

Address:

BOARD OF TRADE,
TILLAMOOK, ORE.

THE SEARCH FOR PEARLS.

If the River Supply Has Ceased the Ocean Is Still Profitable.

An expert in the business announces that the pearl industry has "played out" after a brief season of prosperity on the rivers of Wisconsin and Illinois. This being the case the gem loving world will have to seek its supplies from the old sources which have furnished the "pale purple spheres" since and even before the days of Cleopatra.

Pearls figured largely in the jewelry presented to Princess Aribert of Anhalt, but probably neither the royal bride nor the givers thought of the trouble and skill required in bringing up these treasures of the sea from their Ceylon home. The haunt of the pearl oyster, as a correspondent of The Times of India reminds us, is off a flat, low lying coast of barren sand, with only a few stunted shrubs and baobab trees to break the monotony. For the greater part of the year the coast is inhabited only by crabs and tortoises and snakes, besides a few fishermen who catch sharks and seek for any pearls forgotten in the heaps of oyster shells forming huge mounds along the shores. But the scene changes when the pearl fishery begins. A mushroom town of huts and bazaar springs up on the sands, crowded with easterners of various races. The huts are draped with clothing hung out to dry, and in front are heaps of black earth and shells, where women and children are busy sifting the soil for the pearls detached from the putrefying oyster. A horrible smell arises, generating mosquitoes and all kinds of vermin, so that a hospital and medical skill form necessary adjuncts of the town.

The men diving for the pearls are usually Moormen, or Tamils, and a few Persian Arabs. The latter are the stronger race and can remain submerged for ninety seconds, while the former rarely stay below over seventy seconds, even with a nose compressor. They begin diving at sunrise and work for six hours, till the west winds set in, and they accomplish their work most cheerfully. Most of the divers are very superstitious, and will not go under water till the shark conjurer has performed certain incantations, so the government used to keep two or three of these functionaries. The conjurers remain shut up in a room uttering spells during the fishing, and thus, the natives believe, they shut the sharks' mouths, these creatures abounding around the fishing ground. The divers go down five at a time, and reaching the bottom throw themselves on their faces, and fling every oyster within reach into the net basket slung around their waist. Sometimes they obtain 150 oysters in a single immersion. At the end of the day the proceeds are divided, two-thirds going to the government and one-third to the divers.

COLOSSAL WORLD'S FAIR DESIGN.

The Gigantic Statue Planned by Architect Ingoldsbay.

Among the strikingly original designs for structures to adorn the Columbian exposition grounds must be mentioned that for which Architect F. S. Ingoldsbay is responsible. He has just completed a model and plans for a colossal statue of "Freedom Raising the World." It represents "that sturdy giant—the People—long held by the shackles of ignorance and prejudice to the rocks of monarchal government, finding himself at last relieved of such restraint and with a steady effort raising both himself and the world, which depends upon him, to any elevation they may attain."



FREEDOM RAISING THE WORLD.

There is to be a top floor in the globe reached by elevators, and having a surface of 12,000 square feet. The second floor, sixty feet above the ground, to cover two acres, is designed for a promenade and a series of restaurant halls in which the popular dishes of all nations may be cooked. The ground floor, extending over a space of three acres, is to have a grand theater with a seating capacity of 15,000 people. Here, instead of a stage, will be a vast planted with the tropical plants and trees of the island upon which Columbus first landed, its banks laved by an actual sea, upon which will float a facsimile of the first vessel to touch American shores. The landing of Columbus will be reproduced every afternoon and evening with historical accuracy.

Fresh Honor for Gladstone.

Australians of late have, through their newspapers, sneered at the English royal family, and one sheet had the temerity recently to suggest that "a rabbit honorary of seven shillings expense be offered for the slaughter of useless members." But all the antipodeans unite in honoring the "grand old man." The other day Mr. Gladstone's name was given to a New South Wales mountain, the highest peak in the Black range, near Cooma. The inhabitants wanted to christen the peak after Sir Henry Parkes, but the Australian statesman requested them to call it Mount Gladstone, for, he declared, "as Gladstone is by far the most towering figure that has arisen among English statesmen since Alfred the Great, it is very fitting that his name should be applied to such an elevated spot."

Some Habits of the People in the Bahamas.

There are about 10,000 people in Nassau, three-fourths black, and of the 7,500 blacks you see about 7,000 on the streets every day. They are nearly all barefoot, though some of the old women shuffle along with their toes stuck in slippers, and now and then a proud young girl thumps along in shoes. They carry their parcels on the top of their heads.

They do not sing or chant on the streets, but they do a great deal of shouting at one another. Conversation usually begins when the participants therein are about a block apart, and continues uninterrupted till the same distance, or perhaps a block and a half, has been put between them by their slow and lazy footsteps.

The conversations are usually accompanied by a strange swinging of the hands. The gestures are not definite or emphatic—nothing is in the Bahamas but the bite of the mosquitoes—and are not often belligerent. What their meaning is no one can find out.

This aimless swinging of the arms and hands is a peculiar characteristic of the negroes here. Even while alone, standing or walking in the street, with heads down and apparently unconscious of what they are doing, fully one-half of the adults move their hands and arms about, spreading their fingers and working the wrist joints almost constantly. Even the policemen, who are all colored and great dandies in the white uniforms and helmets, have the same habit.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

She Didn't Want Much.

Among the arrivals on a Hamburg ship recently was a German widow and her seven children, aged, flaxen haired stepdaughters. Being turned over by the authorities to a German paternal society of the city, the widow complacently sat down upon their temporary weekly allowance, awaiting its evolution by the most natural laws into a permanent weekly allowance. The German Ladies' Aid society appointed a committee to wait upon her Hamburgian majesty and propose some plan of reasonable investment on the part of the society whereby the widow could undertake the support of herself and family. She listened amiably to their propositions of a cow, a wash woman's outfit, but evidently decried such humble walks through American life. Finally, being asked to suggest something, this is what she said:

"If you please, ladies, this is what I think. I think of you ladies would so gibe, that you call a visit upon de mayor of New York, and ask would he so gibe to dat he gif me but one of dose so many street cars dat on de Broadway strasse run—I kann meinsel de horses make to go, and I will meinsel see dat you gibe ladies wot have so helped me gibe, must no money pay for riten. I kann much money maken von so many man dat rite all de day in my street car."—New York World.

Shirt and Pigtail.

A correspondent sends to The Youth's Companion a copy of a letter written by an English sailor on his return from an India voyage. It is dated "Warren Hastings, East Indianman, off Gravesend, March 14, 1813." One thought was uppermost in the writer's mind, as will be perceived by the hastiest reader.

DEAR BROTHER TOM—This comes hopin to find you in good health, as it leaves me safe and sound here yesterday after a pleasant voyage, tolerable short and free squalls.

Dear Tom—Hopes to find poor old father stout, and am quite out of pigtail. Sights of pigtail at Gravesend, but unfortunately not fit for a dog to chew. Dear Tom—Captain's boy will bring you this, and put pigtail in his pocket when born. Best in London at the black boy in seven days, where goes for the best pigtail, pound of pigtail will do and am short of shirts, only took two whereof one is worn out, and 'tother most, but don't forget the pigtail, as I haven't had a quilt to chew since a Thursday.

Dear Tom—as for shirts, yer size will do only longer, I like 'em long—get one at present—best at Tower Hill, and clean—but be particular to go to T. Dill at the black boy for the pigtail, and dear Tom—asks for pound of best pigtail, and let it be good—captain's boy will put the pigtail in his pocket. Boy likes pigtail so try it up strong.

But dear Tom, shall be up on Monday, there or thereabouts—according to no particular about the shirt, as the present one is washed, but don't forget the pigtail without fail, and so am your loving brother.

P. S.—be sure you don't forget the PIGTAIL.

Small Change in Plenty.

A well dressed and not bad looking woman, with a small handbag, rushed into town shops and stores the other day for "just one cent to make up five cents for her fare." She took it systematically, and nearly everybody she came across responded to her appeal. A group of gentlemen in a cigar store each contributed a penny—all but one. He said apologetically that he was sorry, but that he had nothing less than half a dollar.

"I can change it," she said promptly. The three men opened their eyes, but she saw her bad break at the same moment and slipped away with a faint smile creeping up from behind her ears.—New York Herald.

A Mushroom Caterpillar.

New Zealand sends large quantities of mushrooms to San Francisco and also to Hong Kong. The Chinese eat it, use it for medicine, and make a fine dye out of it. One remarkable species grows out of the body of a large caterpillar, practically converting the animal into a vegetable.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Warning to the Superstitious. Primary—What did you do that she should leave you on the wedding tour and return to her father? Secundus—I kept the promise she exacted of me that we should not be taken for a newly married couple.—New York Epoch.

MONEY SPENT FOR TELEGRAPHING.

Figures That Give One Some Idea of What It Costs to Run a Newspaper.

The records of the Western Union Telegraph company may be consulted to show the extent of the expenditures by the individual newspapers and the Associated Press for telegraphic tolls alone.

During the year ending June 30, 1890, the Western Union Telegraph company delivered at all stations 322,088,438 words of "regular" or Associated Press report. This was delivered to an average of two newspapers in each place, at an average cost of fifteen cents per 100 words for each place. This is rendered possible only by the great number of places served on a circuit, from thirty to forty being supplied in some cases at the same time.

During the same period the company handled 206,025,094 words of specials, at an average cost of fifty-one cents per hundred words. These figures do not include reports transmitted by the Associated Press over its leased wires, or special correspondence sent on individual newspapers' leased wires. Estimating these two classes and the reports of the outside press, there was delivered to the newspapers during that year an aggregate amount of 1,500,000,000 words of telegraph news.

On the regular service a little more than 22 per cent. is handled by the telegraph company in the daytime, while on the special service only about 5 per cent. of the volume is handled in the daytime. The day rate is twice the night rate. On the Associated Press leased wires the proportions are 34 per cent. of day report to 36 per cent. of night report, and the difference is cost the same as by Western Union lines. The total press receipts by the telegraph company for the year ending June 30, 1890, including regular, special and leased wires, were \$1,848,247.23.

It should be borne in mind that these figures do not include tolls on other lines, or cable tolls, or the wages of correspondents and operators, or miscellaneous expenses, or the sums paid for news by both individual newspapers and the Associated Press, which would aggregate a very large sum.

One very interesting feature of news service, of which the public has no knowledge, is telegraphing in cases of storms and interruptions. It is on such occasions that the utility of a vast system is made manifest. During the blizzard of March, 1888, for instance, the Washington report was sent to Philadelphia via New Orleans, Memphis, St. Louis, Chicago and Pittsburg; while New York city received it from Albany, it having reached Albany via New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland and Buffalo.

A more extraordinary case is that of Boston, which received a condensed report from New York via London, it being sent by one cable from New York to London, and thence back by another cable which lands in New Hampshire. Boston is frequently served with New York news via Montreal, and Albany via Pittsburg and Buffalo, the route being via the Pennsylvania railroad to Pittsburg, thence across via Cleveland to Buffalo, and thence down the New York Central to Albany.—William Henry Smith in Century.

News by Rail in England.

Many news parcels are lost or delayed in transit. There is complaint on this score in some newspaper offices nearly every week. The revenue such dispatches bring to the railway companies is so small that they can hardly be expected to pay much attention to them. Rates vary with the distance, as may be supposed. One penny for every fifty miles is about the charge for news parcels, but the minimum, so far as the writer's experience goes, is twopence, and sometimes for a very short distance—when the lines of two companies have to be utilized—the cost is fourpence. Letters, it should be noted, are not allowed to be sent in such dispatches, but they are sent all the same.

The charge for a news parcel, what ever it may be, is of course defrayed by railway stamps. As a rule reporters and others are supplied with printed envelopes duly stamped.—London Tit Bits.

The Heads of the Navajos.

Upon every occasion where I was permitted to do so, careful examinations were made of the heads of these people, both living and dead, as well as the methods of strapping the infant Navajos in their cradles, and, indeed, all else that might tend to throw light upon the subject.

Of some two or three dozen children of all ages, from the infant upward, that I have thus examined I have yet to find a case wherein the mother has not taken the special precaution to place a soft and ample pad in the cradle in such a manner as to fully protect the back of the child's head. Moreover, I have yet to see a case, except for a few days or more in the very youngest of babies, where the head is strapped at all. On the other hand, this part of the body is allowed all possible freedom.—Dr. R. W. Shufeldt in Popular Science Monthly.

Sweetness and Light.

Mr. C. Archibald Sharpe—Newpop's little boy is dead.

Mrs. S.—I didn't know he had a boy.

"He hasn't. I tell you the boy is dead."

"I mean I didn't know he had the boy before he died."

"Who in thunder said he was dead? It was the boy that died, stupid!"—Life.

THEY ALL WORE GOGGLES.

The Very Remarkable Story Told by a Trustworthy Fisherman.

"I struck a great snap fishing up at Peewaukee, Wis., a few weeks ago," said a Detroit drummer after several hours, abnormally developed fish stories had been swallowed by the little coterie that surrounded him. "A friend of mine who works for an electrical construction company at Milwaukee has invented a submarine electric light, and we went up to Peewaukee to try it. It worked like a charm. Greatest success imaginable. In fairly clear water it is possible to light up the bottom of the lake for quite a distance. Imagine lighting a big bonfire on the bottom of the lake and fishing by the light of it."

"That's about what it is like. The whole operation is so simple that it is queer that it was not thought of long ago. A strong battery is carried in the stern of the boat. The craft is rowed out to the fishing ground and anchored securely. The submarine lamp is lowered over the side of the boat and a push upon the button does the rest. A white light below renders all objects within a radius of twenty feet of it plainly visible. Then the sport begins in earnest."

"The fish are attracted by the light and swim toward it to investigate the unusual phenomenon that has started them. Somewhat timid at first they soon grow bolder and swarm about the lamp. It is the easiest thing in the world then to drop a hook right under the biggest fellow in the lot—a jerk and he is yours. No pole is necessary; a reel is useless; no bait is used—nothing but a line and a naked hook. It requires no skill to make a fine catch and it's rare sport."

"I spent a couple of nights on the lake pulling out bass—nothing but bass, you know, because by the new scheme a man can pick and choose his fish before he catches them. He isn't obliged to waste any time in pulling out perch and bluegills when he's angling for bass, you see, and he doesn't disturb the little bass either. Great invention, isn't it?"

The silence for a moment was painfully oppressive, but it was broken at length by Chief Clerk Paul Gores, who inquired in a low, mellow voice, like the note of a wounded clay pigeon, "When did you do all this?"

"Tuesday and Wednesday nights last week."

"At Peewaukee?"

"At Peewaukee."

"That accounts for it then. I was fishing at Peewaukee myself Thursday. Caught a good string of bass and had very fair luck, but until this minute I haven't been able to figure out how it happened that every blamed one of 'em wore a pair of blue goggles."

And the coterie immediately adjourned for internal improvements.—Chicago Mail.

She Stumped Ira.

Little Marjorie, from the city, is a great source of amusement to her Uncle Ira up to a certain point. Her questions made him laugh heartily until she asked about 300, and then they began to pall. Here is the way she began: "Are you going to harness the oxen now, Uncle Ira? What makes they have wooden bridges? Sometimes why don't you drive the big pig in the cart, Uncle Ira? Don't the pigs ever take any bath? When do the thistles be ready to mow? What makes this cat pickle my fingers so? (It is a nettle.)"

"Uncle Ira, why don't there be any beefsteaks up here in the country? Don't you have any markets? What makes you have a bunting sheep, Uncle Ira? What makes only just the bunting sheep have horns? About this time Uncle Ira ceased to find the questions funny, and began to answer them with mere grunts.—Boston Transcript.

Rather Rough on Him.

It was a pretty little country girl who rode down in a Madison avenue car. The city bred youth who escorted her was evidently proud of his charming companion, but there was a shade of embarrassment because she frequently betrayed her verdancy. You could have told that she was a country girl by her manner. The city was new to her, and everything she did not understand she asked about.

As the car passed the Tombs she cried delightedly: "Oh, there is that lovely museum I read about. So they keep it open on Sundays, do they?"

"Yes," replied the young man dryly, "they keep it open Sundays."

"I remember you wrote and told me you were there twice."

There was a ripple of laughter in the car.—New York World.

An Innocent Looking Magazine.

The queerest umbrella in New York is owned by Police Captain Thomas Reilly. It is made of the finest silk and has a handsome stick and handle. Its peculiarity is that the stick is really a breechloading gun barrel, and the handle is a trigger and hammer combined. When the ferrule is unscrewed the gun is ready for use. One hundred loaded cartridges and 100 blanks complete the fittings of this extraordinary parachute.—New York Sun.

Gentlemen of Leisure.

Kind Lady—What a nice little girl you are! Is your father in business in this city?

Little Girl—Business! My papa doesn't have to bother about business.

Ah! Gentleman of leisure, then?

"Yes'm. He's a detective."—Good News.

A HARD MAN TO SURPRISE.

One of His Own Experiences on Shipboard as Related by Himself.

A party from the village where old Uncle Bill Williams lived camped out a few years ago on the Hudson's bank about a mile above West Point. Their stay was cut short by an incident which was not over welcome. The cadets at the Point had been having a mortar drill and had been firing at the target on the face of Cro' Nest, the mountain that towers half a mile north of the military academy. There was a cessation of the fusillade, and one of the camping party was collecting firewood in the rear of the tents. The unexpected report of a large gun at West Point broke the stillness of the air. Almost immediately following came a whirling sound. Looking up, the camper saw a black object coming straight at his head from the direction of the Point.

He didn't stop to examine into the nature of the flying mass, but made for the bushes with all speed. He had not gone fifteen feet when the missile struck and buried itself three feet in the earth, just beyond the spot on which he had been standing. By great good luck he had cleared the tents and no one was injured. After much labor the mysterious messenger was dug out of the bank and turned out to be an iron shell, weighing 176 pounds.

Fortunately it was empty. If it had been loaded it would not, in all probability, have been carried home, as it was, for a souvenir of the trip.

With singular unanimity, considering the circumstances, the party that night voted to return home the next day. The reader may have some difficulty in seeing what connection this tale of the camping party has with Uncle Bill Williams. Here it is: The shell was taken home in one of the boats, and was shown to the old man, and his story was told him. The narrator of the tale expected that it would astonish him, but he reckoned without his host.

"Humph!" grunted Uncle Bill, "that ain't much; why, Cap'n Broat an me es had lots o' them things go through our mains' while passin' the Pint. One time we was comin down ther river on ther sloop (sloop) with a load o' wood, an when we got down opposite ter Col Spring the wind giv out. There was a big tide runnin down, and so we kep' movin. The fellers on the Pint was a-drin at ther targets on ther water. Some of ther shots hit pretty close to ther targets, an some o' 'em didn't. We was lookin at 'em so hard that we didn't see where we was goin, when all of a sudden somethin come kerplash through the mains', an dropped inter ther water on ther other side o' the sloop."

"Lor, Bill, what was that?" sings out the cap'n.

"Looks as though it might be a shell from the Pint, cap'n," says I. Just then 'nother shot come through the shell."

"Look-a-her, Bill," yells the cap'n, "we've got ter git out o' this, or there won't be nothin left o' us."

"That's so, cap'n," says I, "but what yer goin ter do about it?"

"Why, ther ain't narin' we kin do, Bill, but sit an' euss."

"An I kin tell yer we did euss them West Pint fellers, while they sent shells through our mains' an jib, an knocked off more'n half our load o' wood. One o' the shots come within er foot o' my head, an its wind knocked me over flat on ther deck."

"Didn't you try to get some explanation from the officials at West Point, Uncle?" inquired the listener.

"Ya-as, I went to ther commandant, but he laughed at me. 'Taint no use tryin to git anything out o' them fellers,"—New York Tribune.

Where Woman's Intuition Counts.

In many branches of the treasury service women have arisen to the proficiency of experts. This is especially true as to the office of the treasurer of the United States, where the most expert, rapid and accurate counters of mutilated currency and detectors of counterfeit money are women. A woman detected the first counterfeit \$100 bill of a very dangerous issue. When called upon to explain why she thought it was counterfeit her answer was, "I knew it was."

It took a day or two for the engravers and cashiers to make a detailed explanation, so that bank officials could understand the reason. However, it was discovered that these same cashiers and bank officials had received a good many of the bills, while the woman had detected that they were counterfeit.—Washington Cor. Boston Journal.

Little Danger of Cold When Swimming.

Some object, it is said, to swimming on the ground that it is productive of colds, that it may cause heart failure, and that when indulged in at the seashore there is danger from sharks.

An expert claims that there is little danger of taking cold. Of course there are many weak people whose lungs and heart are in such a condition that they should not venture to swim; but at the same time the neglect to learn in early childhood—the neglect of this elementary hygienic exercise—is probably largely responsible for many flabby hearts and weak lungs.—Boston Herald.

Contents of the Coal Bin.

It is interesting to consider that in your own coal bin you have a store not only of heat for the kitchen range, but also of the aniline dyes, which are the most vivid colors obtainable in chemistry, as well as a stock of remedies that will soothe the nerves and put the family to sleep.—Interview in Washington Star.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office, at Oregon City, Oregon, August 18, 1891.—Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Tillamook county, at Tillamook, Oregon, on Oct. 10, 1891, viz:

Frederick Helty,
Pre-emption D. S. No. 746, for the w 1/4 of s e 1/4 and e 1/2 of s w 1/4, sec. 12, tp. 2, s. 9, w. 4.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
A. G. Anderson, G. Helthoff, of Nestleton, Tillamook county, G. Nelson and F. Nelson, of Tillamook, Tillamook county, Oregon.
J. T. Apperson, Register.

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Homestead Entry No. 684, for the n e 1/4 of sec. 1, tp. 1, s. 10, w. 4.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
W. N. Vaughan, Amos N. Vaughan, Samuel Deussen and Smith Elliott, all of Bay City, Tillamook county, Oregon.
J. T. Apperson, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, August 18, 1891.—Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Tillamook county, at Tillamook, Oregon, on Oct. 9, 1891, viz:

Thomas J. Gregory,
Homestead Entry No. 869, for the s e 1/4 of s e 1/4 of sec. 3, tp. 2, s. 9, w. 4.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, under sec. 2301, R. S.:
William Owens Sr., Wm. H. Owens, Jr., Joseph Heyvart, S. O. Davidson, of Tillamook, Tillamook county, Oregon.
J. T. Apperson, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, August 20, 1891.—Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Tillamook county, at Tillamook, Oregon, on Oct. 10, 1891, viz:

Niles W. Rogers,
Pre-emption D. S. No. 746, for the lots 5, 12 and 17 of sec. 21 and lot 25 sec. 13, tp. 5, s. 10, w. 4.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
Fred Sheringer, D. P. Harvey, A. W. Fletcher and W. L. Gardner, all of Orestown, Tillamook county, Oregon.
Thomas J. Badley who made Pre. D. S. No. 654 is especially notified and required to appear and offer whatever objections he may have to said proof.
J. T. Apperson, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Ore., Aug. 20, 1891.—Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Tillamook county, at Tillamook, Oregon, on Oct. 10, 1891, viz:

A. L. Whitten,
Pre-emption D. S. No. 746, for the s e 1/4 of s w 1/4, e 1/2 of s w 1/4, n e 1/4 of s w 1/4, sec. 15, tp. 1, s. 9, w. 4.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
J. McCrear, S. Schiffmann, J. Harrington and J. P. Kane, all of Tillamook, Tillamook county, Oregon.
J. N. Vorheis who made Pre. D. S. No. 635 is especially notified and required to appear and offer whatever objections that he may have to said proof.
J. T. Apperson, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, August 18, 1891.—Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Tillamook county, at Tillamook, Oregon, on Oct. 10, 1891, viz:

Peter D. Terwilliger,
Pre-emption D. S. No. 3962 for the n e 1/4 of sec. 28, tp. 1, s. 9, w. 4.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
D. S. Bayles, Geo. W. Shortwell, E. M. Keys and M. A. Keys, all of Troutdale, Oregon.
J. T. Apperson, Register.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

APPOINTMENTS, TILLAMOOK, CIRCUIT M. E. CHURCH SOUTH.
First Sunday in the month, Tillamook 11. A. M. and 7.30 P. M.
Second Sunday, Walla Walla school house. 2. P. M.
Third Sunday, South of Tillamook. 7.30 P. M.
Fourth Sunday, Walla Walla school house. 7.30 P. M.
Fourth Sunday, Walla Walla school house. 7.30 P. M.
Fourth Sunday, Walla Walla school house. 7.30 P. M.
Rev. C. W. Cross, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Elder H. B. Morgan, Pastor. Will preach at Tillamook, on the third and fifth Sunday of each month, at 10 A. M., and 7.30 P. M. All are cordially invited.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M.
A cordial invitation extended to all.
REV. J. A. HANNA, Pastor.

CLUBBING LIST.

HEADQUARTERS and Toledo Blade 1 year. \$2.15
" Weekly Call (S. F.) " \$1.85
" Weekly Examiner " \$2.50
" Century Magazine " \$5.00
" Detroit Free Press " \$2.00
" Judge's Monthly Magazine " \$2.00
Cash in advance for one year is required.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Equalization for the County of Tillamook, Oregon, did meet as per notice given and in accordance with the requirements of law, in the Clerk's office, county and state store, on Monday, August 31st, 1891, for the purpose of equalizing the county assessment, for the year 1891, but by reason of the lateness in receiving the blank assessments from the state, the county assessor has been unable to complete the same within the time prescribed by law. Therefore the meeting of the above Board of Equalization was adjourned until Monday, October 5, 1891, at which time all persons in attendance at the Clerk's office, county and state store, will be in attendance at said equalization will please be in attendance at the Clerk's office, county and state store.

And further notice is given that the cancellation of any and all mortgages that were duly entered upon the County Clerk's abstract and in accordance with the requirements of law, in the County Assessor's office, county and state store, on Monday, August 31st, 1891, for the purpose of equalizing the county assessment, such cancellation will not be allowed to affect the value of the lists of the party or parties to whom they are accredited, but the same, as evidenced by such mortgages, will continue to be held for taxation for the year of the assessment in which they are entered.

Also, further notice is hereby given that from and after October 5th, 1891, no further indebtedness whatsoever will be allowed to be entered against any property listed in the roll of the above year. Given this September 8th, 1891.
F. M. LAMB,