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All the county news.

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TILLAMOOK LODGE NO. 57, A. F. & A. M., meets on the first Saturday night of each month. Special meetings for work every Friday night. Visiting brethren invited to attend.
H. V. V. Johnson, W. M.
G. O. Nolan, Sec'y.

TILLAMOOK LODGE No. 64 I. O. O. F. meets in Odd Fellow's hall every Monday night, except the first Saturday of each month.
W. . Cooper, N. G.
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CORINTH POST, G.A.R meets on the 1st & 3rd Tuesday night of each month in Grand Army Hall.
J. W. Maxwell, Commander.
H. Roberts, Adjutant.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

TILLAMOOK CHARGE, M. E. CHURCH,

1st Sunday in the month,	Long Prairie	10:30
" "	Pleasant Valley	2:30
" "	Tillamook	11:00
" "	"	7:30
" "	Kilchis	11:00
" "	Tillamook	11:00
" "	"	7:30

Sunday School in Tillamook every Sunday 2:00
Prayer meetings Thursday evenings 7:30
If special pastorial service is desired, call on the undersigned at the Parsonage, opposite the court house.
J. H. WOOD, Pastor.

APPOINTMENTS TILLAMOOK, CIRCUIT M. E. CHURCH SOUTH.

First Sunday in the month, Tillamook	11.	A. M.
and " "	7.30	P. M.
Second Sunday, Wallace school house,	2.	P. M.
Third Sunday, South Prairie,	11.	A. M.
" " Pleasant Valley	3.	P. M.
" " Pleasant Valley	7.	P. M.
Fourth Sundy Hoquarton school house	11.	A. M.
" Long Prairie	2.30	A. M.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Elder H. B. MORGAN, Pastor: Will preach at Tillamook, on the third and fifth Sunday's of each month, at 11:00 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. All are cordially invited.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
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VIA
Southern Pacific Route.

SHASTA LINE,

Express trains leave Portland daily.

South			North.
7:00 p m	Leaves	Portland Arrives	9:35 a m
10:23p m	Lv	Albany Ar	6:22 a m
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ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY.

8:00 a m	Lv	Portland	Ar 4:00 p m
12:20 p m	Lv	Albany	Lv 12:00 m
5:40 p m	Ar	Roseburg	Lv 6:20 a m

ALBANY LOCAL, DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY)

5:00 p m	Lv	Portland	Ar 9:00 a m
9:00 p m	Ar	Albany	Lv 5:00 a m

LOCAL PASSENGER TRAINS DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY.)

2:36 p m	Lv	Albany	Ar 9:25 a m
3:25 p m	Ar	Lebanon	Lv 8:40 a m
7:30 a m	Lv	Albany	Ar 4:26 p m
8:22 a m	Ar	Lebanon	Ar 3:40 a m

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BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS.
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9:41 a m	Lv	North Yamhill	Lv 3:26 p m
12:10 p m	Ar	Corvalis	Lv 12:55 p m

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

EXPRESS TRAINS DAILY, (EXCEPT SUNDAY.)

4:40 p m	Lv	Portland	Ar 0 a m
6:52 p m	Lv	North Yamhill	Lv 6:16 a m
7:25 p m	Ar	McMinnville	Lv 5:45 a m

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HIS DEAREST ENEMY.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR. BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

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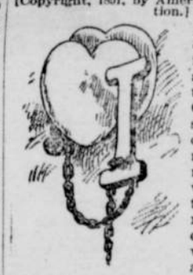

IN THE gray of a cloudy, cold morning of March, 1864, about the time that General Grant had assumed command of the Union armies, a detachment of cavalry was marching cautiously toward the northern defenses of Richmond. It was in advance of a much larger body of troops, whose main object was to liberate the Union prisoners, and to destroy the public defenses of the Confederate capital. They believed that they might do this, for they had trustworthy information that the city was defended by only a few thousand militia.

Colonel Lovell, who was at the head of the detachment, had high hopes of a brilliant achievement, and was proud to be in the van of the expeditiou, from which great results were anticipated. He was felicitating himself on the fresh laurels he might gather—an experienced soldier seldom thinks of defeat—when a volley of musketry from behind a knoll at the side of the road threw his men into confusion. The enemy was not visible. The flash of the guns seemed to come out of the earth. Although sharply on the lookout the little body was taken wholly by surprise. It was evident that the hostile raid had been learned and reported by some spy. The cavalry had fallen into an ambuscade, and in a few seconds two field pieces from a concealed position opened on the wavering line and did considerable havoc.

The colonel saw several men, one of them a captain, reel in their saddles, and that the confusion was approaching a panic, natural enough, because the troops knew not, so sudden was the attack, where to charge. The shots were rapidly taking effect; a rout was threatened. Lovell was trying to rally his command, when his horse plunged wildly forward, nearly unseating him, and dashing toward a bit of wood half a mile away. At the same time he felt a dull pain in the calf of his leg, which made him think he had been struck, and that perhaps the same bullet had wounded the spirited animal he bestrode. He could no longer control the horse, which ran furiously, and, when near the wood, stumbled and fell, the colonel having barely time to disengage himself, and so avoid serious injury. As it was, he was stunned, his head striking the ground with much force.

How long he remained unconscious he could not tell. But as soon as he recovered his wits he found his poor beast dead—he had been shot in a vital part—and that a ball had pierced the lower portion of his own leg. Albeit but a flesh wound it felt very sore, and prevented him from walking. There were no signs of the fight beyond the apparently lifeless bodies of a number of horses and men descried in the dim distance. He heard, too, at intervals, some dropping shots, and fearing that he might be captured—he had a horror of capture, having read such distressing accounts of Union prisoners at Richmond and elsewhere—he dragged himself to a clump of trees to await the protection of the night before determining on further action.

If he wanted to get back to the Union lines it behooved him to be in marching order, and consequently to look after his maimed limb. Having had considerable experience with wounds during the war, he bathed his leg in a rivulet and bound it up with his handkerchief, which he tore to one of them, and communicate with any negro on the place, he would be aided in getting through. He was aware that any northern man could count on the slaves if they were allowed to obey their own inclinations. Very few of them were to be discovered thereabout, nearly all having been set to work on the fortifications. "But this is my best chance," said Lovell, "and I'll try it."

Soon after dusk he set out, partially supporting himself with a stick, and after midnight reached a barn and ascended to the loft, where the fodder was kept. Before sunrise an elderly negro appeared on the lower floor—the whites seldom went to any of the outhouses—and the colonel told him of his mishap and of his anxiety to return to our forces. He grinned welcome, said he would do anything for a Yankee soldier, secretly brought him food from the big house, as he named it, and some old clothes to exchange for the uniform, so that he might pass for one of the natives.

After dark he set out again, deriving much information from the negro, who, like his race generally at that time, had far more knowledge of the situation than he was credited with. As his leg had so improved that he walked fairly well, he was confident of falling in with some of his military associates the next day. About an hour after dawn, while he was on a rough road, he was rejoiced to see a body of cavalry coming toward him which he imagined to be uniformed in blue. He felt like waving the old felt hat he had taken in place of his fatigue cap and shouting with joy. But he restrained himself, and in a few minutes was pained to discover that he had mistaken blue for gray. His first thought was to turn aside, but his second was to walk on, in order to divert suspicion, having little doubt that he must have been seen by the enemy. He would pass, he hoped, for a rural Virginian, and immediately prepared a story if he should be questioned.

* * * * * * *

As the cavalry came up, the major who commanded the troop halted him and asked his name, place of residence and business. The colonel, adopting the manner and speech of a Southern rustic, recited the plausible tale he had invented. A rigid interrogation by the Confederate officer, well as Lovell played his part, excited distrust. "I don't believe you're what you pretend. There's something mysterious about you. You seem to be a spy. We shall take you to Richmond."

The colonel was accordingly put under arrest, though he protested against it, in his assumed dialect, and was the next day

WOUNDED AND ALONE.

thrown into Castle Thunder, in Cary street, two or three blocks from the famous Libby Prison.

Accounts appeared in the Richmond newspapers of the capture of a notorious spy, who had long eluded the vigilance of the military authorities, and who would undoubtedly be hanged, as the evidence against him was conclusive, with many equally exaggerated and untruthful details. The mind of the southern community was not precisely in a condition to weigh the evidence against the prisoner, and their bitterness toward its foes was proportionately increased.

At this juncture Lovell resumed his proper character and narrated the exact facts, writing to Washington for their corroboration. They were duly corroborated, but the general, a Baltimorean, who had command of the troops in Richmond, maintained, since the colonel was in plain clothes, under circumstances very hard to explain, that he was, to all intents and purposes, a spy, and should be punished as such. The case was widely discussed in the city. The community was so prejudiced in the matter that it seemed to demand Lovell's execution; and there appeared to be not the slightest probability of his escape. His was one of many instances in which a man's life, innocent though he may be, is sacrificed to public clamor.

"BECAUSE I LOVE YOU."

The colonel did not pretend to enjoy the false position in which he was placed. He was courageous and resolute; but death as a spy, especially by hanging—a most ignominious mode of exit from the world—was abhorrent to him. He had often expected to be killed in battle—that might be the fate of any soldier; but to be swung from the gallows like a common felon was wholly different. He thought of it constantly and bitterly; but stoical philosophy at last came to his aid. "I offered my life to my country," he soliloquized, "when I entered the field. What matter how I die to serve it? Any manner of death in such a cause should be honorable. To be punished as a spy does not make me a spy; and my friends and all who care for me will know how unjustly I have been accused. Whatever my fate, I will bear it as becomes an American."

Northrop Lovell was but twenty-eight, a New Yorker, the elder son of a successful merchant. After leaving college he had gone into his father's counting room to learn the business thoroughly, and in due time succeed to the paternal place. He had been there three years; had made many friends; life was opening bright and beautiful, when the war broke out. Having learned to detest slavery from what he had seen of it in the south, he was one of the early volunteers in a New York cavalry regiment. He joined it as a private; was elected first lieutenant after Bull Run, and had afterward risen to a colonelcy by gallant service. That was his brief career; now the end was drawing nigh, and in the shadow stood the hangman.

Such was his gloomy musing on a May afternoon, as he paced the dark wooden cell on the second floor of Castle Thunder, before which a sentinel walked. A subofficial appeared from below, announcing that a lady, Miss Mabel Chalmer, wished to see him. He remembered the name—not a common one—vividly. It was that of an attractive girl he had often met at a friend's house at home. She had an elder married sister living in New York, whom she had visited several times, and she was a social favorite there. Lovell and she had been very good friends; had had, indeed, various sentimental passages, which meant nothing, as she was considered a desperate girl and Northrop was not susceptible. Could the caller possibly be she?

Lovell found that it was she, and that she greeted him cordially. She was living in Richmond; her father, brother, all her surviving kinsmen were in the Confederate army, and, through their influence, she had been allowed to visit the colonel as a former friend. They were allowed to converse freely and alone. She told him that he would certainly be executed, though she believed him innocent, unless he could escape. "That is impossible," he replied; "I have thought it all over. I am constantly watched."

She had thought it over, too, and she had formed a plan, which was to bribe the sentinel stationed before the cell, descend the stairs quietly, and then take his chances with the guards in front of the prison. "I have no money," he said. "But I have," she answered, and offered him a roll of bills. She added that she knew a house in town, giving the name and exact place—it was the house of a Unionist—where he could go and be concealed until the excitement over his escape had subsided.

He did not understand this. He could hardly trust her, her who was so intensely southern in her sympathies, so fiercely inimical to the north. He frankly said as much. "Why should you," he asked, "do all this for me? Why should you turn against your dearest friends to help me, your enemy? Why should I believe you?" She tried in vain to convince him. He had refused her aid absolutely, when, in a paroxysm of feeling, covering her face with her hands and bursting into tears, she cried, in a low, passionate tone, "Why should I do this? Because I love you!"

Covering her face with her veil, and pointing to the roll of bills she had thrown on the floor, she walked rapidly out. This he secured a moment before the official entered to conduct him back to his cage.

He no longer doubted Mabel—darling Mabel he called her in his own mind. Her last words had revealed everything, like a flash of lightning, and his heart responded completely to hers. His life was now trebly precious. He owed it to her to save himself if possible. Was it possible? He would do his utmost.

He succeeded in bribing the sentinel. He was walking out of the main entrance of the castle on a lowering, stormy night, when the guard halted him. He ran at once; he heard behind him the crack of the muskets, and heard also the whiz of the balls; but they struck him not, shielded by the enveloping darkness. He sought the place of refuge; he found it, and in a fortnight he was with his comrades in the Army of the Potomac. The following April he was among the first to enter Richmond. Everything had gone well with him. He seemed to have been protected by the providence of woman's love.

* * * * * * *

The story is told. But for the benefit of those who insist on demanding the superfluous, I may add that I dined only last week with Mr. and Mrs. Northrop Lovell (she is no less interesting now than she was as Mabel Chalmer) and their two children, a son of nineteen and a married daughter of twenty-three. It was a pleasant social occasion. We recited many reminiscences of the civil strife, to which the young people listened with delight, regarding their elders curiously, as they would have regarded us had we spoken of the War of the Roses, or the invasion of England by the Normans.

A Powerful Field Glass.

In one of the Confederate companies at Charleston there was a blue eyed young Englishman full of merriment and waggishness. One of his tricks was to mimic pompous officers, who sometimes stalked around the forts with their gold mounted field glasses in a way that would bring down the house if done on the stage in comedy. He usually wore slung over his shoulder three joints of cane in imitation of a field glass, and one day, after a long study of the enemy through the pretended magnifier, he dropped the instrument, leaped from the observatory where he stood and alighted among a crowd of men watching him from below. His face was the picture of alarm, and when asked what the matter was he answered hysterically: "The matter? Why, I brought those Yanks so close up with my glass that I became frightened and ran off."—Southern Bivouac.

Anecdote of General Sumner.

A story is told of the veteran Sumner at the battle of Antietam. His son, young Captain Sumner, a youth of twenty-one, was on his staff. The old man calmly stood, amid a storm of shot and shells, and turned to send him through a doubly raging fire upon a mission of duty. He might never see his boy again, but his country claimed his life, and as he looked upon his young brow he grasped his hand, encircled him in his arms and fondly kissed him. "Goodby, Sammy." "Goodby, father," and the youth, mounting his horse, rode gayly on his message. He returned unharmed, and again his hand was grasped with a cordial "How d'ye do, Sammy?" answered by a grasp of equal affection. The scene was touching to those around.—Floating.

A Blood Stained Relic.

Sergeant C. J. Durfee, of Binghamton, N. Y., has in his keeping a curious war relic in the shape of a roll book of company D, Twenty-seventh regiment, New York volunteers. The book was in the left breast pocket of Lieutenant J. L. Baily when he was shot through the heart on the picket line near West

THE ROLL BOOK.

Point, Va., May 6, 1862, and the bullet that killed him passed through the book, the wound staining the pages with Baily's blood. Baily was shot by a Confederate scout, and the scout's companion was shot by Baily's companion, Corporal Crocker. Singularly enough, the name of Corporal Crocker was entirely obliterated on the roll by the rent of the bullet and the blood stains. The accompanying illustration is from the regimental history of the Twenty seventh regiment.

GEORGE L. KILMER,
Formerly Twenty-seventh Regiment, New York Volunteers.

The noise of battlefield no more
[illegible]

ORIGIN OF THE DAY.

How the Observance of Memorial Day Was Suggested.

The following letter, originally sent to the New York Tribune from Washington by Junius Simons, will not be uninteresting at this time:

As one knowing the facts, permit me to say that the credit of first suggesting "Memorial Day" belongs to Mrs. Henry S. Kimball, of West Philadelphia, Pa. The suggestion was made by her in 1868 to General John A. Logan, then commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Mr. and Mrs. Kimball were old friends of General Logan. On their return home from a southern tour Mrs. Kimball wrote to General Logan stating that she had particularly noticed the southern women decorating the graves of their dead fallen in battle, and suggested to him that, as the commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, he should have our heroic soldiers, whose lonely graves were many, scattered and unmarked, remembered in the same beautiful way. The general was deeply impressed with the idea. Soon afterward he wrote Mrs. Kimball thanking her for the suggestion, and stating that he felt that such a touching tribute to his dead comrades would undoubtedly meet with general favor.

After carefully reflecting upon how he should give the matter practical shape he stated his ideas to General Chipman, of the Grand Army of the Republic staff, and requested him to formulate them in an order. This order, modified and enlarged by General Logan himself, was issued to the Grand Army of the Republic as "Order No. 11," and May 30, 1868, was named as the day it should go into effect. The order was generally well received throughout the country, and practically obeyed by the Grand Army of the Republic, greatly to General Logan's satisfaction, as evidenced in the following letter to Mrs. Kimball, dated Washington, July 9, 1868:

MY DEAR FRIEND—It is very gratifying to me to hear, as I do day after day, from my friends of the reception of my Order No. 11. As you observe, the custom is a beautiful one, and I am confident that it will not only never pass away from the recollection of the American people, but will more deeply ingraft itself in their hearts, and each returning anniversary of sacred decoration will increase in impressive devotion to our patriot dead; and the crowns we weave for them of never fading laurel and the beautiful flowers strewn over their graves give birth to sentiments of love and of honor which bind the past, the present and the future in one continuous chain of admiration that the life and service of even the humblest private shall never be forgotten.
Yours truly, JOHN A. LOGAN.

I was a clerk at the house of representatives and General Logan's private secretary at the time, and saw all the correspondence relating to the matter, heard General Logan tell his friends and other callers that he was indebted to Mrs. Kimball for the suggestion to decorate our soldiers' graves, saw him hand them Mrs. Kimball's letter on the subject to read, and heard General Logan state to General Chipman his views and wishes, out of which "Order No. 11" grew, and during the presidential canvass of that year, on which I went with him, he received many encomiums wherever he went for the inauguration of Memorial Day, and he never refrained from giving Mrs. Kimball full credit for the idea, feeling quite content and appreciative for the share of honor that naturally and properly flowed to him for putting it into practical and permanent operation.

Since then Memorial Day has silently matured into a tender and welcome custom throughout our land, and has additionally endeared to the hearts of the people the memory of that great hearted, brave and brilliant soldier, orator and statesman, John A. Logan.

A Mammoth Brigade.

One day a gentleman, not connected with the army, was riding to overtake Lewis' Kentucky brigade, then serving as mounted infantry, and operating between Augusta and Savannah, Ga., after Sher-

"THEY WERE DOMMED BIG MIN."

man had reached the latter city. The brigade, reduced to a few hundred by four years' active service in the field, had just marched through a little village, where the gentleman soon afterward arrived. He rode up to the door of a cottage in which dwelt an old Irishman and his wife, and tipping his hat a la soldier inquired if they had seen any rebels passing.

The old lady, seeing the interrogator wearing a blue army overcoat, naturally concluded that he was the advance of a Federal column in pursuit, and being a true southron, she thought to do the cause a service by at once striking terror into the enemy's ranks. She answered: "Yis, sir; they are jist after marching through, and there was twinty thousand o' them if there was a single man!"

The gentleman thanked her for the information, and, again tipping his hat, turned his horse in the direction the "twinty thousand" had gone. The old man, thinking that the exaggeration had not been sufficiently complete, ceased the vigorous whiffing at his pipe long enough to call after the supposed Federal: "Yis, sir, that's ivery word the thruth, it is. And they were dommed big min at that!"—Southern Bivouac.

It Was the Fighting.

A veteran who was not particularly brave in the ranks was relating his soldier experience when some one asked:

"Were you ever taken prisoner."

"I guess I was. I was a prisoner of war eight months, and slept on the ground in open air all the time. Some days I would get something to eat and some days I wouldn't. I nearly starved to death."

"It must have been a terrible experience," remarked a listener.

"It was, indeed, a frightful experience, [illegible]

COVER THEM OVER.

OVER them over!
'Neath the sweet clover
War scarred battalions are melting away;
No longer in strife
Are the blue and the gray;
Time is the foeman
Who conquers to-day.

Lilies and roses!
Valor reposes
Under the hillocks
Strewn over with flowers;
Heroes who fought
For their country and ours,
Peacefully sleep
'neath the May bedecked bowers.

Over them lay laurel and bay;
Garlands for heroes who bore them so well;
Crowns for the martyrs who fought and who fell;
Long in the land may their memory dwell.
HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

The Empty Sleeve.

You may talk about the pathos
In the hardships of the war;
You may talk about the glory
Of the cause that you fought for,
But there's nothing so pathetic
As the lesson we receive
From the quiet, idle flapping
Of the useless empty sleeve.

You may talk about the marches,
The scant rations and "hard tack;
Of "the last drop in the canteen"
And "the empty haversack;"
There's nothing so convincing in
The impressions that you leave
As the mute and speechless record
Of the useless empty sleeve.

You may speak of southern prisons;
But their horrors could not last,
Of the roar and din of battle;
And, thank God, that, too, has passed;
But we see a grim reminder
Every morn and noon and eve
In the living, speaking presence
Of the useless empty sleeve.

Soldiers deck the graves of comrades
With the laurel that they won;
Poets sing of gallant heroes
And of deeds of great renown;
But there's naught in poets' anthems
Or the chaplets that they weave
That can beat the touching story
Of the useless empty sleeve.
—Florence Earle in Home and Country.

Took Him at His Word.

A lieutenant was promenading in full uniform one day, and approached a volunteer on sentry, who challenged him with, "Halt! Who comes there?" The lieutenant, with contempt in every lineament of his face, expressed his ire with an indignant, "Ass!" The sentry's reply, apt and quick, came, "Advance, ass, and give the countersign."—Moore's Collection.

One at a Time, Please.

One dark and rainy winter's night the writer was ordered to carry food to the men in the trenches. A team was hitched up, and with a loaded wagon and driver we started out. Every challenge was made with the least noise, as the enemy was only a few rods in front. "Halt! dismount, and give the countersign!" came at every thirty paces. It was rough on my teamster, who was rheumatic and cold. However, we made the trip, and halted at a cavalry post. Major ——, a very Paladin for courage and strength, had rolled into my blanket for a snooze; he had driven the enemy with slaughter that day. My Jehu began to recite his annoyance thus, "Cuss the durned infantry; they made me halt, dismount, and give the countersign till I was weary and tarrify wid their foolishness." A roar followed from the couriers. At this moment a trim staff officer of a general, who had lost an arm, put in his say.

"I say, hold that noise; the general wants to rest. Don't let me hear any more of it."

Staff had hardly gone into darkness before Jehu began his old story. It was folly to try to keep back the laugh. A second outburst, and a second entry of staff. "Hang it, didn't I tell you to stop that noise? Who is it? I'll have him arrested!"

Just then, by some strange accident, a donkey put his demure snout in at our fire, and flapping his ears began his unmistakable bray. Jehu jumped to his feet, and shaking his fist at the donkey, said: "One at a time, if you please!"

Staff left amid a burst of laughter, as Major —— rolled over and over with my blanket, trying to restrain his hearty ha, ha, ha.—Historical Society papers.

Blue and Gray.

'Mong blossoms of spring, that you gather and bring
For graves that, though lowly, are royal,
Let the blue flower prevail, though modest and pale,
Since it speaks of the hue that is loyal.

But tie each bouquet with a ribbon of gray,
And lay it on memory's altar