

**LOCAL AND PERSONAL ITEMS**

**AND OTHER NEWS OF INTEREST**

H. A. Miles was up from Woods Wednesday.

Will Roenicke, of Sandlake, was in town Wednesday.

Mrs. F. S. Ford and father, Mr. Hatton, visited Tillamook this week.

John Hellenbrand spent Monday and Tuesday in Cloverdale from Salmon River.

Frank Owens lost one of his best cows Tuesday by falling in a reservoir and drowning.

Plasker Bros for all kinds of plumbing, bath room outfits and fixtures. Tillamook, Ore.

A. H. Harris, Jeweler. Fine Watch work a specialty. Opposite postoffice, Tillamook, Oregon.

D. T. Werchku and L. M. Kraner were in Tillamook on Wednesday in the interest of better roads.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dunstan, of Tillamook, were in Cloverdale last Saturday in the interest of the County Fair.

Twenty two dollars was the net receipts of the band concert and basket social given by the Cloverdale band last Friday evening.

Eyes tested and glasses fitted—any kind. Prices right. A. H. Harris, optician. At Tillamook Drug Store Tillamook, Oregon.

Bids Wanted—Bids will be received by the secretary, Mark Bays, up to March 10, for the hauling of cheese to Tillamook, and other supplies for the Central Creamery Co. The right reserved to reject any or all bids.

We sell Dr. Hess Stock Tonic, 7-lb pkg 65c, 12 lbs \$1.00; Dr. Hess Poultry Panacea 1 1/2 lb pkg 25c, 3-lb pkg 50c; Kow Kure, Garget Cure; Bag Balm, Pine Tar in 15c tins; Gall Cure, Horse Liniment, Sweat Pads, etc. The Satisfaction Store, Hemlock.

County School Superintendent Buel, Field Worker F. L. Griffin and County Agriculturist Jones visited the school here yesterday and gave some splendid talks. Superintendent Buel paid compliments to the high school before introducing the other speakers. Prof. Griffin's talk was along the line of Industrial clubs, their organization and results. County Agriculturist Jones spoke briefly on the better improvement of stock. Later in the day these gentlemen entertained listeners at the Grange Hall.

W. R. Robedee and A. C. Deuel, of Woods, were business visitors to Cloverdale Wednesday.

Among the Masons in Tillamook this week from this end of the county are George Worthington, Fred Murphy, Roy Estabrook and F. S. Ford and H. H. Miller.

Send us 35 cents this week and we will send you one pound Satisfaction Coffee and one pkg Diamond "W" jelly powder free. Only one to a family. The Satisfaction Store, Hemlock.

On display in the Cloverdale Mercantile Co.'s store is a perfect shaped potato that weighs 3 1/2 pounds, is 13 inches long, 11 inches in circumference and has 34 eyes. It was grown by Will Roenicke, of Sandlake.

A literary society has been organized in the new high school. The officers are: President, Chas. Cooper; vice-president, Herman Bailey; secretary and treasurer, Jennie Ward; sergeant at arms, P. M. Stiverson; adviser, Miss Knox; editor, Miss George.

**Mrs. P. H. Messner Dead.**

Mrs. P. H. Messner, of Cloverdale, was operated upon at one of the hospitals in Tillamook Tuesday and for a time it was thought she was improving but news reached here this afternoon that she could not survive the shock. Later—A telephone message received at 2:15 says that Mrs. Messner had just passed away.

**Hebo Beats Beaver.**

In a game of basket ball last night Hebo defeated Beaver by a score of 37 to 23. The stars were Stiverson and Bob Fortner for Beaver and Gates and McGinnis for Hebo.

The line up:

Hebo 37	Beaver 23
McGinnis 6	F Bob Fortner 7
Joe Everest 6	F Lester Fortner 2
R. McGinnis 17	C Call
Gates 6	G Ronald Saling
Kellow 2	G Stiverson 14

**AMUSEMENT**

Without Amusement this O'd World Would be a Dreary One.

We have an amusement place for you where you will be treated right.

**Billiards and Pool.**

Complete line of Fruits, Confectionery and Soft Drinks.

V. Learned. - Cloverdale.

**Stock Tonics**

Cows and horses, like the human, needs at this season a good System Tonic. Don't neglect the needs of your cows and other stock. Look after their needs and they'll make it up in returns.

For your benefit we have made a close study of this part of our business and are prepared to furnish you with the best of Stock Remedies, prepared expressly for you, Mr. Dairyman and Stockman, in your business as a dairyman and stockraiser.

Give us a call when in need of Stock Remedies. Now is the time to use them.

**Wm. A. HIGH**

THE RELIABLE DRUGGIST  
CLOVERDALE, - OREGON

Now is the time to let us have your order for Garden Seed. Send us a list of your wants and let us quote you prices. E. G. Anderson, The Satisfaction Store, Hemlock.

**Running the Blockade**

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Port Royal, South Carolina, is a fine harbor. In that region are many islands lying between the mainland and the ocean on which is produced what is called sea island cotton, an article of very superior grade. When the war between the states opened and the southern ports were blockaded this was a favorite point for running the blockade with cargoes of this valuable cotton. Where it was grown it was worthless; beyond the Yankee blockading squadron it was often worth more than a dollar a pound.

The United States government sent a naval and military force to Port Royal to occupy the harbor, and adjoining the islands, some fifteen or twenty miles from the mouth of the harbor, is the town of Beaufort, and one day during the early part of the war a steamer lay at the wharf taking on cotton. A man on the deck was watching a gang of negroes rolling the bales aboard. A long, thin man with lean cheeks and a tuft of beard on his chin and wearing a butternut suit came sauntering along and stood looking at the loading.

"Are yo' the cap'n o' this hyer ship?" he said to the man on deck.

"I am."

"I'm lookin' fur transpo'tation. I want to git out o' this dod rotted, Yankee ridden country. I've sold out my little plantation and put the money into cotton. I got twenty bales."

"Don't you know that the Lincoln government won't let any cotton leave the Confederacy?"

"You don't say so?"

"Yes. I'll take your cotton for you, but there's a big chance of its being

captured by a Yankee gunboat lying off the mouth of the harbor. If so it will be confiscated."

"Waal, now, I reckon that's interferin' with a man's nateral rights."

"But if you git it through, if it's sea island cotton, you'll make a small fortune out of it."

"Well?"

"If yo' want to take the risk I'll carry it for you for 20 per cent of what yo' sell it for."

"Yo' goin' to carry over this what yo' takin' aboard?"

"I'm goin' to try."

"I'm afeard I mought lose my cotton."

"In that case yo' bette' not risk it."

"But yo' say yo' goin' to risk it with yo' cotton."

"I am."

"What yo' paintin' yo' ship that color fo'?"

"That's the color of a fog. I shall not go to sea till I can git a misty night. That gray paint is exactly the shade of a misty mo'ning just befo' day."

A bargain was struck between the two, the captain agreeing to take the lean man and his cotton to England for 20 per cent of its value in Liverpool provided the blockade could be run safely. The twenty bales were taken to the wharf and rolled aboard. The owner remained ashore till a foggy night should enable the ship to get to sea, there being five chances of success to one of capture.

Finally an east wind brought in murky weather, and the captain told his passenger that there was a prospect of her getting out early the next morning. The latter went aboard with his baggage, a hair trunk, a handbox and a leather case evidently containing a musical instrument. But the captain, who was busy superintending getting the ship off, had no time to inspect the passenger's baggage.

Steaming down on to the broader waters the ship cast anchor between two Confederate forts on either shore to wait for an opportunity. There were considerable wind and rain during the night, but nothing to conceal a ship. About 7 o'clock in the morning the wind lulled and a dense fog settled down. The captain concluded to try to slip out between the gunboats outside the harbor. Just before the fog shut everything from view he took his bearings from his compass and, with speed only sufficient for steerage way, aided by an outgoing tide, drifted to the harbor's mouth.

On passing out a dim bulk appeared on his port quarter. He knew that it was a blockader, but he had the advantage of his ship's being the color of the mist, and he passed safely. Half an hour passed, and he was congratulating himself on having cleared the blockading ships, when from below there arose the resonant sound of a bugle. Dashing down the companionway, he followed the sound, which led him to his passenger's stateroom. The man was practicing on a cornet. The captain with a blow sent it scurrying on the floor.

"You idiot!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"What do yo' mean yo'self? I always practice at this time o' the mornin'."

"Fool! Do you want to lose your cotton?"

Through a porthole they heard "Ship ahoy!" then "Heave to!" and the captain knew it was all over. They were in possession of a Yankee gunboat.

The lean man was a Connecticut Yankee, and his prize money for his services amounted to \$100,000. He had obtained a commission from Washington to prevent blockade running and had been furnished with means that enabled him to carry out his purpose in his own way.