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Meets first and third Saturday each month.

FREE INFORMATION AND DESCRIPTIVE MATTER REGARDING Tillamook City and County Board of Trade, or Tillamook Headlight.

All about our Timber, Coal, Fisheries, Farming Lands and other resources. Deep rivers, magnificent harbors. Address,

THE VIGIL OF ADAM.

On a peak whose nameless towers Use the plain a hundred miles off For their field of the hours. Where the tallest Himalaya Rises and because so lonely, Whence the eagle swoops in terror, And the stars of God are only: Sixth one of ancient visage, One more strange than ought below him, One who lived so near to God one time, That for no man's sake should know him; Far above the busy world tribes, Miles above the pine trees, bending, Lonely as when God first made him, There he kept watch unending. —Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

MR. MOUSER'S SAWBUCK.

Mr. Mouser and his merry little wife occupied a charming cottage in the suburbs of a large city in the "Fatherland." His business connections were of such a nature that he was usually at leisure after 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Mr. Mouser prided himself on being a man of originality and brains. Mr. Mouser also liked a little joke, at other people's expense.

It was autumn. Mr. Mouser had just laid in a goodly supply of winter fuel. Wood was chiefly used for this purpose in the land of Mr. Mouser's birth.

Sitting by the window of his cozy living room, enjoying a royal smoke from the long stemmed porcelain pipe, Mr. Mouser watched the wood sawyer plying his trade, merrily by long habit of handling wood and saw.

Mr. Mouser gazed and pondered an idea crept into his head. It was grasped—as ideas quickly become captive there.

"Lizbeth," said he to his wife, "it is singular I never thought of it before—I generally think of such things—but it strikes me that I could saw that wood myself."

"Gracious! what an idea!"

"A bright one, isn't it? A big saving, too! Just see with what ease it is done—the man cuts through the sticks as if he were slicing bread and butter; besides, I require more exercise; my health is not what it has been."

"Why, dear, do you feel ill?"

"No, not a man needs to exert himself if he does not wish to run down his muscular power. My habits are too confining; a sense of this fact has been growing on me lately. But I have solved the difficulty while watching that man play on his sawjack."

A merry twinkle of the eyes and a laudable endeavor to maintain a serious expression would have convinced the beholder that Lizbeth also had ideas, but like a properly respectful wife she kept them to herself until called for.

"Do you think, Lizbeth, that a little gentle muscular activity is what I need to stimulate appetite?"

"You might paint the house or do some less tiresome work than wood-sawing," replied Mrs. Mouser.

"Oh, you underestimate my capacities, my dear. And sawing wood is not such hard work. Come and see how simply it is done; yet how every muscle is brought into play. I am enchanted with my idea, and shall carry it out. The man can finish this job, but it shall be the last I ever pay for."

Mr. Mouser meant business. He at once ordered the very best kind of a sawjack made. He purchased a splendid saw, with sharp teeth and a light frame, with dabs of yellow and green paint splattered all over his person, until finally the saw frame suited him in its bright yellow coat. The sawjack he painted a lovely light green.

Daily he promenade impatiently around the sheds where the wood was stored, and grumbled because the fuel lasted so unusually long. At intervals he laid another coat of green paint to the highly decorated sawjack "sawback."

It is called sometimes, and bade all his acquaintances and friends come and inspect his patent calisthenic toys, until every one for miles around became familiar with Mr. Mouser's green sawing jack.

At last the longest of days arrived. A big load of fine hickory had been piled up in close proximity to the tools of decimation.

Mr. Mouser was all excitement. He passed by his amused wife with important disdain, and scarcely gave himself time to devour his dinner, he was so eager to be at work.

"Nothing more, thanks," he replied, as his wife wished to replenish his cup. Rising, he hastened to handle his pets with an ardor that caused Lizbeth to smile knowingly as she watched him pick out the very smallest and most slender cord sticks.

This was a great mistake on Mr. Mouser's part. He should have tackled the difficult ones first, on the simple but fruitful theory that custom would have sweetened his toil with the balm of greater ease.

My! how the saw rent and the abbreviated sticks tumbled to the ground! Still Lizbeth, who was peeping with laughter brimming eyes, noticed that at the third cord stick work seemed to slacken just a little, but seven were finished, and Mr. Mouser came in, declaring he felt glorious.

The second day Mr. Mouser remained at table a trifle longer. Four cord sticks in broken lengths licked the dust, however.

Third day—Mr. Mouser took time to glance over The Daily News after dinner. Record: Three cord sticks.

"Lizbeth," said he, "I think I've been cheated in the saw jack. It is not put together as practical a plan as I was led to believe. It wiggles."

Fourth day—Mr. Mouser tumbled over his dinner extensively. He smoked his pipe and read the paper. He glanced over his monthly magazine until dark, and then started up, exclaiming:

"Merry! how short the days are!" Mrs. Mouser enjoyed the situation intensely, but said never a word.

Fifth day—Mr. Mouser rose with a sense of injustice resting upon him. All day he was haunted by the outrageous fate that made him the owner of a sawing jack.

"My dear, we require more wood than usual today and tomorrow, washing and ironing days, you know," said Mrs. Mouser as soon as he got home.

"I never saw anything like the way you women manage to consume fuel!" Mr. Mouser grabbed his hat and strode angrily toward the sawpit. A few sticks fell before the savage manipulation of the saw, while Mr. Mouser's snarling kept excellent time to the wild motions of the sawyer.

With a crash he sent the saw flying

would never hear the last of it. Oh, if he could only get rid of that sawjack!

A long time he pondered. At last a smile of joy illumined his face. That night, after his wife had retired, Mr. Mouser slipped out and carried that hated green object to the front gate. There, in the morning the corpse delicti would be gone. The highway was full of robbers, who would steal anything and everything.

He would make a big fuss about the loss, but take good care not to buy a second sawjack.

He closed the sleep of the just until about 4 o'clock in the morning. It was still dark, but his anxiety to assure himself of the loss of his trouble caused him to sneak out and reconnoiter. The sawjack was still there. Mr. Mouser whispered not a prayer. "Oh, well, there is time enough still between this hour and daylight for a theft to be committed," he muttered. It was the voice of Mrs. Mouser that awakened him in time for breakfast.

He glanced out of the window the first thing. Oh, how brightly the sun shone, and the sawjack gleamed up at him in all its verdant beauty. No robber hand had carried it away. A fearful sigh escaped the Mouser bosom.

"You must saw some wood for me before you go, dear," said his wife.

"What, more wood?"

"Yes, dear; recollect you only saved one stick last evening," rejoined Mrs. Mouser meekly, but a wicked gleam of mischief played about her eyes and mouth.

Mr. Mouser ignored her reply, and hastened to town with his pretty tools with a vigor born of awful fury, but way down in his soul a voice groaned, that sawing jack must go!

Where? whence? how?

Mr. Mouser was a man of resources. Twelve o'clock, midnight. A burglarish darkness and silence brooded around as a man stole hence from his couch, and, grabbing his trousers, left a cozy bedroom. A little later the only other active creature about, a feline prima donna, might have witnessed a sorry sight: a solitary man marching forward, clutching in his strong right hand a beautifully painted green sawing jack.

Soon he returned. The sawing jack, where was it?

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Ice on the Kennebec.

Ice is now quoted at \$3.50 and \$4 a ton, and some parties are claiming offers of even more than this for their stock. There is no great amount of ice changing hands in Gardiner at present, and ice men are waiting for warm weather, when fancy prices will be in order. The stacked ice is keeping better and much longer than was at first supposed, and that being shipped now is coming out in good shape. Shipping still continues brisk at this port. The Glazier-Morse stack at Moulton's Mill has all been shipped, while 8,000 of the 12,000 tons at the Ridgewood houses in Pittsburg has already been shipped.

At the Great Falls houses over 12,000 tons of the 37,000 stored there have been shipped. The Independent Ice company at Smithtown has shipped 15,000 tons out of the 65,000 tons put up there. The Consumers' company has shipped about 6,000 tons, leaving a balance of 44,000 yet to be shipped. E. D. Haley, at South Gardiner, has shipped some 6,000 tons from his houses to date. The Glasco Ice company, at Randolph, has already loaded about 2,000 tons, and has vessels loading there daily. Haynes & Lawrence have shipped several hundred tons, and the Knickerbocker houses at Chelsea, Randolph and Farmingdale are doing their share of shipping.—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

Locomotive Telephones.

A test was made recently of the electric railway signal of the Universal Electric Railway Signal company, of Richmond, Va. About three miles of the track on the Baltimore and Ohio has been provided with this signal system by way of experiment. The apparatus consists of an electric circuit formed by a single iron rod, which is laid between the tracks, and a wire brush attached to each engine in connection with an electric gong and telephone. Two engines approaching each other on the same track come into circuit at the distance of one mile and a half or more, according to strength of the battery, and at once the telephone bells ring. This is a signal for the trains to stop, and the engineers may talk with each other on the telephone to discover the trouble, whatever it may be. Two trains were sent out on the Baltimore and Ohio with a party, including several gentlemen from Washington and Virginia and correspondents of newspapers in different parts of the country. The tests were made and proved extremely satisfactory. —Washington Star.

A Palm Tree in Blossom.

The latest novelty to be boasted of in Connecticut is a genuine palm tree in blossom, the development occurring in the town of Wethersfield. The tree itself has been owned by Senator Silas W. Robbins, of that place, for twenty-three years, and has been carefully guarded during that period in his conservatory. Not until this season, however, has it put out a bud of any sort. The present development has been observed with great interest, nothing of the kind having been known before in this latitude.

The blossom appears at the top of the tree, resembling an exquisite selection of fern, and is buff in color. There is no fragrance. Under the flower itself is the green fruit in its earliest stages. The utmost care has been bestowed by Senator Robbins on this tropical growth for years, but not until within a few months has he anticipated the possession of a genuine flower from it.—Cor. New York Times.

A Doctor's Bill.

Dr. W. B. Spencer, of San Francisco, has presented a bill of \$3,510 for professional services during the last sickness of William Lockerman, the Fruitvale miser, who died recently leaving an estate valued at \$2,000. He considers his services valued at \$100 a visit. The items of the bill are instructive to those who are contemplating death, leaving a reasonably large estate to cover the physician's bill: Nineteen visits at \$100 per visit, \$1,900; 120 hours' night detention at \$10 each, \$1,200; medicines furnished, \$10; operation Jan. 16, \$200; operation two times a day for five days, at \$20 each, \$200; total, \$3,610; paid on account, \$100. The bill has been cut down by the public administrator to \$1,100, and the doctor's claim will be contested for over that sum.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Brussels Waterloo Monument.

By desire of the Duke of Cambridge and the members of the London committee for the erection of the Waterloo monument at the Cemetery of Evere, near Brussels, it has been definitely arranged that the inscription on the monument shall run as follows: "In memory of the British officers, non-commissioned officers and men who fell during the Waterloo campaign in 1815, and whose remains were transferred to this cemetery in 1880. This monument is erected by her Britannic majesty Queen Victoria, empress of India, and by their countrymen, on a site generously presented by the city of Brussels. Meritum Patria Memor."—Cor. London Times.

A Queer Place for a Nest.

A day or two ago the crew of the excursion steamer Forest Queen discovered a bird's nest on the life preservers which are placed just under the awning deck and in it five eggs. The mother bird sits complacently on the eggs as the boat goes to and from the islands, and is generally accompanied by her mate, who flies off at either end and gets food, quickly returning before the boat leaves.—Portland Argus.

Made Tracks.

A gentleman of an inquisitive turn of mind noticed hundreds of tiny tracks in the dust across Somerset avenue, and, following them up, discovered that they were made by an army of caterpillars, who were emigrating.—Tantion Gazette.

A Well Known Hotel Clerk Avers that for nearly thirty years every third un-