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Washing gathered and delivered every
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Starched shirts 15cts each. Common Shirts and
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Suits cleaned to order.

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L. H. BROWN, PROPRIETOR.

The best Beef, Veal, Pork and Mutton always
on hand. Eggs, Butter, Vegetables and
Chicken bought and sold.

Satisfaction guaranteed to everyone.

Shop opposite the Grand Central.

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First-class single and double turn-outs kept on
hand. Boarding and transient stock cared
for.

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For sale at reasonable prices and on favorable
terms. Location best in the city of Tillamook.

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Will make regular trips, the weather per-
mitting, from

TILLAMOOK TO ASTORIA AND PORTLAND.

For Freight rates or Passages, apply to

COHN & CO.,

THE LEADING MERCHANTS,
OF TILLAMOOK.

Look out for their
announcements next
week!

Tillamook Lumbering Company,

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

Rough and Dressed Merchantable Lumber.

Moulding of Every Description, Brackets, Etc. Flooring and Rustic a Specialty.

ALL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.

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is to insure your life, and thus pro-
vide your estate with cash at your death,
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Write the best policy, guaranteeing you cash and paid up insurance every year,
so you cannot lose your money in case of misfortune. Send me your name and
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DEALERS IN

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.

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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

BILL NYE AS A HERO.

HE HAS THE HERO BUSINESS DOWN
TO A SYSTEM.

Rescuing Dining Room Girls to Order.
The Water of Rome and That of Mexico.
Mo., Compared—Crossing the Missouri.
A Would Be Author.

(Copyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.)

My last letter was written at Beatrice, Neb., at a hotel which was on fire, and as a number of errors have crept into the press regarding my bravery at this great fire, I will say that I did nothing at that time that was not my plain duty; nothing that I would not do again. I would have been less than man if I had shrunk from my duty at that time.

I was engaged in writing, in fact, had just seated myself and loaded up my stylographic pen with bluing, which I carry with me, and was just about to think, preparatory to writing, when the



PICKING OUT A GIRL TO SAVE.

shrill cry of fire was seen approaching, and a fire laddie, in less time than it takes to tell it, was up my window like a squirrel, playing the hose on a beautiful and elaborate scarlet embroidered nightgown of mine which hung over the head of my couch.

The statement in the Nebraska papers that I was perfectly cool even at first is very kind, but not borne out by the facts. I was not real cool till the hose company had been playing on me for some little time.

Regarding my heroism in saving the life of a slender and beautiful dining room girl, or doughnut lady, I will say that the press, especially of Omaha and Beatrice, has erred in its enthusiasm and haste to do me a favor altogether out of proportion to the act of courage and heroism itself.

I always, while stopping at a hotel, very early decide in my own mind which of the dining room girls I would save in case of fire. This I do invariably while I am perfectly cool, knowing that should a fire break out I might in the wild excitement of the moment rescue right and left without any discretion or sense. Once I rescued a shrouded figure in the darkness and uncertainty of night, and when I took her to the light and got three reporters there to take down what she might say by way of thanks, I found when it was too late that she was a little colored bootblack who could neither read nor write.

The dining room girl whom I rescued at Beatrice was heavier than I had supposed, and I had not more than half rescued her before I regretted it. However, as I reached the foot of the first fire escape she returned to consciousness and sprang out of my arms with a cry of horror. I calmed her, however, so that her fears at last vanished, and with a deep drawn sigh, having already noticed that I was very much out of breath, she took me over her shoulder and carried me to the foot of the fire escape.

I notice recently that King Humbert of Italy has severely criticised the Roman fire department, and I agree with him that it needs a thorough overhauling. Having seen the Roman fire department myself, I would say that the insurance company that would take a risk in Rome would deserve to die in want.

In the first place, the Roman hose is decayed. It would not hold railroad ties or hoop poles. I did not get to see Humbert while I was there, but I wrote him a well timed note regarding his fire department, and in that note I said that if he would give less attention to his personal appearance and more to the question of the Roman fire department he would make a hit.

This winter has proven what I said to be true. I wrote a piece also for the Roman morning paper—The Roman Candle, it was called—a piece which I signed "Veritas," and in which I said it was time to call a halt. The piece was never published, and I had to leave Rome before I had got my visit out on account of it. There were some good points in it too. I managed to mildly roast Humbert in it, and got off two or three good local hits in the piece; then I got it put into good Italian by the restaurant where I stopped while in Rome.

This winter Humbert was out to see a Roman fire, and the department did not reach the scene for an hour and a half. Over 7,000,000 francs worth of property was destroyed. One engine tipped over on the way to the fire, and the others might as well have done so, for the hose would not hold water—even the coarse and impregnable water of Rome.

The water of Rome is in many respects like that of Mexico. We stopped there for lunch not long ago. Mexico, Mo., is one of the thriving and thoroughly prosperous towns of that prosperous and now rapidly growing state. But the waters of Mexico, Mo., like the board bill of a man who boarded at a house once while engaged in upbuilding his fellow man, still remains unsettled.

wash basin at the eating works and turned on the faucet, but soon had to poke out the water with a stick. At table I asked for a glass of water and the colored man and brother went to the same faucet to get my glass filled. A man in Mexico who had been drinking considerably, and was said to have his skates on a great deal of the time, told me while I steadied him up against the depot that his only reason for drinking was that he had to cut away the sandbars in his system every few days or run aground.

Mexico is at the confluence of the Alton branch with the Wabash railroad. The branch, as it is called, is a road which runs from Cedar City, opposite Jefferson City, or Jeff, as it is called, to Mexico. In starting from Jeff we got on a four horse bus at the hotel, filling it inside and climbing to the deck and covering the entire outside to a depth of four feet.

We rode some distance to the ferry across the Missouri, sometimes riding on four wheels and then gaily tooling along on one. I could feel my late hair turning gray.

On the way we passed the humble cot of a colored woman who lives on the corner and who is the mother of two bright little twins known as Eyether and Nyether. Each passenger had some bright little episode to get off at the expense of the broad and massive mother, but she took our sallies good naturedly and replied with many a little esprit du corps of her own.

When we approached the boat we saw at once that it was not the City of New York. Even the novice could detect the little points of difference. I can truly say that I never saw a sadder sight in the nautical line than the steamer which treads the dusty road between Jeff and Cedar City. As we approached the mud pile which is used as a landing our driver sounded the sackbut as a signal for the old colored incline who acts as crew to lower the drawbridge. The latter is an old and well grained collection of warped fence boards, one corner of which curls up like the toe of a burned boot.

When the omnibus passes over this bridge the entire crew has to stand on this corner to hold it down or the wheels will not go over, but the crew had been out the night before attending a dinner given by the board of trade, I think, and he did not have entire control of his faculties, so he neglected to stand on the warped gang plank, and a serious accident was only prevented by getting off the bus and lifting it on the boat.

The boat itself is broad amidships, with no saloon to speak of, though if you are acquainted with the pilot you can get something out of his overcoat pocket which will answer every purpose, it is said.

The train does not start until this boat gets across, no matter when that is, and it is very uncertain, for the boat might spring aloft and fill full of sand in a little while. Then it would be very difficult for it to start up again.

The crew, as I said, consists of a colored man named Potiphar P. Rawls, of Callaway county. He has been married ten years, and eight children have blessed their home, so he is told; but as he has lived on the boat all that time, night and day, he only knows about his family by report. Lately he has taken to drinking, and talks of establishing a residence at Sioux Falls for the purpose of obtaining a divorce.

How sad it is, after ten years of wedded happiness, living of course simply but happily, the wife on shore and the



THE TWISS.

husband on the wave, to snap the golden cord and to go forth unfettered, forgetting the happy past forever. Is it not indeed tough?

I had intended to make this letter more profound and recondite than usual, but other matters seem to crowd out those plans and prevent the work being so recondite as I had arranged for.

Yesterday I received a condensed story in manuscript from a man who wishes me to get it published at once, as "it should be issued at least four weeks before the national conventions," he says. Otherwise the conventions will most likely be bitter disappointments, I judge.

He says "the book is a timely one, and should have been published two months ago to fit people for the coming national convention." He says this to me in a tone of reproach which I am sure I do not deserve. I could not have published the book, even if I had been at home, and had it done by this time. Possibly not by another year even, or may be later than that.

I have to have a stranger hop on me that way for not publishing his book and going out afterward personally to canvass for it. Few people of the great work-a-day world realize that I am engaged in business—a business which occupies my time and requires my best energies. The idea that I sit up in a large haymow all day reading rejected manuscripts, and then in the evening

change for broken candles and the heel taps of large public dinners, is erroneous and ought to be exploded somewhere on a vacant lot outside the city limits.

This manuscript is, or will be, ready for the printer in a few days, so the writer says. He never wrote anything before for publication, being an engine wiper at the roundhouse, but he can hardly wait for this book to come out. He thinks I am setting it up now and sewing on the bindings, perhaps, of evenings after the children are asleep. This is a mistake.

Any publisher who would like this manuscript, however, can obtain it by writing me and enclosing postage, together with a promise to get the book thoroughly scattered among the masses prior to the great national conventions.

The author is not a man of letters, though he has received quite a number, he says, from the division superintendent, and has attracted some attention in literary circles by having his pay garnished eighteen times in eighteen months. He has a style, he says, something like that of Laura Jean Libby, but he does not think so rapidly as she does. Eight pounds of manuscript in twenty-four hours is his highest record, so he says he knows that he is not so prolific as a writer as Laura is.

But still he thinks with great rapidity, and many of his quick thoughts, he says, are just as good as any that he has. He has thought quite a number of thoughts almost identical with those thought by such men as Tolstoi and Thomas Brower Peacock, of Topeka, Kan., thus showing that he can if necessary think as good a thought as those men who have made a good living by it.

Above all, he says that the book is a timely one, and when an author comes right out and says that his book is timely you must admit it. I would print it for him myself, but the Little Gem printing press which I am doing all my publishing with now is in use. I loaned it to a Kansas man, who is using it to print a stud book and mark his lines.

Bill Nye

Desperate Measures.



Chapple-Dickey made a dreadful woe at the club yesterday. He even vowed to get up a fight.

Cholly—What did they do?

Chapple—The president telegraphed home for his governess and had her remove him.—Life.

Only the Author.

Henry Guy Carleton, the author of the "Princess of Erie," stood in front of the box office of the Boston Museum last Monday evening, when a middle aged woman accosted him in this manner:

"Is this a good play?"

"I have heard people say it was."

"Have you seen it?"

"Oh, yes, several times."

"And you really think it is a good play?"

"Yes, I can recommend it."

She stepped to the box office and purchased three seats. In the meantime Mr. Carleton had stepped inside the theater, and when the woman came along with her two friends she again espied him.

"Are these good seats?" she inquired.

"Well, they are not the best in the house; but they are not bad ones, by any means."

"Will you please show me where they are; you are one of the ushers, are you not?"

"No, madam; I am only the author of the play."

And the three women disappeared like dissolving views behind the heavy portiere.—Boston Herald.

Habit.

Professor Kunster was an old German pedagogue, noted for his absent-mindedness. He and a friend, another old professor, used to take a daily walk together. One day, when the walking was very bad, Professor Kunster was on his way to the corner at which he and his friend always met, when he encountered a young student whose face he recognized dimly, having seen it every day for some weeks in his morning class. The professor hailed the boy, who was wading through the mud to get across the street.

"Have you seen Professor Muller?" he asked. "Yes, Herr Professor," replied the student, pausing in the midst of a mud puddle to remove his cap respectfully: "The Herr Professor Muller is at the corner, waiting for you." "Good," replied Professor Kunster, looking anxiously at the lad over his spectacles: "I thank you; you may be seated!"—Argonaut.

A Similar Course of Treatment.

Patient—What should I do when my stomach aches?

Doctor (brusquely)—Fill it.

Patient—And what shall I do when my head aches?

Doctor—Same.—Kate Field's Washington.

Not Necessarily Sharp.

Mr. Pompos—See that fellow? That's the miserable low down sharper who cheated me in a horse trade.

Mr. Hardhead—That fellow? Why, I know him. He's a perfect fool.—New York Weekly.

Always Approached from the Rear.

"I don't suppose," said the teacher, "that any little boy here has ever seen a