

AGRICULTURAL TRAVELING SCHOOL.

Will Visit Tillamook for Two Days During The Fair.

A traveling general welfare school and agricultural school, equipped with portable laboratories and educational exhibits designed for the special purpose of conducting demonstrations and giving instructions in the various general welfare and agricultural subjects, and conducted by 16 O. A. C. professors, assisted by members of the state dairy and food commission and representatives of the state grange and the Oregon Social Hygiene society, left Corvallis Monday on a six weeks' tour of the state.

This comprehensive educational campaign is conducted by the extension division of the Oregon agricultural college in conformity with the recent legislation which made appropriations for this service. The service to be rendered to the people in carrying forward this movement was considered of so much value that the above named societies as well as the state library commission joined in the movement.

The agricultural school will follow the same methods of instruction as are pursued by the general welfare school, but for the subject of social hygiene will substitute the subjects of animal and poultry husbandry, dairying, field crops, fruits and farm management. The instructional force, working in relays of five, will consist of Dr. James Withycombe, Professors E. L. Potter and G. R. Sampson, department of animal husbandry; Ava B. Milam and Mrs. Orla Buxton, domestic science and art; A. G. Lum, poultry husbandry; H. D. Scudder, G. R. Hyslop and W. L. Powers, agronomy; and Mr. S. Schrock, deputy state dairy and food commissioner, dairying.

This school will hold one day meetings, generally of three sessions each, in the agricultural communities visited, and will be in Tillamook September 3 and 4.

Grangers Take Interest in County Fair.

At a meeting of the Fairview Grange today, it was decided that the Grange have a booth at the fair, and a committee composed of Mesdames Dunstan, Crawford, Maxwell, Bester and Sheets, was placed in charge of this.

It was decided that the Fairview Grange would take part in the parade and will invite other granges to do the same.

The Board is anxious to hear who intend to exhibit and under what head, which would be a great help to the Directors.

Notice.

Notice is Herby Given.—That I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Effelena Erickson, after this date.

JULIUS ERICKSON. Tillamook, Ore., Aug. 7, 1913.

To Water Consumers.

The Water Commission has given Mr. Hoag positive instructions to shut off water from all consumers who have not paid their water rent by the 10th of each month.

By Order Water Commission.

For Flies.

On stock in and around barns CLOUGH'S CARBOLIC COMPOUND is the most effective and cheapest fly killer made, it costs ready to spray from 7c. to 10c. a gallon. It is to be mixed with water and therefore is less expensive than other fly killers.

Cough's Carbolic Compound is many times stronger than any other, one pint is sufficient for 16 gallons of pty.

CLOUGH, THE Reliable Druggist.

HAD A TART TONGUE.

Northcote, the Painter, Was Not Overpowered by Royalty.

James Northcote, the English portrait painter, said fine things and malicious things almost in the same breath. "He is a bottle of aqua fortis," observed some one to Hazlitt, the first critic of his day, "that corrodes everything it touches."

"Except gold," said Hazlitt. "He never drops upon Sir Joshua or the great masters."

"Well, but is he not overflowing," persisted the other, "with envy, hatred and all uncharitableness? He is as spiteful as a woman—and then his nigardliness. Did he ever give away anything?"

"Yes, his advice," said Hazlitt, "and very unpleasant it is."

This is not the picture of a charming man, and yet Northcote was not without his redeeming virtues. For one thing, he was refreshingly free from the worship of mere prestige in an age when men were careful to apportion respect according to rank and station.

The Prince of Wales, when he was a young man, met the painter and was much pleased with his conversation.

"What do you know of his royal highness?" inquired Sir Joshua Reynolds later.

"Nothing," answered Northcote.

"Nothing, sir? Why, he says he knows you very well."

"Pooh!" said Northcote. "That's only his brag."

The president of the Royal academy smiled. "Bravely said," he muttered, "bravely said!"

FACED SEVEN LIONS.

And Three of Them Got a Dose of Lead in Short Order.

Captain H. A. Wilson has written a record of "Service and Sport in Equatoria" in "A British Borderland." He relates a thrilling encounter he had with seven lions on the Mara river when in pursuit of roan and accompanied only by his gun bearer. Five of them were Jonesses. They were all full grown and occupied with their kill—a cow graffe. They were feeding slowly, their first hunger appeased, pushing and jostling one another playfully, their low growls distinctly audible.

"For a couple of minutes I waited, watching them; then, as the biggest lion, a fine, black maned fellow, turned sideways to me, I raised my rifle and let drive at his neck. I heard the thud of the bullet on flesh, and he dropped in his tracks like a stone. With a simultaneous growl every head went up, and the lions swung round, facing the noise of the shot. I let fly a second bullet at the chest of the second male, and with a deafening roar he bounded high in the air, dashed a dozen yards forward and fell dead to earth just as I was drawing a second bead on him afresh.

"The remainder, all lionesses, turned at my second shot and walked slowly away with much tail lashing and a chorus of growls. I was just in time to get a snapshot at the hindmost as she disappeared into the scrub. The 'tell' of the bullet and her answering snarl told me that I had hit her, which blood spots on the leaves confirmed."

He Couldn't Plow.

A certain incident connected with the great Napoleon while he was in exile in Elba is commemorated in the island to this hour by an inscription affixed to the wall of a peasant's house. A man named Glacon was plowing when the famous exile came along one day and expressed an interest in his work. Napoleon even took the plowshare out of the man's hand and attempted to guide it himself. But the oxen refused to obey him, overturned the plow and spoiled the furrow. The inscription runs thus: "Napoleon the Great, passing by this place in MDCCCIV, took in the neighboring field a plowshare from the hands of a peasant and himself tried to plow, but the oxen, rebellious to those hands which yet had guided Europe, headlong fled from the furrow."

Sleeplessness.

When people of nervous temperament retire for the night and cannot sleep it is usually because their brains are still active and refuse to part with the blood which should properly travel elsewhere. What the sleepless really need is a sloping bed, so that the congested head will relieve itself easily of the superfluous blood. For the upper part of the body, being heavier than the lower, inevitably sinks more deeply into the bedding, and even if one props the head on two pillows the neck is curved and strained and obstructs the backward flow of blood.

Eliza Jane Knew.

The Minister's Wife (to industrial scholars)—Eliza Jane, I'm sorry to hear from your schoolmistress you are not diligent at your needlework. You know who it is finds work for idle hands to do? Eliza Jane (tensely anxious to propitiate)—Yes'm; please'm, you do.—London Globe.

Tried a Bluff.

Wife (angrily)—This is a nice time to come home! Hub—Glad to hear you say so, my dear. I was afraid you might think it rather late.—Boston Transcript.

Before and After.

"Did you notice how sadly that beggar limped when he came in?" "Yes. I noticed also how briskly he walked out after you had given him the quarter."—Judge.

If it is not right do not do it. If it is not true do not say it.—Marcus Aurelius.

THE MAHOGANY MILL.

James Lick Made Good His Boast When Scorned as a Suitor.

The story of "Lick's Folly, or the Mahogany Mill," has to do with the romance of the life of James Lick, the donor of the Lick observatory.

In early life young Lick fell in love with the daughter of a well to do miller for whom he worked. When he made known his love, which was reciprocated by the girl, the miller was angry and is said to have replied:

"Out, you beggar! Dare you think of my daughter, who will inherit my riches? Have you a mill like this? Have you a single penny in your purse?"

To this Lick replied that he had nothing as yet, but one day he would have a mill beside which this one would be a pigsty.

In 1854 the quiet, parsimonious James Lick surprised everybody by building a magnificent flour mill near San Jose. The mill was finished within in solid mahogany, highly polished, and was furnished with the best machinery possible. He made the grounds about the mill very attractive and began early to set out trees both for fruit and ornament.

Lick caused his elegant mill to be photographed without and within and sent the pictures to the miller who had scorned him in his youth.

Nineteen years after Mr. Lick built his mill, Jan. 16, 1873, he surprised the people of San Jose again by giving it to the Paine Memorial society of Boston, half the proceeds of sale to be used for a memorial hall and half to sustain a lecture course.—Exchange.

FIERCE ARAB DOGS.

Easy to Put the Big Brutes to Flight if One Knows the Trick.

The village dogs of Arabia are a real danger to strangers, whom they attack on sight without provocation. By strangers I mean any one except their own immediate owners, whether natives or not, writes Lady Ramsay in the Sunday School Times. They are, as a rule, great, powerful brutes, often very handsome, extremely fierce and capable of defending the flocks from wolves and other marauders. I have often been told that when attacked by these ferocious animals the proper thing to do is to sit down quickly on the ground, when they will at once desist.

But for my part I never had the courage to try this plan and had never seen it done during all my years of travel till last year. We had stopped to rest and eat our lunch in a village oia, and I was looking out from an open balcony and saw an elderly Turk coming along between some houses opposite.

Suddenly two huge dogs, barking furiously, dashed at him from an open gateway. Instantly he dropped to the ground in a sitting position. For a moment I thought he had fallen and expected to see the dogs on top of him. To my astonishment they turned and fled, their tails between their legs. Before they could return, if they would have done so, a couple of villagers appeared, helped the old fellow to his feet and accompanied him out of the range of my vision.

Not Mysticism, but Mathematics.

Mrs. Madison, whose latest hobby is the psychology and the esoteric influence of colors, was deeply gratified when her husband admitted without urging that there might be something in her theory after all.

"Dawson put me on to it today at the farm," Mr. Madison continued. "Dawson" questioned Mrs. Madison, amazed, for Dawson is the manager of her husband's stables and unknown among psychologists.

Mr. Madison nodded. "He says the bays eat more than the grays."

"Really?" It was a humble victory, but Mrs. Madison's face glowed with triumph. "How does Dawson account for it?"

"There are ten more bays than grays," said Mr. Madison.—Youth's Companion.

Going in For Methusalem's Record.

An ambitious new citizen, with the habit of taking literally the every day expressions of Americans, obtained a position as train caller at the Union station.

One day he had just called, "All-I aboard—rd for Kansas City, Den ver, Salt Lake, New Orleans, Chinchinuat, Buffalo, Baltimore and Nu York!"

A man ran up to him and almost breathlessly asked, "I want the last train out for Cleveland!"

The perplexed caller ex-laimed, "What you should live so long?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Limit.

It was an English ship with an English crew and an American passenger list. Two stewards were having a heated altercation and pouring forth anathemas upon each other's heads, when as a crowning insult one said to the other, "Aw, you eats just like a passenger!"—Argonaut.

The Culprit.

"Had all my money taken last night. Woke up hearing some one in the room. Reached under the pillow for my revolver, but didn't shoot."

"Why didn't you?"

"I'd be a widower if I had."—London Telegraph.

Most Intensive.

"Do you believe in intensive gardening, Mrs. Hoerak?" asked the visitor. "Well, rather," said Mrs. Hoerak. "I spent all last winter raising one geranium in a soap box."—Harper's Weekly.

LONDON'S ANCIENT TOWER.

A Beefeater and a Yeoman Lock Its Gates Every Night.

Strange to say, very few people are aware of an ancient custom which is still kept up at the Tower of London. Just before midnight a beefeater and the chief yeoman porter secure the keys from the governor's house to "lock up." Having received the keys they proceed to the guard room.

"Escort for the keys" calls out the porter, and a sergeant and six privates turn out.

The procession then marches off, and the sentries they pass issue the usual challenge of "Who goes there?" to which the answer is "Keys."

Arriving at the entrance to the Tower grounds, the lion's gate, the porter locks the gates and the party returns to the guardroom, the sentry challenging as before and receiving the same answer. However, on arrival at the guardroom again the sentry stationed there stamps his foot at the same time giving the usual challenge.

"Keys," replies the porter.

"Whose keys?" the sentry asks.

"King George's keys."

"Advance King George's keys, and all's well."

The porter then says, "God bless King George," and all present respond with "Amen." The keys are then saluted and returned to the governor's house, where they remain until the next night's ceremony.—Pearson's Weekly.

COLOR BLINDNESS.

It Takes Some Peculiar Twists in the Matter of Heredity.

Professor Bateson in lecturing before the Royal Institution on "Heredity of Sex" related some curious facts which had been discovered as the result of examining several generations of a family in which color blindness appeared.

A color blind woman was very rarely found, and she was always the daughter of a color blind man. Her sons and daughters would be normal and her sons' families would be normal, but if her daughters had sons they would be found to be normal and color blind in equal numbers.

A curious anomaly with reference to color blindness appeared in twin girls. They were exactly alike in appearance, but one girl was color blind and the other not. No explanation of this exception has been found.

Professor Bateson said that there was a popular belief that sons in certain respects took after their mothers and daughters after their fathers. Within a reasonable range of speculation this was so. As to sons taking after their mothers, they saw this in the experience of their own families.—London Cor. New York Times.

Why Clocks Get Out of Order.

The reason why mantelpiece clocks so often get out of order is so obvious that it is strange that attention to it has not been drawn before. A London clockmaker said:

"It is because mantelpieces are merely level. If a clock meant for a mantelpiece is not placed in an exactly horizontal position it is sure to go wrong. When the clock gains or loses because of its slanting position people regularly move the hands forward or backward, as the case may be, in order to adjust it. Eventually the clock's hands are moved about so much that the mechanism gets out of order and the clock refuses even to tick. Watches and traveling clocks are constructed differently from the stationary clock, and they will go in any position. That is why they are relied upon more than the ornamental mantelpiece clock."—New York Times.

A Born Statesman.

"What's the idea, George?" inquired Mr. Washington. "Why do you chop down this cherry tree? Have you anything against cherry trees?"

"No, sir."

"Maybe you are in favor of deforestation?"

"No, sir."

"Doing this for a moving picture concern?"

"By no means."

"Then why chop down a tree?"

"I just thought of going on the stump," replied the future father of his country. And then Mr. Washington realized that George was a born statesman.—Kansas City Journal.

Rough on the Minister's Son.

Willie, aged five, was one day sent away from the dinner table for misbehavior. He went into the kitchen, and the maid said:

"Willie, I'd be ashamed to be sent away from the table, as big a boy as you are."

"Well, that's what a fellow gets for being born in a preacher's family," rejoined the little fellow.—Chicago News.

In His Defense.

"Daughter," called the father from his position at the top of the stairs at the well known hour of 11:55 p. m., "doesn't that young man know how to say good night?"

"Does he?" echoed the young lady in the darkened hall. "Well, I should say he does!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

His Meek Suggestion.

Mrs. Grimsly—Is there any way you can break yourself of that habit of talking in your sleep? Mr. Grimsly (tremulously, but hopefully)—Do you think it would help any, my dear, if you'd let me talk more when I'm awake?—Puck.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.—Ruskin.

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