

TIDE TABLE for APRIL.

Table with columns for High Water and Low Water, and rows for days of the month from Monday to Friday.

The above Table is for Dry Stocking Bar, not Tillamook or Tillamook Bar.

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- List of officials including President Benjamin Harrison, Vice-President Levi P. Morton, Secretary of State Charles Foster, etc.



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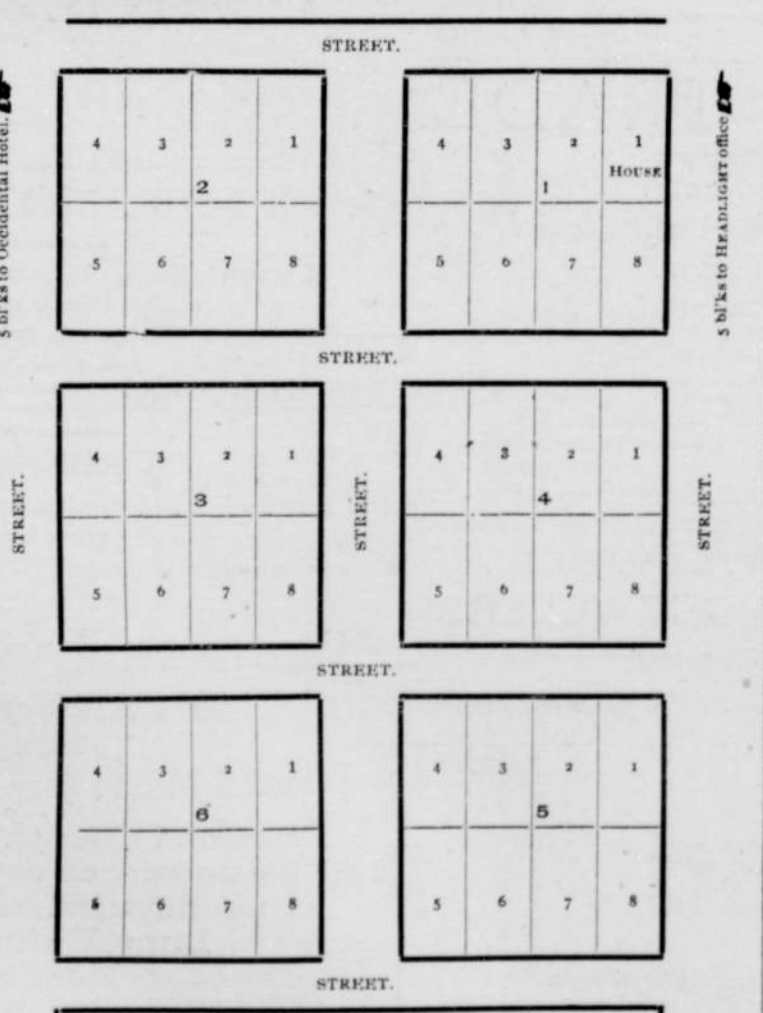
This house is connected with the well known whole-sale and commission house of MARK L. COHN & Co., 146, FROST ST., PORTLAND, ORE., and is able to purchase goods in large lots and at a very low figure, thus being able to discount all competitors in prices.

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R. R. HAYS' ADDITION TO THE TOWN OF TILLAMOOK.



(48 LARGE LEVEL LOTS.) STREETS 60 FEET WIDE. LOTS UNIFORMLY 52 1/2 x 105 FEET. Prices ranging from \$60 to \$160. Suitable terms made.

This property is situated five blocks directly south of the main thoroughfare of the town, two blocks south of the school-house, and faces on two of the principal streets. This is not a boom scheme to speculate on suburban or country property, as the tract is centrally located, virtually in the heart of the town, and buildings are going up on all sides at present.

The location is slightly, high and dry, commanding a good view, and slopes gently from the center, just enough to secure good drainage. It is well sheltered from the coast winds, and is just the place for homes. For further particulars call on or address

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Fresh Fruits and Berries in season. Shooting-Gallery in connection.

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LOVE'S MESSENGERS.

A bunch of violets, purple tinged, tied with a ribbon white. Like a tiny bit of sky befringed With a cloudlet steeped in silvery light-Lies on my desk to-night.

"Ah! fragrant waifs of flower wood chimes, Come, tell me, whence are ye?" Breathing their perfume into rhymes And tones of richest harmony, They fondly answer me:

"We come from one whose loveliest eyes Would dim our deepest blues, Whose brow in fair as morning skies, Whose cheek has the sunset's softest hue— Love's messengers to you."

—J. S. Eady-Smith in Kate Field's Washington.

Women Who Write.

I know not only one but several cases in New York alone where young women are making a good, yes, an excellent, livelihood with the pen. But—and here is a strong point—there have a certain specialty, and by close study of one subject they have become an authority in their line. One bright young woman writes about nothing but fabrics for fashion and trade papers, and makes an income exceeding \$5,000 per year, and another woman has made a specialty of fashion work, and she is perhaps the best paid woman writer in New York. Her income is fully \$6,000 a year.

There is a bright girl who supports herself by going around the great shops and finding out all the novelties in bric-a-brac, needlework and home decoration. She writes and illustrates them, and sells often a single novelty for \$25 and \$50. She told me that during Christmas week she netted over \$300. Another bright girl has made a study of fiction, and reads all the manuscript novels for one of the big publishing houses. She receives a salary of \$2,000, and adds another \$1,000 from outside connections.

Women who make their brain work pay best are undoubtedly those who follow a specialty, become an authority in their particular line of work, and here very often they can command their own prices.—New York Letter.

Cover Your Water Pipes.

An instance of the success attending the covering of pipes for conserving heat occurred quite recently, in which a residence was fitted with a complete system of hot water supply pipes on a scale sufficiently large for a good boiler in a five foot high range, but owing to the exigencies of a temporary delay a three foot range was fitted up and connected to the chimney and circulating pipes for temporary cooking and hot water supply. It was not supposed that the little range with its boiler would do much in the way of water heating, but to the astonishment of every one it gave an abundant supply of very hot water in every part of the house as quickly in the morning as a larger range could be expected to do.

The best material for covering pipes is hair felt. Hair is a poor conductor of heat, and is unresponsive for this purpose, especially as it is so easy of application. The felt, which is readily obtainable in sheets, is cut in strips for pipe work and wound around the pipe spirally and secured with cord or wire.

Women's Tastes in the Choice of Salads.

The cleverest women of my acquaintance are those that have come to approach men's tastes in matters gastronomic. "What salad shall we have?" I asked of a man with whom I was taking luncheon the other day. "Here are chicken and lobster," said he, with the half query in his voice. "Oh, we're not women," said the gourmet of the party; "give us chicory with French dressing." Here was a gastronomic truth. The meat salads, a mistake and a barbarism from every point of view, are dear to the palates of women, but offensive, if fancy, to most men of cultivated taste in matters gastronomic. Now and then, however, one finds a woman to whom the masculine taste in such matters is no longer a mystery, and it is delightful to see how the pretty creatures plume themselves upon this item of agreement with the tyrant man.—New York Star.

Sophomore Tricks at Yale.

Tales of college pranks at Yale would seem to grow old, but the students continually find something new with which to amuse or startle the public. And at Yale, nowadays, there is very little "fun" of this kind that is particularly troublesome to anybody. Whoever has seen the massive structure of the D. K. E. society, with its windowless walls and the immense padlocks on its big iron door, will appreciate the humor of the neat sign, "Please enter without knocking," which was found to adorn it a few mornings ago. Some of the sophomores, who have abandoned the custom of hazing, but who cannot forget the spirit, have succeeded in getting some unphilosophical freshmen into trouble with their landlady in regard to their milk supply.—Cor. New York Times.

Watermelons in Winter.

How is this for climate? Lee Lothrop, whose ranch is situated a short distance from town, brought to this office a monster watermelon, just plucked from the vine, and as fine to appearance as any ripening in the month of August. It measured 66 inches in circumference lengthwise and 31 inches in circumference the small way, and 104 inches in diameter. It was rich in color and flavor, and was ripe from rind to rind. The melon was no hot-house production, but was grown and ripened in the open field.—Templeton (Cal.) Advance.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, ex-president of the National Woman's Relief corps, is in attendance on the Pennsylvania legislature, to help secure an appropriation for the Brookline Soldiers' Home, an institution for aged and disabled soldiers and their wives.

Toilet's niece has prepared an edition of "War and Peace" for the blind. This edition will be printed entirely in raised letters, and each copy will contain about 7,000 pages. The preparation of the

Staid in Bed Twenty-seven Years.

One of the most remarkable cases ever known is that of John Bond, of Mitchell, a negro about 30 years old, who has been in bed about twenty-seven years.

When quite a young man he, with his mother and two sisters, lived on a farm near Paoli, Ind. The mother determined to sell the farm and move to Mitchell. This raised the ire of the son (John), and he then threatened if the farm was sold he would go to bed and never get up. No attention, however, was paid to his threats, and the farm was sold and the family moved here. On the night of their arrival John retired as usual, but in the morning he refused to get up, and no amount of entreaty could persuade him, and for twenty-seven years he has stubbornly carried out his purpose not to get up, with one exception, that being when his mother died a few years ago.

In the middle of the night, as the neighbor women were watching with the corpse, they were startled out of their wits by a ghostly figure appearing and silently kneeling by the coffin side. Some of them, not being aware of John's existence, supposed it was a real spook. When he first took to his bed it caused a great deal of comment. Physicians examined him and pronounced him in perfect health. Every means was tried to get him up, but all failed. A cry of burglars did not move him, and an alarm of fire did not cause him to budge. As the years have passed the people have lost interest in the case, and are only reminded of his existence by seeing him carried on a stretcher to the polls on the occasion of some important election. His health has been gradually failing him for the last few years, and he lies in his bed, speaking to no one unless spoken to, when he will give intelligent answers to all questions addressed to him.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Boy's Brave Act.

Dennis P. McCarthy, a 16-year-old Brookline lad, performed an act the other day which not only displayed courage, but a rare presence of mind, in the saving of the life of a 2-year-old child of Mr. Joseph Cariero.

Young McCarthy was at work repairing the roof of his father's barn off Boylston street, which abuts on the village brook. A platform lead from Mr. McCarthy's house to the top of the barn. The child walked along this platform to the roof, and before he was noticed fell into the brook, a distance of about twenty feet.

The water was about three feet deep, and the current was quite strong. The child's cries attracted McCarthy's attention, and realizing the situation, he jumped from the building to the Boston and Albany railroad track.

In order to save the child's life he had to act promptly, for the arch where the brook enters the tunnel was only 100 yards away. McCarthy ran down the track and reached the culvert just in time to jump into the brook and to grab the little one, who was being carried along to certain death.

By this time a large crowd had collected and every one was loud in the praise of McCarthy's courage and presence of mind.—Boston Herald.

Don't Kill Savage Dogs.

I had occasion to call upon one of the most eminent physicians of this city, and he alluded to the reputed bites of mad dogs in East Orange, N. J. "Why did they kill the dog?" said he. "It was a crime to do it. Very likely the dog was not mad, after all. When a dog bites a person, the proper way is to catch the animal and keep him in custody, with good treatment. If he is mad, it can soon be discovered, and vice versa. Should the dog turn out to be unafflicted with hydrophobia, from what an agony of apprehension would the bitten person and his friends be saved.

"Now, as to this affair at East Orange, the dog having been killed, there is no way of determining whether he was mad or not. The persons bitten will be likely to worry themselves into such a state of nervous excitement that their health will suffer, and all of the anxiety would probably have been removed in a few days had the dog been taken care of and watched, for the probabilities, of course, are that he wasn't mad after all.

"I mean hydrophobic madness, of course." It struck me that the doctor's remarks were wise.—New York Star.

A Battle Between Doctors.

Although the matter has been to a great extent kept secret, a battle between homoeopathy and allopathy has raged over the sick bed of Princess Henrietta of Prussia, precisely similar to that which occurred at the commencement of Lord Beaconsfield's fatal illness. Her mother, who is an ardent homoeopathist, called in Dr. Martiny, the head of that school of medicine, and all the eminent orthodox physicians declined to meet him in consultation. The attitude they assumed necessitated the summoning of a provincial practitioner by telegraph, and has given a wonderful opportunity to a young and able military doctor, who considers obedience the first duty of his calling.—London World.

A Noble Moose.

A. McIntosh has the finest specimen of moose ever brought to La Prairie, Ill. The animal when alive weighed 1,400 pounds. The large blades are 14 inches across; it is 4 feet 10 inches between the horns, and has fourteen small prongs. Particular care was exercised in dressing the carcass, so that the hide is complete to the hoofs. Mr. McIntosh will send it to Duluth, where a taxidermist will fit it up.—La Prairie (Ill.) Magnet.

Still Unsettled.

Mr. Brown, of Virginia, spoke of Mr. Hough, of Tennessee, as if the name were pronounced "Hoo," which he claimed was very proper for him to do, but Mr. Hough resented it, and one received two bullets and the other three cuts, and the case is still unsettled. Mr. Brown insists that when a man wants to be known as Mr. Huff he

DRESSING IN A COLD ROOM.

Some Suggestions About Getting Up Those Who Sleep in Cold Rooms.

If there's anything wretched it's tumbling out of bed on a freezing winter's morning, with the windows adorned with frost pictures and your flesh adorned with goose pimples all the time you are dressing. It's unhealthy, too. I believe that if properly collected the statistics of those who have received lasting injury from dressing in cold rooms would show them to outnumber the grip sufferers two to one. If possible, one should have a warm room in which to dress. Sleeping in a cold room no one minds, unless it is very little children. When one lives at home it is often possible for several members of the family to dress in the family sitting room by relays. Without any extra expense everybody is made comfortable.

You can put on dressing gown and slippers, throw your clothes over your arm and run down to the warm room, lock the doors and dress. By pinning a towel over your shoulders to protect your dress, you can comb your hair afterward in your own room, where, fully dressed, you won't mind the cold. I know a family of ten members who used this plan of making the family sitting room the dressing room for several years. Each member of the family had his or her own particular ten minutes to use the room, everybody was comfortable, and there was considerable money saved, for before adoption of this plan a good deal of wood was used up in making fires in the chambers on very cold mornings.

If you are boarding, however, and cannot afford to do so, do not waste time making a fire just to warm yourself on cold mornings and keep out of the cold as much as you can. Take your stockings into bed with you, and when they are warm put them on. Dress yourself as quickly as possible, moving rapidly to make the blood circulate. Always put on shoes and stockings before stepping on the floor. Your shoes may be cold, but they won't give you such a sudden chill as contact with the floor.

Besides, you have got to get into them some time, and you are not obliged to wear the floor.

Get some warm water to wash in if possible. I know there is a great deal said against washing in warm water, but it is a better evil than making your hands numb and your nose red in water over which an ice film has formed. You have no idea, either, unless you've tried it, how nicely warm water will make you feel on a cold morning.—Home-maker.

An Innovation in the Bridal Procession.

The innovation of having the bridesmaids go down from the chancel to meet the bride at the church threshold, which Miss Robbins introduced at her wedding, is likely to become a popular one. Bridesmaids have always suffered, no matter how charming they may be, because they usually precede the bride and are lost in the halo of her interesting brilliancy. At Grace church, however, the other day it was possible to give to the train of young women walking slowly the length of the church the attention which their beauty and grace justified. Said a man afterward, speaking of this lovely retinue, "They reminded me as they came down the aisle in the half light of the church of the procession of the 'Daughters of the Dawn,' an effect which their delicate pink draperies and veils, like the first faint blush of the morning, served to heighten." When it is recalled that Miss Amy Bond and Miss Sallie Hargons were two of the ten, and that the other eight were scarcely less beautiful than these acknowledged belles, his remark does not seem extravagant.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

A Kindly Act.

I saw her at the exposition. She was slender and sweet and young; simply clad, but with an unmistakable air of elegance about her. She was carrying an old, shabby umbrella and a heavy, faded shawl, while close to her pressed a rusty looking Irish woman, heavily laden with children of all ages and descriptions. One was crying loudly and lustily, and the young woman was smiling down at him. Suddenly she one exclaimed in a shocked tone, "Why, Bertha, who on earth have you with you?" She turned and answered simply, and without hesitation, "I don't know; it is some poor woman I am helping to find a seat." And of all the beautiful things that I saw at the Portland exposition I thought that young woman the most beautiful and the most desirable.—West Shore.

Mrs. Talmage.

Everybody knows about the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage; few know much about his wife. Yet she is a woman of uncommon gifts and possessed of considerable talent as a speaker. Women who have been members of her Bible class have at one time numbered over a hundred, and her enthusiasm, when she was over she shook hands with the entire assemblage, and gave to each an instant of unburied cordiality. That's a wonderful social gift, the giving, for however short a time, of undivided attention. It's almost a recipe for popularity, the restraint of the eye from uneasy wanderings.—New York Letter.

Handsome Mrs. Beecher.

At no time of her life has Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher been so handsome as now. Her hair, which is very abundant, is snow white; her eyes are dark and brilliant, and her complexion is soft and fair, with the delicate pink and white of a baby face. Mrs. Beecher lives in a pretty, modest little house in Brooklyn. She has an assured income of \$4,000 a year, and is constantly engaged in literary work, which is always in demand.—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen (Florence Percy) is a sweet faced, gentle voiced little lady, whose quiet demeanor gives slight promise of the sparkling wit and humor she displays in conversation or address. Mrs. Allen has recently