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Trustees.....JOHN H. BAKER, President
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SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

TILLAMOOK LODGE No. 27,
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. 10,
O. F. O. F., meets in
Odd Fellows hall every
Saturday night, except the
first Saturday of each month.
W. H. Cooper, N. G.
B. F. Ely, Sec'y.

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 CHURCH, M. E. CHURCH.
Sunday in the month, Long Prairie 10:30
Pleasant Valley 2:30
Tillamook 11:30
Kilchis 11:30
Tillamook 11:30
Day School in Tillamook every Sunday 2:00
Evening meetings Thursday evenings 7:30
Special pastoral service is desired, call on
undersigned at the Parsonage, opposite
the house.
J. H. Wood, Pastor.

POINTMENTS 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.
Fourth Sunday, Tillamook 11 A. M.
Fifth Sunday, Tillamook 11 A. M.
Long Prairie 2:30 A. M.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
Elder H. B. MORGAN, Pastor. Will preach at
Hobsonville, on the third and fifth Sundays of
each month, at 11:00 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. All
are cordially invited.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
DAY CITY.
Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.
cordial invitation extended to all.
J. D. Beard, Pastor.

EAST AND SOUTH

VIA
Southern Pacific Route.

SHASTA LINE.

Express trains leave Portland daily.

South	North
6:00 p.m. Lv. Portland	Ar. Albany 9:35 a.m.
7:00 p.m. Lv. Albany	Ar. San Francisco 6:25 a.m.
8:00 p.m. Lv. San Francisco	Ar. Portland 9:00 p.m.

Above trains stop only at following stations:
Astoria, Roseburg, East Portland, Oregon City,
Hobsonville, Salem, Albany, Tangent, Steeds,
Day, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene.

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY.
6:00 a.m. Lv. Portland Ar. Albany 4:00 p.m.
12:00 p.m. Lv. Albany Ar. Roseburg 12:00 p.m.
2:00 p.m. Lv. Roseburg Ar. Portland 6:00 a.m.

ALBANY LOCAL DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY).
6:00 p.m. Lv. Portland Ar. Albany 9:00 a.m.
6:00 p.m. Lv. Albany Ar. Portland 6:00 a.m.

REAL PASSENGER TRAINS DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY).
6:00 p.m. Lv. Albany Ar. Portland 9:25 a.m.
6:00 p.m. Lv. Lebanon Ar. Albany 8:40 a.m.
6:00 p.m. Lv. Albany Ar. Lebanon 4:35 p.m.
6:00 p.m. Lv. Lebanon Ar. Albany 3:40 a.m.

Pullman Buffet Sleepers.
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

For the accommodation of Second Class Passengers,
attached to Express Trains.

The West Side Division
BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS.

MAIL TRAIN DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY).
6:00 a.m. Lv. Portland Ar. Corvallis 5:30 p.m.
6:00 p.m. Lv. Corvallis Ar. Portland 1:35 a.m.

Albany and Corvallis connect with lines
Oregon Pacific Railroad.

EXPRESS TRAINS DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY).
6:00 p.m. Lv. Portland Ar. Albany 8 a.m.
6:00 p.m. Lv. North Yamhill Ar. Albany 8:15 a.m.
6:00 p.m. Lv. McMinnville Ar. Albany 8:45 a.m.

Through Tickets
TO ALL PORTS
EAST AND SOUTH

For tickets and full information regarding
rates, maps, etc., call on company agent at North
Yamhill.
E. KOEHLER, E. F. ROGERS.



INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Sound the bugle! Play the battle-tong!
Let the jubilee ring!
For this is the Fourth of July.

No crumpling dynasties shall hush our noise,
No stern policeman fright our bully boys.
This is the day to make the welkin shake,
As our forefathers broke their tyrannic yoke.

Go to! Shall we let earthly things this day
Be dashed together loudly in such way,
Stupendous din—stentorian clangs
Shall prove that patriot hearts now beat in
banged?

Let orators by millions praise the day!
And while they yell let mighty trumpets bray!
Reverberating thunder split the sky,
And lightnings blaze to lick the ocean dry!

Set fire to everything, and bang around
The whole created world to swell the sound.
Burn up the poles, like two great cracker
strings.

And fill Symmes' Hole with dynamite and
things.
Anticipate the awful crack of doom
With all the mightiest cannons' cacophonous
boom.

Then swell the noise with shouts; yell, split
your throats;
Add even cornets and the base drum's note!
Sound the bugle! Play the battle-tong!
Let the jubilee ring!
For this is the Fourth of July.

Make a noise!
—David A. Curtis in New York World.

"JAKE'S" BANNER FOURTHS.

The Adventures of a Lad Who Desired
To Enjoy the Day.

He is the Hon. Jacob now, a dignified
and able senator, but back in the fifties
he was simply Jake to all except his
grandmother, the pastor who christened
him, and the teacher when school was
in. His first Fourth of July, according
to the recollection of contemporaries, was
celebrated in a little New England settle-
ment composed of farmers and miners.
The old folks were slow, but not so the
young ones, and in 1856, there being no
general celebration on the docket, the
boys of Oreville voted to have one of
their own. Jake was in his eighth
year, and though not formally on the
committee, he was around during the
councils, and by a timely word named
the location for the "doings."

It was a rocky hilltop on his father's
land, about 300 feet above level, the

into was on time, if not a little previous,
but the morning hours dragged. Break-
fast time came and went, and not a soul
—aside from the faithful few who were
doing it all, and the inevitable small boy
hangers-on—rallied to the hilltop to cel-
ebrate. The committee boys felt thin
at the waist, and one by one went home
to breakfast, promising to return on
wings in order to do their assigned parts.

An hour passed, then another, and
still another, and only now and then a
spectator was half carried, half coaxed,
to the hilltop. Jake made the trip from
the store, the mines and the cottages to
the hill dozens and scores of times, and
the candy almost melted in the
burning sun. The ardor of the boys be-
gan to wane, and finally there was no
one to serve the guns but Jake, whose
enthusiasm was reduced to a simple re-
gard for the reputation of his hill. In a
fit of desperation and anger he scooped
a handful of small stones from the
ground and rammed them in on a
charge of powder. The discharge was
so much louder that he repeated the
dose in other guns, until the whole val-
ley got a bombardment of stones that
shattered window panes and rattled on
the roofs of the houses.

The boys laughed and cheered when
they saw the people rush out of doors
and stare at the display on the hilltop.
A dozen pairs of hands fell to gathering
stones, and after a few more volleys the
inhabitants turned out en masse and
climbed up the hill for safety. Then the
boys resumed blank charges and the day
closed with every soul in Oreville on
Jake's hill.

Years passed before Jake got an-
other chance to play a leading part in
Fourth of July doings. The year fol-
lowing he had emigrated to another state,
and spent the day wandering from cross-
roads to crossroads, and from postoffice
to postoffice looking for the Fourth. The
next year he put in hoeing corn. The
year after that he held a flag for a Sun-
day school picnic, riding twenty miles
standing up in a hay wagon loaded with
filigree, perspiring humanity, and went
home to reflect that he had endured the
torments of a twenty mile ride on lum-
ber trucks, working like a yeoman mean-
while to keep old glory aloft, just to
eat some of his mother's cake and his
aunt's bread and his cousin's biscuit.

The next year, however, made up for a
string of eventless Fourth's.
It was the occasion of the Prince of
Wales' visit to America, and Jake had
become a town boy in a wide awake
place that got up a mock reception to a
spurious highness, who made his en-
trance in state on a canal barge. The
fantastic turnout was something gor-
geous in its hideousness and in its uni-
versality. All America, including even
Ah Sin and a group of his cousins, was
represented in a procession that moved
with floats and carriages, on foot and on
horseback. Up to the last moment the
aborigines were forgotten in the rage
for showing foreign acquisitions. Jake
was a patron of the literature of the
border and an admirer of the red man,
and his services were accepted without
question to fill the gap in the procession.

All went well, and the unblemished
child of the forest received his share of
homage from the crowds that reviewed
the pageant.

Finally the canal bridge came in sight,
with the prince standing on the edge of
the barge receiving the welcome of the
nations at the hands of a spokesman as
each division came up. Jake saw just
in time that he was a nation all in him-
self and must be his own spokesman,
although no speech had been given him
to rehearse. It occurred to him, too,
that his speech must be in the Indian
language, and he knew but one word.

He stood for a moment, looking at the
prince, and then he spoke. "Hi-yah!"
The prince started, and the spokesman
looked at him. "What does that mean?"
he asked. "It means 'Hi-yah!'" Jake re-
plied. "It means 'Hi-yah!'" Jake re-
plied. "It means 'Hi-yah!'" Jake re-
plied.

ing and saluting the prince and his
train with many contortions intended
to convey respect he bawled out,
"Say-ye-wat-a-bah," to the amaze-
ment of the king of the fanatics,
the mogul of the day, who stood
beside the distinguished guest. It hap-
pened that the king was the champion
fat man of the town—in fact, he was the
shape of a sugar cask, the longest, the
broad way. It also happened that
Jake emphasized the last three syl-
lables of his lingo, and in the hubbub of
the occasion everybody within hearing,
including the king and prince, under-
stood him to say for a windup, "What a
hog," his eye meanwhile being on the im-
posing and all overshadowing king.



INTO THE WATER.

The king lost no time in taking aim
with his eight foot saber of block tin to
behead the rascal who dared insult two
majesties at a word, and Jake turned
heel and dived off the other side of the
bridge into the canal to escape that ter-
rible ciner. He came up smiling, as a
good diver would, but with his feather
headdress and train soaked and droop-
ing, and his cheap war paint making
streaks down his stained mudlin hunting
shirt and leggings. At the fantastic hill
which wound up the occasion there was
no Red Brother on hand, for all the
roosters of the community had parted
with their tails to supply the first outfit,
and these would have to grow out again
before another real live Indian could be
constructed.
GEORGE L. KILMER.



High Praise.

Agent—Well, madam, another glori-
ous Fourth sees me here again. How
did your husband like the keg of powder
I sold him last year?
Lady of the House—He was complete-
ly carried away by it.

The Glorious Fourth.
The glorious Fourth will soon be here
With all its usual noise,
And many folk will miss an ear
From off their darling boys.
—Chicago Journal.

Mooray for the Day.
They fired the flying rockets off.
They fired the "wheel" and "crown,"
They fired the shooting crackers too.

All Aboard for Tillamook!

and when you get there take a look at

THAYER'S NEW ADDITION.

THIS MAGNIFICENT PROPERTY is almost in the heart of the
city. Perfectly level; commanding view. Size of lots, 50x100; wide
streets. Will be sold on easy terms and at prices that will give the pur-
chasers a chance to double their money in the next six months. Special in-
ducements to those who will build.

Now is the time to in- vest, while prop- erty is cheap.

If you wish to make an investment or buy yourself a
home, examine this property.

TILLAMOOK CITY WILL SURELY DOUBLE IN SIZE THIS SUMMER.

TRUCKEE LUMBER Co.,

(OF SAN FRANCISCO.)

General Merchandise.

They keep on hands at their store in
Hobsonville the largest stock of goods
in Tillamook County.

Our stock consists of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps
and Notions. Groceries, Crockery, and Queensware. Doors, Windows, Lime,
Hair, and Cement. Hardware and Nails. Special attention given to
filling orders for goods in jobbing lots.

AGENTS FOR

The Steamer TRUCKEE.

TILLAMOOK, SAN FRANCISCO AND WAY PORTS.

Makes regular trips about every two weeks, the weather permitting.

The fast sailing STE. TRUCKEE has been specially fitted up for carrying pas-
sengers. Following are the rates:

CABIN PASSAGE	\$15.
ROUND TRIP	\$20.
STEERAGE (one way)	\$0.
Freight, (General Merchandise)	\$4 per ton

J. E. SIBLEY, Manager, Hobsonville, Ore.

NETARTS

BY THE SEA!

J. W. MAXWELL has platted a town-site on his place at Netarts beach. Fine slightly residence lots, view unsurpassed and
sheltered from the north-west wind. No prettier and more suitable place could be found for a sea-side resort. Hun-
dreds of people visit Netarts Bay every summer and camp for weeks on the Beach. Fine surf bathing, good fishing,
several varieties of clams and oysters, elegant five-mile drive on the beach, and picturesque arched rocks where thousands of
seafarers disport themselves every day. Just the place to spend a few weeks this summer and select a site for a cottage by
the sea. A most delightful location. Several lots bargained before survey was made. Come via Sheridan or North Yamhill.
For full particulars, prices, terms etc., write to J. W. MAXWELL, Netarts, Tillamook Co., Oregon.

THE FINEST BEACH ON

THE PACIFIC COAST!