

SAVED HIS CABLE TOLLS.

A Clever Ruse at Home Gave Him the Information He Wanted.

A wealthy merchant in Paris who does an extensive business with Japan was informed that a prominent firm in Yokohama had failed, but the name of the firm he could not learn.

"That's a very delicate thing to do," replied the banker, "for the news is not official, and if I gave you the name I might incur some responsibility."

The merchant argued, but in vain, and finally he made this proposition: "I will give you," he said, "a list of ten firms in Yokohama, and I will ask you to look through it and then tell me, without mentioning any name, whether or not the name of the firm which has failed appears in it. Surely you will do that for me."

"Yes," said the banker, "for if I do not mention any name I cannot be held responsible in any way."

The list was made. The banker looked through it and as he handed it back to the merchant said, "The name of the merchant who has failed is there."

"Then I've lost heavily," replied the merchant, "for that is the firm with which I did business," showing him a name on the list.

"But how do you know that is the firm which has failed?" asked the banker in surprise.

"Very easily," replied the merchant. "Of the ten names on the list only one is genuine, that of the firm with which I did business. All the others are fictitious."

THE HUMAN FACTORY.

Its Machinery Develops With the Intellect That Directs It.

A human being is a kind of factory. The engine and the works and all the various machines are kept in the basement, and he sends down orders to them from time to time, and they do the work which has been conceived up in headquarters. He expects the works down below to keep on doing these things without his taking any particular notice of them, while he occupies his mind, as the competent head of a factory should, with the things that are new and different and special and that his mind alone can do; the things which, at least in their present initial formative or creative stage, no machines as yet have been developed to do and which can only be worked out by the man up in the headquarters himself, personally, by the handwork of his own thought.

The more a human being develops the more delicate, sensitive, strong and efficient, the more spirit informed, once for all, the machines in the basement are. As he grows the various sub-conscious arrangements for discriminating, assimilating, classifying material, for pumping up power, light and heat to headquarters, all of which can be turned on at will, grow more masterful every year. They are found all slaying away for him, dimly, down in the dark while he sleeps. They hand him up in his very dreams new and strange powers to live and to know with.—Gerald Stanley Lee in Atlantic Magazine.

The German Empire.

The German empire was constituted as at present Jan. 1, 1871. After preliminary negotiations during the course of the Franco-Prussian war the parliament of the north German confederation (with which Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt, Bavaria and Wurttemberg had recently allied themselves) in an address dated Dec. 10, 1870, requested King William of Prussia to become German emperor. All the sovereign princes of German states and the three free and Hanseatic towns having joined in offering the imperial crown, the proclamation of William I. as emperor was made at Versailles Jan. 18, 1871. The first reichstag was opened at Berlin March 25, and the imperial constitution was adopted April 14, 1871.—Philadelphia Press.

Not So Serious.

A doctor who had been summoned hastily alighted from his carriage to find a woman awaiting him on the doorstep, but without the anxious look he expected in the circumstances. "I understand," he said, "that your boy has swallowed a sovereign. Where is he?"

"Oh, sir," was the reply, "I'm glad to tell you we made a mistake! It wasn't a sovereign; it was only a half-penny!"—London Mail.

A Good Excuse.

"Now, then," demanded Luschman's wife the next morning, "what's your excuse for coming home in that condition last night?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, my dear," he replied, "none of the hotels would take me in."—Philadelphia Press.

A Big Difference.

"How rejected the knights of old were when they got their lady's glove?"

"And how mean they look now when their girl gives them the mittens?"—Baltimore American.

Never a Near Relative.

"Pa, who is Mrs. Grundy?"

"She is an old lady who is always supposed to belong to some other man's family."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Mistake.

Fogg—I understand Johnson married a rich widow. Four sons—So he understood, too, but it proves to be a misunderstanding.—Boston Transcript.

RED TAPE AND A TUB.

A Bath in Senegal Was Something Like a Surgical Operation.

Some years ago, when the capital of the French colony of Senegal was a dull, unprogressive town where officialism and red tape prevailed, a French traveler, with a friend, had a most amusing experience when he wished to obtain a bath. There was no bathing establishment in the capital of Senegal at the time, but rumor had it that it was possible to purchase baths at the hospital.

Accordingly the travelers repaired to the hospital, where they stated the purpose of their visit.

"Certainly," said the official, "take seats. Your names, surnames and birthplace?"

"But we merely want a bath."

"Exactly. What is your name, and where and when were you born, and are you government servants, soldiers or officers? No? Well, the rules do not provide for this. Just a moment. I will read them again. Yes, here is your case. You must first make out on stamped paper an application to the governor of the colony. After favorable notice from the governor you send another application to the chief colonial doctor, who will send for you and examine you."

"But we are not ill."

"It is the rule. Having examined you, the doctor will give you two non-commissioned officers' bath tickets, to be delivered to the assistant doctor."

"Why the non-commissioned officers' bath?"

"For the reason that in our accounts we recognize only two categories of persons—officers and civil servants, the latter taking rank with officers or petty officers. You are not official at all. If officers were to find you in their baths they would probably make a row."

"What period of time will all these formalities consume?"

"Two or three days, provided your application is approved at the government house."—Chicago Record Herald.

ORIGIN OF QUARANTINE.

Dr. Richard Mead's Action During the Plague of 1721.

To Dr. Richard Mead, who was in consultation at the deathbed of Queen Anne and became physician to George I., was due the credit of having first established quarantine.

In 1721, when the plague ravaged Marseilles and its contagious origin was discredited, Dr. Mead declared the plague to be "a contagious distemper," and a quarantine was enjoined. He also proposed a system of medical police, which finds its counterpart in the health officers of today. It was he who declared, "As nastiness is a great source of infection, so cleanliness is the greatest preventative."

He it was who said nearly 200 years ago: "If there be any Contagious Distemper in the Ship the Sound men should leave their Cloaths, which should be burnt, the men washed and shaved, and having fresh Cloaths, should stay in Lazaretto—that is, quarantine—thirty to forty days. The reason for this is because Persons may be recovered from a Disease themselves and yet retain matter of Infection about them a considerable time."

In practice Mead was without a rival, his receipts averaging for several years between £5,000 and £7,000, an enormous sum in relation to the value of money at that period. He possessed a rare taste for collecting. But his books, his statues, his medals, were not to amuse his own leisure. The humble student, the unrecommended foreigner, the poor inquirer, derived as much enjoyment from these treasures as their owner. At his table might be seen the most eminent men of the age. Pope was a ready guest, and the delicate poet was sure to be regaled with his favorite dish of sweetbreads.

Matthew Arnold and the Girls.

Of Matthew Arnold as a school examiner a tale is told by a fellow inspector of a class of girl pupil teachers that he asked Arnold to examine for him. Arnold gave them all the excellent mark.

"But," said the other inspector, "surely they are not all as good as they can be. Some must be better than others."

"Perhaps that is so," replied Arnold. "But then, you see, they are all such very nice girls."

Professionally Considered.

"The Declaration of Independence is a wonderful document," said the patriotic citizen.

"Yes," replied the legal expert. "It's one of the ablest documents I ever saw. And the most remarkable thing is that with all the ability it represents, nobody appears to have received a cent for drawing it up."—Washington Star.

Present Troubles.

"Ah, pretty lady," said the fortune teller, "you wish to be told about your future husband?"

"Not much," replied Mrs. Galley. "I've come to learn where my present husband is when he's absent."—Philadelphia Press.

Turning the Phrase.

"They used to call him a lousehead."

"That was before he succeeded."

"Yes. Now they express it differently. They call him a man of hard, solid sense."—Washington Star.

Distantly Related.

"Say, isn't Swindle, the banker, a relative of yours?"

"Yes; he's a cousin—about \$4,000,000 removed."—Chicago Tribune.

WOMEN ON HORSEBACK.

They Cut a Queer Figure Before Sidesaddles Were Invented.

Before Queen Catherine de' Medici started the fashion of sidesaddles by having a board slung on the left side of her horse to support her feet all poor women rode on a pillion behind a man. All women of the better class rode astride.

A lady to prepare for riding bent forward and took hold of the lower hem of the back of her dress skirt, drew it through between her legs and wrapped her skirts around her legs down to her knees, then folded the rest of her skirts across the front of her person.

Then she drew on a pair of large trousers, the legs of which ended just below the knees, where they were sewed to the tops of a pair of clumsy riding boots. The upper part of the trousers was open in front, and the flaps folded across the person and fastened by a band around the waist. A hood was worn on the head, and a mask protected the face from sun and weather. She rode on a man's saddle and wore spurs and carried a quirt (riding whip) looped on the right wrist. The same style and kind of quirt is now used by our western cowboys and plains Indians and was formerly carried by the Cossacks.

A lady in riding costume, whether on foot or on horseback, was anything but a graceful figure.

Our great-grandmothers rode on sidesaddles, but their great-great-grandmothers rode astride if they belonged to the gentry class.

Our plains Indian women, even when they changed their buckskin skirts that came to the knee and their buckskin leggings for the long calico skirt of white women, always rode astride.—Washington Post.

THEY DIDN'T MIND DIRT.

In the Days When Clothes Were Dyed, but Never Washed.

In the matter of the washing of clothes, not to say the washing of themselves, our ancestors were a trifle lax. The laundress of the twelfth century must have held a position which was practically a sinecure, while it seems within the bounds of possibility that in those days she did not exist at all. There were, insooth, few garments which would stand washing, and the dyer was driving a brisk trade before the laundress was even thought of. A little dye must indeed have covered a multitude of spots.

In the days of the Tudors and Stuarts washing was a trifle more in evidence than formerly, but those articles which were permitted to find their way into the "buck pan"—as the washing tub used to be called—were few and far between. The wealthy of the middle ages got over the difficulty of obtaining clean underclothing with primitive simplicity by not wearing any, while the lower orders wore coarse woollen garments that would no doubt have "shrunk in the wash." To prevent any casualty of the kind they remained unwashed.

Velvets, taffetas and richly dyed silks, such as those worn by the nobility and gentry, could not, of course, be washed, and should any person of high degree be the possessor of a linen shirt it was a thing which was carefully made known to all his friends and relatives as being extremely in mode and a fit subject for congratulation, but washed it never was for fear of injuring its pristine beauty.—London Tatler.

Witchcraft.

In many parts of the world—Greece, for instance—the believer in witchcraft still gets hold, by hook or by crook, of hair, nail parings and so forth from an enemy's head and hands and burns, buries or does something else with them in order to entail unpleasant consequences upon that enemy. And universal folklore reveals the concern of savages to dispose of their own hair and nail clippings to prevent an enemy from getting at them. Australian native girls, having had a lock of hair stolen from them, expected speedy death as a certainty.—London Telegraph.

Virtues of the Nurse.

Sir William Osler in a lecture at Johns Hopkins training school named the seven virtues of the nurse: "Tact, without which no woman can be successful and her chief protection in the mechanism of life; tidiness, it being the primary duty of a woman to look well; tacturnity, which should be cultivated as a gift; sympathy, gentleness, the brightness of a nurse; cheerfulness and charity, the last and greatest of all."

Vague.

"I didn't exactly know how to take the missis this morning," said the lady's maid to the cook.

"What did she say?"

"When I remarked that I was afraid her complexion could not be improved by cold cream she told me I needn't rub it in."—Baltimore American.

Most of Them Do.

"It only needs determination to live a hundred years," says a well known health writer. A great many people have determined to live a century or die in the attempt—and they have died in the attempt.—New Orleans Picayune.

Good Plan.

It is a good plan while waiting for your ship to come in to kill time by going to work to earn something.—New Orleans Picayune.

'Tis a wise saying. Drive on your own track.—Pittsburgh.

Two Sirenaous Lives.

Clovis Hughes, the French journalist, poet and duelist, filled his fifty-five years of life with sufficient excitement to make him worthy of special mention. One of his claims to distinction was that he had engaged in a French duel which resulted fatally—for the other man. He was a tempestuous radical and was once suspended from the chamber of deputies for insulting remarks to the president, which did not at all curb him. He wrote a number of novels, poems and plays in which he sought to spread socialistic propaganda, and he wrote a pretentious five act drama in verse called "Le Sommeil de Danton" (The Sleep of Danton), which was produced at the Opera Comique. His wife contributed her share of excitement by killing a public official in the palace of justice because of an alleged insult. Before she was tried she wrote and acted "La Vegeance de Mme. Clovis Hughes." The play depicted her sensational act and represented her as triumphantly exonerated by the court. When her trial came the court did as predicted.

Gloves.

The origin of gloves is very ancient. Some authorities assert that they were known in Bible times, from references made to "shoes" which were thought to be identical with gloves. The first clear account of gloves comes, however, from Xenophon. This writer speaks of the Persians wearing gloves on their hands to protect them from the cold. Homer describes Laertes working in his garden with gloves upon his hands to protect them from the thorns, and Varro mentions this apparel as being worn by the Romans. Gloves have been tokens of solemn and important things from the ninth century. They were adopted as a rite of the church, and later the transferring of hands or titles was always attended with the presentation of gloves. In the eleventh century the method of challenging to single combat by throwing down a glove was instituted, and this custom still remains in some countries.

Pierpont Morgan's Fairy Palace.

Pierpont Morgan's wonderful house in Prince's Gate differed little on the outside from its neighbors, merely two houses rolled into one, but its interior suggested nothing so much as the fairy palace of Aladdin. In the hall a spring was pressed and part of one of the walls "fell away" in the approved style. You walked down into a basement, which at first sight resembled nothing so much as one of the lower decks on a large liner. Ranged along the walls were what appeared to be a number of safes, but they were really doors opening into small rooms, into each of which a particular portion of Mr. Morgan's collection had been brought. There were rooms for English silver, for porcelain and for half a dozen other objects d'art. No one who was ever fortunate enough to be shown round by Mr. Morgan himself can forget the experience.—London Bystander.

Mercury Poisoning.

"I would suggest," says a doctor, "that, whenever persons are found to have swallowed bichloride of mercury, several eggs be forced down their throats. The albumen in the eggs will form a chemical compound with the mercury, which will be insoluble. Then the poison will pass out through the intestines or be vomited by the victim. It is always a good thing to pump out the stomach first or to induce vomiting. Many times it is necessary to act quickly if the life of the person is to be saved, and it takes time for a physician to arrive on the scene. Bichloride of mercury will not produce a painless death. It is a poison that paralyzes the liver. It eats through the walls of the stomach, and the victim generally dies in great agony."—Des Moines Register and Leader.

Witch Burning.

There are countries in which the execution of women as witches is only a thing of yesterday. The last instance of witch burning occurred as recently as 1888 in Peru, and in other parts of South America cases continued to occur until well into the second half of the nineteenth century. England's own last conviction for witchcraft took place at Hertford in 1712, and Scotland condemned a witch ten years later, while Spain and Germany retained a judicial belief in witches and the justice of killing them until 1782 and 1796.

Silence Preferred.

J. M. Barrie, the novelist, has said that one of the "most enjoyable social functions" he ever attended was a dinner at which he turned to his neighbor and asked, "Do you converse?" "No; I don't," replied his neighbor. "Nor do I," said Mr. Barrie, and they did not.—London Mail.

News to Him.

"Why is it that they never place the pictures of living men on banknotes?" asked the fellow who had become rich by writing the words of "popular" songs.

"Don't they?" the poet replied.—Chicago Record Herald.

Taking No Chances.

"A man never loses anything by politeness," said the Old Fogey.

"I know a lot of men who never intend to," added the Grouch.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

The Clock.

She—I dearly love to listen to the ticking of a clock. It seems to me that a clock has a language of its own. He—Well, scarcely a language—say a dialect.

Snags in English.

A Russian artist who has so thoroughly mastered the English language that all its subtleties are as familiar to him as are those of the language of the czar was telling a few friends about the difficulties he encountered. "You have so many superfluous letters," he said, "that when I began to think I was becoming a master of your language I succeeded in having myself laughed at a dozen times a day. I began to learn English in Boston, its American fortress. One day while walking with a friend I saw a street sign. 'Oh,' I said, 'what a funny name for a street! Kneeland street!' I pronounced the K. 'You're wrong,' said my friend. 'You pronounce it "Needland" street. The K is silent.' I took the lesson to heart. The next day I went into a restaurant. I looked over the bill of fare. 'Give me some "id neys,"' I said. The servitor looked at me aghast. Finally in desperation I pointed to the record of what I wanted. 'Oh! kidneys,' he said. 'Excuse me,' I rejoined baughtily, 'the K is silent.'"

Gladstone on Disraeli.

G. A. Storey, A. R. A., recorded a touching incident he witnessed at the academy banquet of 1881 when a portrait for which Beaconsfield had sat to Millais shortly before his death was among the exhibits. "This unfinished work, pale and even ghastly, was in one of the side galleries. Gladstone, catching sight of the picture, went and stood long in front of it. * * * No one disturbed him. At the end of the feast Gladstone rose and in the finest and most feeling tone delivered a panegyric on the great man who had passed away. In a voice clear and sympathetic and full of emotion he told us of his admiration for the sterling qualities of the man who, though opposed to him in politics, was in no other sense an opponent. He spoke as only one generous in heart and of a broad and great mind could speak of another great man who had passed away. The speech surpassed anything I ever heard."—London Chronicle.

A Park of Glaciers.

Glacier National park is situated in northern Montana, 200 miles northwest of Yellowstone park in an air line and 447 miles by railroad. It is under the control and supervision of the secretary of the interior, who is represented in the actual administration of the park by a superintendent, assisted by a number of park rangers who patrol the reservation. The park is bounded on the north by the Canadian line, on the east by the Blackfoot reservation and on the west and south by the Flathead river. It has an area of about 915,000 acres and derives its name from many glaciers which are scattered throughout its area. There are eighty glaciers between five square miles and a few acres in area. The park is a rugged mountainous region and contains over 250 lakes, which are surrounded by steep and beautifully wooded mountains.

Time in Teheran.

"Time is a difficult problem in Teheran," says the Baroness d'Hermalle in "Peeps Into Persia." "At approximately midday a cannon is fired on the Cossack parade ground, but the approximation depends entirely on the soldier who fires it. We all think he fires it when he feels hungry, as it is very erratic. Anyhow, when invited out to dinner we always inquire of our host whether he keeps legation or gun time. Sometimes there is half an hour's difference. Neither of these times is ordinarily correct. Correct time, not a commodity in request in Teheran, is kept by the Indo-European telegraph, for whom it is telegraphed from London every morning at day break, when the line is clear, so that connection is practically instantaneous."

"Shouting" in Australia.

"Treating" is a form of hospitality that is perhaps more common in Australia than anywhere else. There it is known as "shouting." It is a legacy from the "flush times" of the gold fields—the "roaring fifties"—when to refuse to drink with a lucky digger meant running a risk of being shot on the spot. A writer says: "To shout means to insist on everybody present, friends and strangers alike, drinking at the shouter's expense, and as no one will allow himself to be outdone in this reckless sort of hospitality each one shouts in succession with too frequently deplorable consequences."

The Incentive.

"I have struck a new line of writing," said Scribbler. "I write articles from the point of view of a multimillionaire."

"Indeed! How do you manage to get in the right spirit?"

"Oh, that's easy. I write on the afternoon of pay days."—Exchange.

An Old Game.

"Has your wife found a house that suits her?"

"Yes; but don't say anything about it. Just now she's in bluffing the landlord that she won't take it unless he redecorates the parlor and three bedrooms."—Detroit Free Press.

Strange Truth.

They say that love will go where it is sent. It appears to be always sent after the girl with a rich father. Why is it thuswise?—New Orleans Picayune.

The Principal's Jest.

Schoolteacher—This new little boy who's crying so hard says his name is Mose. Principal—Evidently an abbreviation of lechrymose.—Judge.

By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world.

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