

BEGGARS, BEAUTY AND FLEAS

Naples is a Seaport Crowded With Amazing Contrasts.

Naples, aside from its amazing local beauty, is a dirty south Italian seaport, full of fleas and beggars, noisy as pandemonium day and night, without a really distinguished edifice, and peopled by a conglomerate mass as strikingly beautiful physically as they are notoriously untrustworthy. From the storied heights that sweep in a magnificent amphitheater around the brilliant bay the old city straggles downward in a picturesque huddle of densely packed houses and other buildings, tortuous streets full of color and bubbling with the nervous activity of the south, black canyons of stone stairs, slippery with damp and dirt, across which its teeming houses gossip and quarrel in neighborly wise.

Nowhere are fisher folk more picturesque in habit and costume. Nowhere is there so salty a dialect, spiced with such myriad quaint and startling phrases and exclamations. Bare and brown of leg, dressed in ragged, parti-colored motley, a stout canvas band about each shaggy body for hauling in the net without cutting the hands to pieces, they bring ashore their shimmering silver quarry right along the widest, finest promenade in the city—the handsome Via Caracciolo.

Across that broad street the charming Villa Nazionale—not a house, but a public park, wholly conventional in design—contains an aquarium which may fairly be considered the most remarkable in the world for both the variety and interest of its finny and monstrous exhibits and the thoroughness of its scientific work. To it many of the great universities contribute annually for the privilege of sending special investigators in zoology.

The commercial activity of this largest city and second seaport of Italy clings closely about the skirts of the enormous royal palace—800 feet long on the bay side and ninety-five feet high—and the naval basin and dockyard. Every smell and sound of a thriving seaport may be smelled and heard, multiplied generously, every flag seen on the ships at anchor near the stone wharves.—A. S. Riggs in National Geographic Magazine.

BEN BUTLER'S BLUFF.

It Was Well Worked and Completely Fooled General Bingham.

General John A. Bingham was a member of the military tribunal that tried Mrs. Surratt and the Lincoln assassination conspirators.

After the trial in the subsequent debates in the house General B. F. Butler frequently charged that the commission had arrived at an unjust verdict and had convicted an innocent woman. In a memorable debate he boldly proclaimed that if the contents of a diary which had been found on the dead body of J. Wilkes Booth were ever made public it would disclose the fact that it contained the proof of Mrs. Surratt's innocence, which proof had been infamously suppressed by the commission.

When General Bingham made a movement as though he would repel such an accusation Butler dramatically drew a memorandum book from his breast pocket and held it aloft, but did not utter a word. Bingham naturally supposed that Butler had a copy of a diary such as he had spoken of. As a matter of fact the book contained nothing but blank leaves. General Butler was just bluffing.

The diary was in possession of Secretary Stanton, but President Johnson finally demanded it. It was an interesting book, but it threw no light upon the great conspiracy.

Squeaky Soles In Tune.

Manufacturers of shoes who make a specialty of the squeaky variety should pay more attention to pairing them up in harmonious duets. The squeak, squeak of the hired girl's high heeled bronzed number tends to drive a saint to cuss words. But we must not heap our displeasure upon the poor girl. She is not the author. She is only the reproducer. She merely acts the part that the wax cylinder performs for the phonograph. There is just as great a necessity for a musical director in an up-to-date shoe factory as there is in grand opera, and no workman should be permitted to build a pair of squeaky shoes unless he can pass a severe test in harmony.—Cartoons Magazine.

Horses In Trousers.

When the horses in Nice, France, are hitched to tar spreading carts they wear trousers to protect their legs from the hot tar. A further protection for them consists of a curtain suspended between the cart and the horse. The trousers are what lend distinction to the horse, however. The knees are a bit baggy, but the horse doesn't seem to care.—Popular Science Monthly.

Preparedness.

"My daughter has obtained a position in a lawyer's office. She starts on the first."

"And in the meantime is she doing anything to fit herself for the work?"

"Yes; she is reading 'Bertha, the Beautiful Blond Stenographer.'"—Pittsburg Post.

Knew Her.

Miss Flyrie—Jack told me last night that I was his very life. Her Brother—Jack will soon find out how uncertain life is.—Boston Transcript.

Cruel.

First Girl—Mr. Dasher said my face was classic. What is classic? Second Girl—Oh, most anything old.—Boston Transcript.

WHERE MANKIND WAS REBORN

The Story of Florence Epitomizes the Story of Humanity.

The story of Florence is the story of humanity; the broad, deep, moving epic of the awakening of man to his own divine power; the story of wonderful self made men who had but one idea in common—the thirst for free activity of soul.

So the tale of the new birth, the renaissance, is the record of individual spirit so free, so subtle and elastic, so profoundly penetrating to the springs of human purpose, that it has furnished the motive power of the world ever since, and Florence, as its source and focus, because of the conditions then obtaining in the city and throughout Italy, was the one spot in the world capable of producing such an epoch making upheaval of human consciousness.

And all this astonishing genius grew directly out of business! The city was peopled by men who manufactured the necessities of life, by merchants, speculators, bankers, tradesmen, artisans, handicraftsmen of every type. Business, work, was a condition of active participation in the life of the state, and because they did not work the nobles were debased from this.

It was the burghers, the people, who ruled, and even when evil chance laid the state under the heavy hand of a despot he was forced to develop his own character to the uttermost, because his rule depended entirely upon his capacity as a man. The aristocracy accordingly was that of intelligence, of men who became eminent because, first of all, they were the best in their own individual work.

Under the practical inspiration of these mental giants Florence was recreated and learned to view life from within instead of superficially. She learned that the individual is the soul of the state and that the state can succeed only when it is true to the best interests of its individuals.—A. S. Riggs in National Geographic Magazine.

VINDICATED THE MULE.

A Legal Case Where the Honor of the Animal Was Involved.

One of the most famous cases reported in the Missouri Law Reports is that of Lyman versus Dale, known as the "celebrated mule case."

It seems that Dale's hired hand, Parker, after a day's work supplying water to a clover holler, was passing through the city of Springfield, riding one mule and leading another. He met Lyman just opposite a pile of bricks in the street, capped by a red lantern. The mule being led became frightened at the bricks and lantern and, jumping aside, broke a wheel out of Lyman's buggy.

This laid the foundation of the case. Lyman sued Dale for a damage of \$5, charging him with "negligence in handling a wild and unruly mule."

The case was first tried in a justice of the peace court at Springfield, Mo., and was appealed to the circuit court. From there it was taken to the court of appeals, which court, failing to agree, sent it to the supreme court of the state.

This court held that Lyman could not recover damages unless he proved that the mule was "wild and unruly."

Judge Henry Lamm said that, while the amount involved in the case was small, the value of the case was great for the sake of the doctrine and also because it involved the "honor of the Missouri mule."—Exchange.

Who Owns the Falkland Islands?

Few people are aware to this day that the Falkland Islands are marked in all Argentine maps and geographies as "unlawfully retained by Great Britain." The origin of the dispute was that England after abandoning the islands in 1774 resumed possession in 1829. The Argentine government protested and, as A. Stuart Pennington points out in his book on the country, is even today "careful to do nothing which could even apparently recognize the rights of the present possessors." It was for that reason that it declined a proposal a few years ago to run a line of Argentine ships to the islands.

Beautiful Bridges.

Popular love of art may be carried too far. The author of "Charles Bourbon, Constable of France," tells us that on the occasion of the sack of Rome the citizens refused to secure their safety by taking the advice of their captain, Reuzo da Ceri, and cutting the bridges Ponte Quattro Capi and Ponte Sisto. The people declined on the ground that they were "too beautiful."

An Ox Hide.

"Thomas," said the professor to a pupil in the junior class in chemistry, "mention an oxide."

"Leather," replied Thomas.

"What is leather an oxide of?" asked the professor.

"An oxide of beef," answered the bright youngster.—Chicago News.

Was Coming Back.

"Seemed to sudden old Geldbox when his new son-in-law said goodbye after the wedding. Is he so fond of him?"

"Well, not exactly. You see, the new son-in-law didn't say goodbye; he said 'Au revoir.'"—Browning's Magazine.

Foiled.

"Dearest, I ordered to be sent home today a most beautiful hat for only \$30. It's a perfect love!"

"My darling, your love will be returned."—Puck.

Grumblers deserve to be operated upon surgically. Their trouble is usually chronic.—Douglas Jerrold.

INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

Plans to Secure It Have Been Tried For Three Centuries.

Admirable and farsighted plans for securing a peaceful international order have been before the world for 300 years. M. Emeric Cruce submitted his plan, which included liberty of commerce throughout all the world, as early as 1623. Following the peace of Utrecht, the Abbe de St. Pierre developed his plan, which included mediation, arbitration and an interesting addition to the effect that any sovereign who took up arms before the union of nations had declared war or who refused to execute a regulation of the union or a judgment of the senate was to be declared an enemy of European society. The union was then to make war upon him until he should be disarmed or until the regulation or judgment should be executed.

Some twenty years earlier William Penn had produced his quality and really extraordinary plan for the peace of Europe, in which he, too, proposed to proceed by military power against any sovereign who refused to submit his claims to a proposed diet, or parliament, of Europe or who refused to abide by and to perform any judgment of such a body.

All these plans, like those of Rousseau, Bentham and Kant, which came later, as well as William Ladd's elaborate and carefully considered essay on a congress of nations, published in 1810, were brought into the world too soon. They were the fine and noble dreams of seers which it is taking civilized men three centuries and more to begin effectively to realize.—New York Times.

SAVED BY A CAMERA MAN.

How He Won a Lease of Life For Some of Villa's Victims.

During one of his earlier campaigns Francisco Villa had an American movie photographer, Burrud by name, attached to his staff, who spent a good deal of his time taking pictures of the excessively vain "general" himself. Sometimes, however, Burrud was called upon to undertake more strenuous operations. The following story, for instance, is told in Francis A. Collins' "The Camera Man":

"Burrud was called outdoors unexpectedly at sunrise one morning and directed to report, with his camera, at once to headquarters. When he arrived, coatless and breakfastless, before Villa's tent he was told that the general had decided to have some twenty prisoners shot and wanted a moving picture taken of the execution. The prisoners, most of them political merely, were to be butchered to make a moving picture scene.

"Burrud decided to examine his camera closely and then explained to the general that his films were bad and that it would be impossible to take the picture until a new supply had arrived. Villa was disgusted to miss the entertainment, but the camera man insisted that there was no use in making the exposure, and the picture and the execution were put off several days.

"By the time the next supply of films arrived the general had fortunately changed his mind and the men were saved."

Electricity and Coal Waste.

From coal we chiefly draw the sun's stored energy, which is required to meet our industrial and commercial needs. According to statistical records, the output in the United States during an average year is 480,000,000 tons. In perfect engines this fuel would be sufficient to develop 600,000,000 horsepower, or steadily for one year, but the squandering is so reckless that we do not get more than 5 per cent of its heating value on the average. A comprehensive electrical plan for mining, transporting and using coal could much reduce this appalling waste. What is more, inferior grades, billions of tons of which are being thrown away, might be turned to profitable use.—Nikola Tesla in Collier's Weekly.

The Color Cure.

To cure smallpox was apparently a very simple matter in the good old times. John of Gaddeston, court doctor to Edward II., has recorded that he got rid of the disease by the simple expedient of wrapping his patients in red cloth. "Let scarlet red be taken," he says, "and let him who is suffering from smallpox be entirely wrapped in it or in some other red cloth. I did thus when the son of the illustrious king of England suffered from smallpox. I took care that all about his bed should be red, and that cures succeeded very well."—London Tatler.

Raising Geese.

The raising of geese was a profitable occupation of farming in England years ago, and some farmers had flocks of 8,000 or 10,000. Each goose produced a shilling's worth of feathers every year and quills to the value of three pence. The quills were used for pens.

Easy.

Bill—He always said he'd never marry until the right girl came along. Jill—Well, how does he know that the one he is about to marry is the right one?

"Oh, she told him she was."—Yonkers Statesman.

Neighbors.

"What sort of neighbors have you?"

"The usual sort. Cost us just a little more than I earn to keep up with 'em."—Detroit Free Press.

What a happy world this would be if every man spoke as well of his live neighbors as he does of his dead ones!

CROOKED, BUT FAMOUS.

Washington Street, Boston, One of the World's Great Thoroughfares.

Washington street in Boston is one of the great thoroughfares of America, worthy to rank with Broadway in New York and Michigan avenue in Chicago. Like nearly everything else in Boston, it has a history of almost incredible length and respectability, making other streets seem painfully young and callow and crude.

Moreover, Washington street is one of the longest in the world, running all the way through Boston and on to another town without a stop or a break. This is not accomplished without many a bend and meander, however, for Washington street is amazingly crooked, as are nearly all the thoroughfares of Puritan origin. It seems that the Mayflower party did not realize how big Boston was going to be, and so they carelessly let the cows lay out the streets as they wandered homeward.

Washington street today does not look like an aristocrat of ancient lineage, however. On the contrary, it appears decidedly democratic, swarming with all sorts of people who jostle and push each other on the narrow, overflowing sidewalks in the brilliant glare of numerous electric signs that flash the rival merits of moving picture shows, bars and cafes.—Exchange.

CURIOUS CLUBS.

The Man Killers, Their Cheerful Talk and Fitting Fate.

One of the oldest purely social clubs was the Everlasting club, limited in membership to a hundred people, who divided the day among them in such a way that some of them were always on the premises. Solely for the purpose of keeping up the fire from which members lighted their pipes an old woman was kept, and during the fifty years of existence the club members smoked fifty tons of tobacco.

No one who had not killed an opponent in a duel was allowed to be a member of the Man Killing club, where the conversation was confined to wounds, bullets and slaughter. Curiously enough, most of the members were executed.

Very different in character was the Six o'Clock club, whose members, numbering six only, met at 6 in the evening and separated at 6 in the morning.

Meeting early in the evening and sitting smoking until midnight, the curious people forming the Humdrum club observed the strictest silence.

But perhaps the most curious club of all was the No Nose club, which was founded by an unwilling follower of the Egyptian fashion of flat faces.—London Telegraph.

Persia's Great Superstition.

The greatest superstition in Persia is what is known as the "evil eye." You must not say to some one whom you meet, "How well you are looking!" for if you do and that person is taken ill it will be because you gave him the evil eye. You must not say to a mother, "What a pretty baby!" "What a bright child!" for if you do and anything unfortunate happens to the child you will be considered responsible. Many mothers let the children go dirty and poorly clothed in order that they may not attract favorable attention. The sign which is thought to have some power to avert the evil eye consists in holding the second and third fingers of both hands close to the palms with the thumbs, while the other fingers are extended straight out. Then, with the hands behind you, you make a downward movement three times.

Struggle of the Rivers.

The discovery that there is a kind of struggle for existence and survival of the fittest among rivers is one of the most interesting results of the modern study of physiography. A notable example of this contest is exhibited by England's two biggest rivers, the Thames and the Severn. Between their valleys lie the Cotswold hills, and exploration shows that the Severn by eating backward among these hills has diverted to itself some of the headwaters which formerly flowed into the Thames.

Breaking It Gently.

"I have called, sir, to see the photo of the lady with \$25,000 who wants a husband."

"Can you keep your face straight?"

"Of course I can."

"Very well. We'll break you in first with the \$5,000 applicants, and then gradually, as you grow stronger, we will work you up to the big prize. This way, please, and don't get frightened."—Exchange.

Boss at Home.

"How can you tell that the conductor is the boss in his house?" asked the recruit.

"Simple," boasted the great detective. "That woman asked him where she got off, and he said, 'I'll tell you where you get off.'"—Buffalo Express.

Desperation.

"Is dis high cost of livin' worryin' you?" asked Meandering Mike.

"It's drivin' me desperate," replied Plodding Pete. "I'm almost tempted to go to work."—Washington Star.

Nothing Lost.

"I hear she doesn't like me with a mustache."

"Going to shave it off, I s'pose?"

"Oh, no! She never liked me."—Kansas City Journal.

Difficulty is only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing a particular object.

WASHING THE DISHES.

Doing This Job Only Once a Day, It Is Said, Saves Time.

"The careful housekeeper will always resent the suggestion that once a day is often enough to wash dishes," writes Dr. H. Barnard in "Table Talk" in the National Food Magazine. "She cannot train herself to allow soiled plates and silverware to stack up from one meal to the next, for she has been taught that such actions are evidence of shiftless, slovenly housekeeping. As a matter of fact, along with many other notions which are fixed in the operation of the home, both time and energy are saved by cutting out two of the three daily dishwashing jobs."

Dr. Barnard goes on to recite the experience of one housekeeper who actually dared study the homely work of dishwashing. One week she washed dishes three times a day; the next week she washed each day's dishes altogether. She used the same number of dishes each day in both weeks. She found that it took her fifty-one minutes a day to wash dishes after each meal and forty-one minutes a day to wash them once a day.

This took account only of time, but there was a considerable additional saving in gas or fuel consumed by heating water once instead of thrice a day, to say nothing of the saving in soap.

SALT IN THE FOOD.

Why Its Flavor at Times Is Too Weak or Too Strong.

The average housewife wonders why she often over or under salts her dishes when she "knows" that she salted them just right, as she always did and as the recipes called for.

The reason is just this: The seasoning value of different brands of salt varies widely. This is easily proved. Take five slices of ripe tomatoes; apply equal parts of five makes of salt upon the separate pieces. Eat as soon as salted. The difference in flavor, pungency, rapidity and equality of dissolution and seasoning value are readily detected.

A table salt should be fine, the crystals of equal size, quickly soluble and free from ingredients which absorb moisture from the air. Large and small crystals will not dissolve uniformly; consequently the full salting effect is not obtained until the large crystals are dissolved. The quickly soluble salt diffuses itself through the food at once and gives an equality of savor. Sticky salt is an intrusive nuisance.

Failures in salting are largely due to changing from one make of salt to another. Get the best grade, grow accustomed to its use and stick to it.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Single File.

When the Indians traveled together they seldom walked or rode two or more abreast, but followed one another in single file. It has been thought by some that this practice resulted from the lack of roads, which compelled them to make their way through woods and around rocks by narrow paths. If this were the real reason for the practice, then we should expect to find that the tribes who lived in open countries traveled in company, as do whites. The true reason for journeying as the Indians did in single file seems to be a feeling of caste. This feeling was at the bottom of other customs of the Indians. It made their women slaves and rendered the men silent and unsocial. This peculiarity is Asiatic. How it has warped and disfigured Hindu life is well known. The women of a Chinese household are seldom seen in the street. The children, when accompanying their father, follow him at a respectful distance, in single file and in the order of their ages.

Poor John!

"Hello! Is this you, mother dear?"

"Yes, Sue. What is it? Something awful must have happened for you to call me up at this."

"It's not so awful. But John, dear, hasn't been feeling well, and the doctor gave him pills to take every four hours. I've been sitting up to give them to him, and now it's about time for his medicine, but John has fallen asleep. Should I wake him?"

"I wouldn't if I were you. What is he suffering from?"

"Insomnia."—Pittsburgh Telegraph-Chronicle.

Smoking In Japan.

In Japan woman has smoked ever since tobacco was introduced and invariably used the pipe of metal with the tiny bowl holding only sufficient tobacco to provide half a dozen whiffs which was in universal use until the cigarette entered Japan with other western innovations.

His Excuse.

"Your honor, I frankly admit that I was exceeding the speed limit, but I was afraid of being late at court."

"What was your business at court?"

"I had to answer to a charge of exceeding the speed limit."—New York Times.

Friendly Advice.

"We surprised all our friends by getting married."

"Good enough. Now surprise 'em by staying married."—Exchange.

An Ancient Cake.

Patience—Would you like to see the cake I got on my twenty-eighth birthday? Patrice—Why, yes! Is it well preserved?—Yonkers Statesman.

How blessings brighten as they take their flight!—Young.

William Baxter of Dolph, Is Laid To Rest at Salem.

William Baxter, a pioneer of the Willamette valley, and for 30 years a resident of the Little Nestucca at Dolph, died Wednesday week and the remains were brought out last Friday by a son, Peter and buried in the family lot at Salem. The trip to Willamina was made by team, and the rest of the way to Salem by automobile.

Mr. Baxter had a toll gate at Dolph until a short time ago. He went into the country in the early days, took up a government claim and developed one of the finest farms in Tillamook County.

Mr. Baxter leaves two daughters, Mrs. P. S. Frazier, of California, Mrs. Margaret Meador, of Dolph, and three sons, W. E., Peter and George. His wife died some years ago.

Mail Order House Goes After More Business with Vim.

A check for \$1,000 was received a few days ago by Postmaster Hucklestein, of Salem, in payment of postage from an eastern mail order house, says the Capital Journal. Of course so large a postage check would come only from one of the large catalogue houses.

As freight is much cheaper than postage on long distance hauls, the catalogue house shipped two carloads of catalogues to Salem for distribution at zone rates of postage, six cents a catalogue for those in the first and second zones and seven cents in the third zone. The two carloads will bring 28,000 catalogues.

A SAFE TEST.

For those who are in need of a remedy for kidney troubles and backache, it is a good plan to try Doan's Kidney Pills. They are strongly recommended by McMinnville people.

Arthur Branson, 339 B Street, No. McMinnville, Ore., says: "About six or eight years ago, I had rheumatic pains in my back and legs so bad that I wasn't able to do my work. At times, it was all I could do to get around. Sharp, shooting pains caught me in the small of my back and for a minute I could hardly move. When I got down to do anything it was all I could do to straighten up as my back felt so weak and stiff. After I had taken six or eight boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I was cured. Since then I haven't had any rheumatic pains and my kidneys have been as strong as ever."

Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Branson had. Foster-Milburn Co. Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. One Hundred Dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Medicine fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio, Sold by Druggists. 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Homesteaders' Fair Premiums.

The Portland Seed Company will give to the one making the best exhibit grown from Portland Seed Company's seeds \$7.50 in any goods handled by them; \$2.50 for the second best, exhibited at our Homesteaders' Fair this Fall. I make this announcement now so all who wish to try for the prize can order seeds.

R. Y. Blalock, Sec.

MERCHANT'S WIFE ADVISES TILLAMOOK WOMEN.

"I had stomach trouble so bad I could eat nothing but toast, fruit, and hot water. Everything else soured and formed gas. Dieting did no good. I was miserable until I tried buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler's-ka. ONE SPOONFUL benefited me INSTANTLY." Because Adler's-ka empties BOTH large and small intestine, it relieves ANY CASE of constipation, sour stomach or gas and prevents appendicitis. It has QUICKEST action of anything we ever sold. J. S. Lamar, druggist.

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