

CLOVERDALE COURIER

Published Every Thursday

Frank Taylor, Editor and Publisher.

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 My Job Department is complete in every respect and I am able to do all kinds Commercial Job Printing on short notice at reasonable prices.

THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1917.

Those who took advantage of the invitation to attend services at the Presbyterian church last Sunday morning and evening and listened to the sermons by the pastor, Jos. A. McVeigh, "How to Get Wise" and "The Last Awful Prayer Meeting" were surely given a feast of good things. His sermons are all fine, but his Sunday evening discourse was certainly a master piece. He said that he had a message from God to deliver to the people of Cloverdale, and as you listened to his vivid word picture of the time when we shall be judged, when the moral, the worldly wise, the self-sufficient, the society leaders would awaken to a full knowledge of their mistake, you were forced to believe that the speaker was inspired. This message took a vital grip on the hearts of his hearers. The interest was intense. Mr. McVeigh is a very convincing speaker, and that his whole heart is in his work is evidenced by the splendid results of his efforts. He has only been in Cloverdale four months and has added five names to the church roll.

IN THE EYES OF THE WORLD.

Washington and Oregon today hold a most important place in the campaign for national preparedness. These two states will be called upon to furnish a large portion of the immense fleet of ships required to transport supplies to the allies. Steel shipyards in both Portland and

Seattle are working to the limit. Wooden ship construction is the only alternative for the rapid organization of an oversea fleet of fair sized carriers. Douglas fir, one of the greatest natural assets of these two states will be the material used and in this way its great value for ship building will be proved in a short time as in no other manner. Also the Washington and Oregon shipyards will be brought to the attention of the whole world and give us an inestimable amount of valuable advertising. After the war our shipyards will be recognized the world over and be in a position to claim their share of business.

COUNTY FAIR NOTES.

Get ready for the big County Fair to be held August 28, 29, 30 and 31. It is not too early to think about making an exhibit at our next County Fair. Begin to select your grasses now and have all varieties included in your exhibit. Select the best from the different crops; have the necessary varieties represented; have everything neat and in good order, so that it may be attractively arranged for exhibition. Be careful to have all samples correctly labeled. In preparing for fair exhibits, the first thing for consideration should be the selecting of the best material possible; second, to have it neatly put up and exhibited. The object of the County and State Fairs are to furnish object lessons for better work, larger yields, designating the crops best adapted to the local climate and conditions. In no way can this be done so effectively as by placing the best products of the farm, garden and factory on exhibition for public inspection. I urge every person in Tillamook County to set forth their best efforts, and begin now, as no time in the history of our country has it been so essential as it is now, to strain every effort to make the soil produce the maximum. Everyone should make an exhibit this year, and take a special interest in the fair, as by so doing you perform a patriotic duty to your country, as well as partake of the high premiums set out for each exhibit. All departments are represented. Win a prize. Any assistance or information regarding preparation or exhibiting will be gladly given by the manager. Write me today in what exhibits you will be interested so I can put your name on the mailing list as subjects of interest will be taken up from time to time between now and fair time. This information will be valuable to you, at the present as well as in the future. Don't fail to get your name on the exhibitor's list. Do it now. Mail all communications to Ben Kuppenbender, Mgr., Tillamook County Fair, Tillamook, Oregon.

An Heirloom

It Once Served as a Hiding Place

By SADIE OLCOTT

"Flora, here is a letter from Chesley, your Uncle William's lawyer, and he has inclosed a copy of the will."
 "To whom has uncle left his property?" asked Flora.
 "I can only speak for that enormous mahogany bedstead by which he set so much store—the gargoyle bedstead."
 "Did he leave it to me?"
 "Of course he did. Don't be foolish, my dear. Listen:
 "I, William Gray, being of sound mind, etc., do give and bequeath to my grandniece, Isabel Gray, her heirs and assigns forever, my Sheraton sideboard and the sum of \$2,000; to my grandniece, Flora Gray Winchester, her heirs and assigns, the mahogany bedstead which stands in my own chamber and which is known as the gargoyle bedstead, together with the sum of \$1,500."
 "Where shall we put it, Harry?" interrupted Mrs. Winchester breathlessly.
 "Put it? You don't expect to get it into this flat?"
 "We must have it here. I wouldn't examine it there with Isabel looking on. And, besides, it is such a journey down to Richmond. Anyway, you can't spare the time to go down now, and we must examine it together. I want to get it here as soon as possible. Who knows but Isabel or some of the others might find the diary of Nancy Gray and learn the secret? My inheritance would be worthless!" Mrs. Winchester's voice trembled.
 "Oh, all right!" said Winchester tractably. "But how the deuce you expect to get it in here I don't quite see. It's a very large piece of furniture, isn't it?"
 "Now, Harry, dear," she cried, with one plump hand upon his lips, "that bed must be got into this flat somehow! First I will finish my letter to Mr. Chesley and let Nora post it at once. I can hardly wait to see the bedstead, Harry, and I don't dare dream of what will be ours when the secret of the bedstead is disclosed. Do you think, dear, I was wrong not to tell Uncle William about the diary of Nancy Gray I found in the garret?"
 "Well, truthfully speaking, I'm afraid it wasn't treating the old gentleman quite on the square."
 Two weeks afterward, while Mr. Winchester was engaged in a most important business transaction, he was summoned to the telephone.
 "Yes, this is Winchester. What? Oh, the bedstead there! I can't possibly leave at present. I can't help it. Tell them to send it up tomorrow. I know it's important—the bedstead! No, I didn't speak. Yes, I will come home early. Goodby."
 When he reached the Etruscan apartments that evening Winchester was fortified with a box of candy and a huge bunch of violets. He stepped to the elevator and pressed the button. A faint tinkle responded from some depth below.
 Presently the janitor emerged from an obscure doorway and surveyed him with an unpleasant eye.
 "It ain't a-ruenin'," he said gruffly.
 "Poor management," commented Winchester as he prepared to conquer the eight flights that barred him from home and dinner.
 "Huh!" exploded the man. "What with the freight elevator out of order, and people breakin' windows movin' in big stuff, and them chumps a-tryin' to put the feet board in my passenger car and a-terrin' a lady's dress, and her the landlord's sister-in-law!" He glared wrathfully at the vanishing form of Winchester.
 Opening the door of his apartment, rampant disorder met his eye. A huge, dark form almost covered the floor of the tiny parlor, which in its chaotic disturbance looked strangely unfamiliar to the master of the house.
 In the library Flora reclined on a couch before the bright gas log, while sympathetic Nora applied wet cloths to her mistress' aching head. Wreckage from the parlor impeded progress at every step.
 "My dear girl!" he uttered.
 She turned a weebegone face to his.
 "Such a time as they had trying to get it in the window! They were snuicy because the window was too small, and one of them pulled it in with a jerk, and it struck the chandelier. The pieces of glass fell on my Wedgwood vase, and that is broken! I—I am quite discouraged!"
 With a restless glance toward the parlor, where the gigantic bedstead lay like some dark shadow on his little home, and with an unpleasant recollection of the snorting janitor below stairs and of the generous tip it would require to reduce him to his customary state of patronizing familiarity, Winchester endeavored to soothe his wife's

shattered nerves, and together they obeyed Nora's summons to a belated dinner.
 At table Mrs. Winchester drew a folded paper from her gown.
 "This is the page I copied from the diary of Nancy Gray, Harry," she said, spreading it open before her. "I thought I would refresh my memory as to the exact location of the secret spring."
 "Richmond, Va., April 21, 1864," read Mrs. Winchester in solemn accents. "I am greatly alarmed for the safety of Grandmother Bimph's diamonds, and have vainly tried to find a hiding place for them. The Yankees are digging up every inch of ground on the adjacent plantations searching for buried treasure, and I am quite at a loss to find a safe place for our heirlooms."
 "April 22.—Such an excellent idea! I have just recollected that there is a secret hiding place in Grandmother Bimph's mahogany bedstead. I will conceal the jewels there and will describe their hiding place so that in case anything happens to me one of our family may be able to recover them, even if the bedstead should be carried away."
 "First, one must observe the row of hideously grinning faces—"gargoyles," grandfather called them—that outline the top of the headboard; there are twenty-five of these gargoyles in all, and one must press the right eye of the thirteenth gargoyle from either end, when the face will swing outward, disclosing a cavity. Into this cavity I have dropped the leather bag containing the unset gems—they are worth many thousands of dollars—and I hope to recover them when the war is over."
 Armed with hammer and screw-driver, husband and wife repaired to the parlor and began themselves with in, greatly to the disgust of the interested Nora, who availed herself of the keyhole as the only salve to her wounded self respect.
 "My dear girl, how do you think I'm going to handle this thing alone? It weighs a ton! Why wasn't it put in the guest room?"
 "The instant I saw it in the wagon I knew it would never fit into that room, so I told them to put it in here. We can remove it to the cellar afterward—or store it."
 "It fits in here," remarked Winchester.
 "Let us rip off the covering—I believe I know just where to place my finger on the spring! This is the headboard, of course, and here are the gargoyles!" cried Flora excitedly.
 Winchester took out his knife and leisurely opened the blade. He lifted one corner of the bedstead, groaned and dropped it heavily.
 There was a straining and snapping of cords as he applied his knife to the wrappings.
 "Oh, Oh! I am just as nervous as I can be!" cried Flora, regardless of her husband's groan as he dragged aside the covering and disclosed the rounded, polished top outlined by a semicircle of hideously carved faces.
 "Jove, what a beauty!" ejaculated Winchester, yet with a note of respect in his tone. "What a night mare! Fancy wishing a guest 'pleasant dreams' and then introducing him to that couch! Whew! Now, which face, Flora, love?"
 Mrs. Winchester triumphantly produced the paper from her laces and read solemnly: "The thirteenth gargoyle from either end."
 "The one in the middle, of course," announced Winchester.

"Press the right eye," quoted Mrs. Winchester breathlessly. "I shall have them set in a glorious pendant, Harry!"
 They hung expectantly over the bed. "Now press," she whispered sibilantly.
 Winchester pressed.
 "Nothing doing," he announced flatly.
 "Press harder," urged his wife. "The secret spring has probably rusted. They do rust sometimes, don't they?"
 "I never heard of one doing so. They always yield easily, and the door rolls noiselessly aside and leaves an aperture," said Winchester grimly.
 "We must get it open!" cried his wife tearfully. "Try some of the other eyes, Harry."
 "But why try the others, my dear? It says the middle one."
 "There is—there must be a spring!" retorted Mrs. Winchester. "Why should Nancy have put it in her diary if there was not?"
 "I give it up when you ask me to explain the vagaries of the female mind"—began Winchester as he viciously jabbed the eyes of all the gargoyles in turn without result.
 Flora burst into tears.
 "Don't cry, my darling," comforted her husband tenderly. "I'll find out the truth if I have to chop the confounded thing into kindlings!"
 "I wish I understood the meaning of it anyway," said Winchester presently when his wife had reached a degree of tranquillity where she could nibble a bonbon appreciatively.
 Again the tears flowed. "I might just as well have had another thousand dollars!" wailed Flora.
 Winchester's elbow knocked a small package from the table to the floor. "What is this?" he asked, picking it up.
 "An express parcel that came this afternoon. I haven't had time to look at it."
 He ripped off the covers and looked stupidly at a small leather volume in his hand.
 "The Diary of Nancy Gray!" he exclaimed. A letter fell from the book, and he opened it eagerly.
 "Read it!" commanded Flora impatiently. And he read as follows:
 My Dear Mrs. Winchester—Your uncle, the late Mr. William Gray, has placed this little volume in my hands with instructions to turn it over to you after his death. Of course you are aware that your uncle wrote this fantastical little tale for his own amusement many years ago, but it was never published. You are probably in a position to recognize that your uncle's clever wit enabled him to take great liberties with your family history. As the present owner of the Gargoyle bedstead, this little book will prove to be of especial interest to you. Congratulating you on the possession of such a valuable antique, and with kind regards, I am, very sincerely yours,
 JEREMIAH CHESLEY.
 The long silence was broken at last by a suppressed chuckle from Mr. Winchester.
 His wife buried her face in the sofa pillows. "Brute!" she sobbed bitterly. And Winchester is still wondering whom she meant.
 Importance of the Beard.
 The importance of the beard was fully recognized in the middle ages. Here is a passage (quoted by J. A. F. O'Brian in "Sixtine Rome") from a letter of the writer, Bartolomeo Catena: "It is well that those who have to lead and govern should have a long and fine beard. And I can assure you that the government of cities and provinces has been given to more than one prelate because he had a long and fine beard; otherwise he were not worthy that honor."

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Taylor Real Estate Agency
 Cloverdale, Oregon.

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In ever line of Merchandise, but none more especially than in

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And everything usually kept in a first-class hardware store, and all goods are of the best quality.

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