there was great consternation in the family. The next day Smith's mother-in-law called and calmly inquired, "Has young Tommy got over his financial difficulty yet?"—London Answers.

Good Plan.

"It's a good plan to mind your own business," admonished the wise guy. "Yes, if you don't somebody else will," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

Her Hint Failed.

"Do you believe that two can live as cheaply as one?" "No; I don't believe that even one can live cheaply."—Houston Post.

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.—Rousseau.

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BOTTLE GOODS. Sherry Wine 35c. Angelica Wine 35c. Zinfandel Wine per quart 35c. Tokay per quart 40c. Claret per quart 25c. White Grape Juice 75c. Local Beer, quart, 3 bottles for 55c. Domestic Beer, qt., 3 bottles for 55c. Special Prices for Family Trade. Keg Beer 15 gallons \$5.75. Keg Beer 10 gallons 4.00. Local bottle Beer, 6 doz. quarts 10.00. Local bottle Beer, 10 doz. pints 11.00. Domestic Beers. Budwiser Beer, 6 doz. quarts \$15.00. Budwiser Beer, 10 dozen pints 18.00. Old style Lager Beer, 10 doz pt 11.00. WINES. White Port, Old Monk Brand, \$1.00 per gal. Port Wine 1.00 per gal. Sherry 1.00 per gal. Claret .75c. per gal. Angelica 1.00 per gal. Zinfandel 1.25 per gal. Tokay 1.25 per gal. WHISKEYS. Monogram .50 per gal. White Corn Whiskey .40 per gal. Harvester Old Style .42 per gal. McBrayer, 13 years old, per gal. 6.00. Echo Spring .42 per gal. Chestnut Grove Rye .25 per gal. Kentucky Dew .25 per gal. Alcohol .40 per gal. Cornet Dry Gin .40 per gal.

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Jones-Knudson Furniture Co. Much Bitulithic to be Laid in Sheridan. The City Council of Sheridan, Oregon has just awarded to the Warren Brothers Company a contract for laying approximately 35,000 square yards of Bitulithic paving in Sheridan in the immediate future. Towns and cities where paving is to be done in the near future are all looking favorably upon bitulithic as in the many Northwestern cities where it has been down for some time. It has been decidedly popular from every standpoint. Not only is it economical and durable, but it is noiseless, non-slippery, yet smooth, and adds much to the beauty of any town. See Big Mack for your sewer connections.

THE TOMB OF JONAH.

Said to Be in a Mosque Adjoining the Site of Nineveh. The site of Nineveh is almost perfectly level. But adjoining the western wall are two huge mounds concealing the palaces of the greatest kings of Assyria. The lower or southern mound is occupied by a mosque and a village of considerable size. Its name is Nebi Yunus, or the Prophet Jonah, for in the mosque is the tomb of the Hebrew prophet's time. However, the place is now sacred, so sacred that pilgrims visit it from afar. I rode up the steep, narrow streets of the village to the mosque, and, to the amazement of the natives, I dismounted and entered the mosque yard. A crowd of excited men quickly surrounded me. To a priest I explained that I had come to see the grave of Jonah, and with a motion of the hand I made it understood that he would be rewarded. Removing my shoes I followed the priest through a dark passageway. There he pointed to a wall and said that the tomb was just beyond. I wished to enter the prayer room from which the tomb itself might be seen, but the place was considered far too sacred for my profane feet. However, the few Christians who have been permitted to see the tomb may look only through a small window into a dark chamber in which a cloth covered mound is scarcely discernible. It is said that no Moslem even will enter the inner shrine.—Christian Herald.

A CITY OF CHANGE.

Ephesus, Once on the Seacoast, is Now Located Far Inland. Sir William Ramsay characterizes Ephesus as the "City of Change." And truly it has seen marvelous changes and its inhabitants many removals. In the days of St. Paul and St. John Ephesus was a city of the seacoast; the waters of the Aegean lapped its busy wharves. Now the traveler to Ephesus can scarcely imagine that he is near the sea. To all appearances he is as far away as on one of our inland prairies. The Caister during all these ages has brought down mud and silt from the mountains until now Ephesus is miles from the seashore. Even in St. John's time the port was kept open only by strenuous effort and constant dredging. These changes wrought by nature have compelled frequent changes on the part of the inhabitants. The original city was built not far from Ayasolouk and "the whole Ephesian valley was an arm of the sea dotted with rocky islands and bordered by picturesque mountains and wooded promontories," we are told. As the sea receded in the course of the centuries the population moved with it until the Roman city, the city of St. Paul and St. John, was some miles from the original site. At last this port became impossible and the inhabitants moved farther back, nearer to the site of the more ancient city, where today the few inhabitants that still remain are found.—Christian Herald.

When England Needed Bread.

England was once on the verge of a bread famine. That was in 1800, when the wars with France combined with a succession of bad harvests to plunge the country into a state of general destitution. "A law was enacted," writes Mr. F. W. Hackwood, "prohibiting the sale of bread till it had been out of the oven at least twenty-four hours. Food was so scarce and dear that a portion of the population refused to starve in silence, and rioting broke out in many parts of England. The acts against forestalling and regrating—that is, anticipating the markets so as to raise the price of foodstuffs—were rigorously enforced. A royal grant of £500 was made to one Thomas Toden, to enable him to prosecute a discovery made by him of a 'paste' as a substitute for wheat flour."—London Standard.

Hodgepodge.

We are told that rest is a great beautifier—yet hoboos are not handsome. From a school examination paper: Positive, much; comparative, not much; superlative, nothing. On a bill of fare we read: "Devilled crabs a la diable"—which somehow reminded us of the man who ordered "a small demitasse of black cafe noir." A southern paper prints this bright bit from a correspondent: "The difference between life and love is that life's just one darned thing after another and love's two darned things after one another."—Boston Transcript.

He Loved His Teacher.

Teacher—Well, Tommy, can you tell me the meaning of "repent"? Tommy—I don't know, sir. Teacher—Well, suppose I stole a purse and got locked up; wouldn't I repent? Tommy—No, sir. You'd be sorry they caught you.—London Tit-Bits.

It Happened in Boston.

Visitor—Put me off at the next corner, please, conductor. Conductor—Madam, I shouldn't like to do that; but I will stop the car and help you get off.—Judge.

Equally So.

Jack—I tell you when you get around the proposing point with a girl the suspense is awful. Tom—Well, and how about the expense?—Boston Transcript.

To be thrown upon one's resources is to be cast into the lap of fortune.—Benjamin Franklin.

Modern "Antiques."

There is a class of travelling Antiquarians who put not their trust in the dealers in antiques in European cities, but go prowling about in castles and peasant houses seeking to discover for themselves rare and ancient bits of furniture, pottery and the like. So persistent and large has this class grown that the dealers, feeling the trade in spurious antiques was falling off, have resorted to the plan of stocking some of these chateaux and peasant houses with modern "period stuff." And they say that the amateur discoverers are perfectly happy in their ignorance. One of these collectors had "discovered" and bought from a farmhouse in the Elifel, that picturesque volcanic plateau in western Prussia, a wonderfully carved cabinet. The farmhouse was at the top of a steep hill, and the American walked close to the husky porter as he carried the cabinet carefully down. The "treasure" was heavy, the day was warm, and the porter grunted at every other step. "That's a pretty heavy load—to carry that cabinet down the hill," said the American. "Yes," agreed the porter, stopping to rest a moment, "but it was heavier still when I took it up the hill a week ago."—Harper's.

The Castor Oil Plant.

The rapid growth of the castor oil plant has become proverbial. Some commentators have declared that the plant known as Jonas' gourd was the castor oil plant. There are vast plains in Bengal covered with the oil producing vegetable. Immediately after the monsoon, when the water has receded, the peasant rakes the mire and puts the oil plant seeds in the ground two by two. The plants rapidly develop their great leaves and produce their fruit, which grows in groups of capsules, acquiring a coppery green color mottled with purple and rich carmine. When the hot sun has dried the pods they burst. The women and children watch the pods, and when the first crack appears they are ready to catch the precious seeds within. When the seeds have dried a few days the natives toast them, crush them in a mortar and plunge them in boiling water, when the oil rises to the surface.—Exchange.

Jade.

Jade is regarded by the Chinese as the most precious of precious stones. You can buy a small piece in white for £10, but a similar specimen in emerald green would cost you from £35 to £50. The value of the stone depends on the coloring and especially on transparency, luster and brilliance of the beautiful emerald green, usually distributed in splashes through the matrix, which may be white or greenish, or even tinted with lavender. Rarely indeed does it occur in sufficient quantity to furnish a large example. Sometimes small pieces are selected to be made into beads of the purest emerald tint, free from those flecks which depreciate their worth. In the sunlight, if you examine such beads, you will find that they approach the emerald in purity of tone.—J. F. Blacker in London Opinion.

England's First Coffee.

Coffee, like tea, was from an early date welcomed as a rival to alcoholic liquors. Writing in 1650, shortly after its introduction into England, Howell makes the comment "that this coffee drink hath caused a great sobriety amongst all nations. Formerly clerks, apprentices, etc., used to take their morning drafts in ale, beer or wine, which often made them unfit for business. Now they play the good fellows in this wakeful and civil drink. The worthy gentleman, Sir James Muddiford, who introduced the practice thereof first in London, deserves much respect of the whole nation."

Between Girls.

"Why the cogitation?" "I dislike to take my engagement ring to a jeweler, and yet I should like to know what it cost. But it would embarrass me to take it to a jeweler." "You needn't. There are at least two girls in our set who have had it valued."—Kansas City Journal.

The Human Voice.

A contributor to the Paris Gaulois claims that the human voice is becoming lower. He says that ten generations ago our ancestors hardly knew what a bass voice was. Today the average male voice is a baritone. A lowering of pitch is also noticeable among women. Sopranos are becoming rarer.

They Do Not Speak Now.

Kate—I want to have some pictures taken. Can you recommend a photographer? Marie—Well, there's Tripodd. They say he has a wonderful way of making plain people look handsome.—Boston Transcript.

Had Good Sense.

Father—That young man of yours has more brains than I gave him credit for. Daughter—Oh, papa! You don't really mean it? Father—Yes. Instead of coming to see me he called me up on the telephone.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Patient Suffering.

Mere pain is not education, does not bring growth. It is the suffering of willing submission to God that softens and spiritualizes and blesses us.—Phillips Brooks.

Only a cheap person will try to make another person feel cheap.—Youth's Companion.